

SHOULD MARRIED WOMEN WORK?
And other Thought - Provoking Articles

The Quiver

A Magazine of Quality

March
1923

1½_{net}



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from
The Queen of Watering Places*
**GREEN'S
CHOCOLATE MOULD**

(CHOCOLATE BLANC-MANGE)

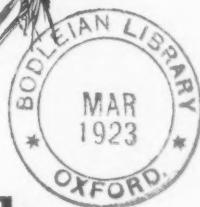
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That's because they both revel in good health.

The reason why some women appear to age quickly is not far to seek—it is to be found in the blood stream. Impure blood produces a sallow, blotchy complexion, lack-lustre eyes and a general appearance of weariness.

Cleanse the blood-stream once and for all by starting and maintaining the Kruschen habit.

Take just enough Kruschen Salts to cover a sixpence in your first cup of tea every

morning. It will gently remove all the waste matter and impurities that have been clogging the system, while its tonic properties will give you a bracing sense of fitness in every fibre of your being. Your body is composed of millions of cells, and every cell requires for its healthy life every one of the six salts of which Kruschen is composed.

The Kruschen treatment only costs a farthing a day, and, in addition to safeguarding your good looks, gives you health and happiness. Ordinary beauty courses, which do not cure but merely cover up, cost a hundred times that amount for each "dose," and you have a patchwork job at the finish. Start the Kruschen habit, and keep your youthful charm secure *from within* against the wear-and-tear of time and worry.

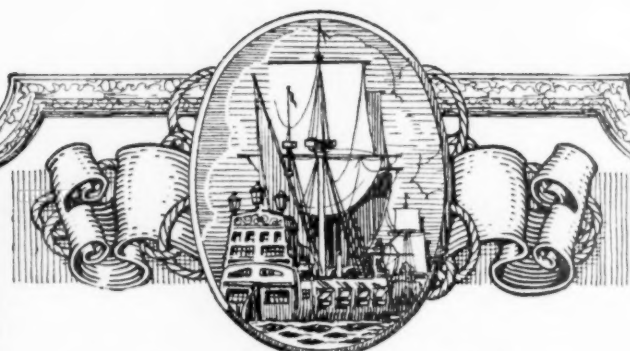
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P.1091

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R.S. 172

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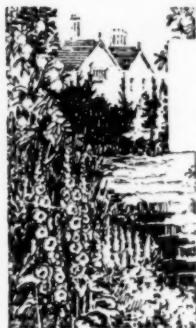
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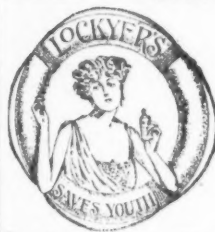


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THE QUIVER

TOO MUCH MEAT MEANS BAD KIDNEYS

A sure cause of rheumatism, gout, backaches, etc. Drink Alkia Saltrates water, and flush the kidneys regularly if you over-eat, says

W. G. EAST,

Cambridge Coach for 30 years.

Eating too much meat is one of the principal causes, usually the principal cause of rheumatic and uric acid disorders.

Uric acid, for instance, is a direct product of the breaking down of one particular class of protein foods—nucleo-proteins, the medical men term them.

Any of us who over-indulge a liking for such foods as sweetbreads, kidneys or red and specially fibrous meats, such as beef, will find sooner or later that, unless we adopt certain precautionary measures, nature exacts a severe penalty in the form of backache, rheumatism, uric acid complaints, serious kidney trouble or worse.

Even a confirmed uric acid subject, or a rheumatic cripple need not become a martyr to any dreaded Diet Rules, however, provided he is reasonably careful to flush the kidneys regularly, so they will not become clogged and thus lose the selective power which enables them to filter out and expel from the body all the excessive acid and nitrogenous waste matter. Remember that these impurities are always forming in the blood anyway, however careful he may be as to diet. Total avoidance of all the foods which act as their parent substances is practically impossible.

As a kidney-flushing agent or uric acid solvent, I believe there is nothing so good, certainly nothing better, than a good pinch of the Alkia Saltrates compound in one's tea every morning. Also take two or three similar doses in either water or tea during the day, especially if the case is a very severe one. A few ounces of the Alkia Saltrates compound can be obtained from any chemist. It is inexpensive and entirely tasteless.

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Cutting the top of a corn off with a razor or burning it off with caustic lotions, plasters, etc., doesn't do any good. The root just sprouts right up again, and soon your corn has a brand-new top on it, bigger than ever. The top is only dead skin, anyway. The business end of a corn is the little pointed part, or core, that extends down into the toe. That is what hurts when it presses on sensitive nerves, and it is the part you have to get out. Cutting the top off an aching tooth wouldn't stop the ache. Same way with a corn. Don't worry about the top. Get the root out permanently by using a good big handful of the refined Reudel Bath Saltrates (you can get a half-pound at slight cost from any chemist) dissolved in a gallon or so of hot water. Just soak your feet in this "Reudelated" water for fifteen or twenty minutes, then take hold of the corn with your fingers and out she'll come, root and all, like the hull comes out of a strawberry. Only a little hole or depression is left in the toe, and that soon closes, so there is nothing left in there to sprout a new corn again. It doesn't affect the surrounding flesh at all, but soon softens the whole of the corn. No burning or soreness, no pain, no danger, no trouble, and no days of waiting to see whether that old corn is going to leave for good or come back to stay with you a while longer. Soften callouses the same way, then scrape off, and I don't dare tell you how quickly this medicated water will always drive aches, chafes, blisters, etc., away, and even cure rheumatic or gouty pains. It would sound too good to be true, but thousands of former soldiers can tell what wonderful stuff saltrated water is.—C. S. T.

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The Quiver

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The Editor's Announcement Page

Special Home-Makers' Number

Next month's **QUIVER** will make special appeal to all who love the home. "Why not build your own house?" is the title of a practical article by a practical architect, Mr. R. S. Bowers, and gives plans, costs, special instructions and special warnings to those who would like to build their own home. Our old friend Blanche St. Clair tells of "The Home-maker in U.S.A." Maude Meagher contributes a striking article, "I Won't Sell My Soul," describing the revolt of the modern girl against domestic service; and Judith Ann Silburn tells us what we must do if we are to conduct a servantless house successfully. There will be many other practical articles for Home-makers.

A new short serial, "The House of Good Intent," by Dorothy Black, will start next month.

"Women and Income Tax," a particularly informative article, by Mrs. Helen Normanton, B.A., will also be a feature.

The Editor



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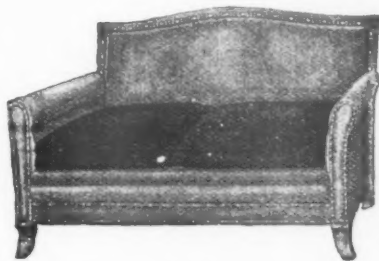
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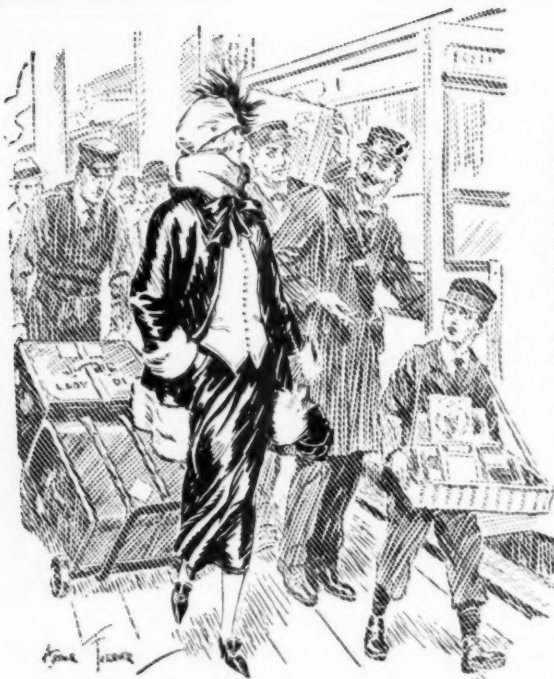
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The QUIVER

March

Compensations

It is very hard to have to pinch and scrape for money when some other people seem to have more than they know what to do with; it is very hard to be denied not only money, but opportunity—comforts—health—love—that others take so lightly. Life is capricious, unfair, irrational. And yet, withal, there are compensations. Happiness comes with striving, riches sometimes bring misery. Hardness, not satisfaction, follows in the wake of repletion.

Granted that your lot in life is hard. Don't be always dwelling on your hardships. Look for the compensations. They are there, sure enough. For instance, our climate is changeable, capricious—almost malicious; we complain that the weather is trying—but it produces fine men; unlimited sun does not bring enterprise, strength, happiness, but—South Sea Islanders. Cold—wet—frost—were not sent to kill you, but to brace you up. Poverty should goad you to success, the effort of striving should uplift your heart, strengthen your fibre, brace your mind, help you to high endeavour.

There are compensations. Look out for them. Bank on them. And do not forget to thank God for them.



THE NEW WAY OF BUSINESS

The war completed what the new century started, and women's place in business is established for all time. Notice in this actual scene in a London office the flowers and the pictures: women's entrance into the business world has brought brightness and colour.

The Social Code of the Business Woman

by
MAUDE MEAGHER

How should the business woman treat her male colleagues? This social problem of the working girl is dealt with fairly and frankly.

DAY by day the army of women in employment is growing. Gay little bobbed-haired girls in their 'teens, unambitious, innocently eager for fun and romance and pretty clothes, pin their faith to their nimble fingers and look no farther into the future than the next laughing evening with their "boy."

Then come the shop-girls, expected by employers to dress neatly, often in silk frocks that set off their young prettiness, and that give them a feeling of superiority to the drab stay-at-homes of their families. In their pretty frocks they inevitably attract opportunities for pleasure, and having, as they believe, outgrown the advice of their parents, they decide upon their actions for themselves.

And so on up through the scale of working women. They go forth with the ecstatic recklessness of young birds trying their wings. The weekly cheque becomes an end in itself for the pleasure it may bring. The two or three pounds a week that they have to spend as they wish, with no by-your-leave to dull, joy-killing parents, becomes a symbol of their liberty. They are bitterly resentful of interference in their way of spending this precious new liberty they have gained.

And, like young birds, they sometimes find their wings too weak to carry them. They find that once having left the dull safety of the nest it is difficult or impossible to return to its dullness and safety. They find that they are alone, with too-weak wings, in a world that is quite indifferent to their fate.

Social Problems of Business Life

Probably every woman who has struck out into the still more or less uncharted ways of economic life has felt at times that she has attempted something beyond her strength. Situations arise for which she has no precedent, with which she does not know how to deal.

I do not mean in connexion with the actual doing of her work. That is simple. It is the same with women as with men. If a woman cannot fill the particular position to which she has been raised, she steps down while someone else takes her place, and she accepts work more within her powers.

But where a woman's position is much more complicated than that of men is in the social side of her business life.

It is absurd to say that business and pleasure should be kept separate. It is practically impossible to do it. Social opportunities inevitably arise out of a woman's business relationships. Besides, a woman who is employed all day seldom has an opportunity to meet people except as they are connected in some way with her work.

Shall she forgo all social life and spend her evenings alone in her hall-bedroom or with a family whose interests seem settled and stodgy to her eager vitality, or shall she accept the more or less unconventionally made acquaintances of her business world?

The Attitude of Men Workers

It is a relic of a passing social system that men cannot treat their woman associate in business as impersonally as men treat each

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other. They notice her hats, her frocks, her manner. A woman of no charm has a harder time to gain advancement than her more attractive sister. One of the assets an ambitious business woman most needs to cultivate is charm of manner.

I do not mean feminine allure. The sort of woman who attempts by feminine wiles to gain preferment over the men with whom she works comes very quickly to grief, for you cannot allow your mind to be continually wandering to the effect of the curls over your ears or the proper powdering of your nose and still compete successfully with men who give their whole minds to their work. Still, the sort of woman who does that never lasts very long as a worker, and may be ignored in this article.

On the other hand, there is the sort of woman who fairly bristles with efficiency and is more disliked by her men associates than a grouchy man would be.

But what of the straightforward, intelligent girl who works with men in their own line, neither giving nor taking advantage on account of her femininity, and yet is attractive as all youth is attractive, and is all the more alluring as a woman because she does not exploit her womanliness.

She is surrounded by men. She works with them, and as a worker she accepts their economic code—the necessity for satisfactory work if she would keep her place, and for more than satisfactory work if she would better her place.

A Woman Always

But whether she will or no, she must accept the fact that the men look upon her as a woman, not merely as a fellow-worker.

The office boy, several years her junior, perhaps, conceives a romantic passion for her, mopes about the office, and dreams of marrying her. It sometimes takes all her tact to handle the situation, for if the boy neglects his work to weave romantic dreams about her the chief is likely to blame her as a disturbing element and to dismiss the boy as a callow young fool.

The unattached young men of her own age invite her to dinner, to the theatre. They have seldom any motive other than a pleasant evening to fill in the lonely hours between work and sleep. They desire intelligent, unsentimental companionship—so does she.

But here again the social problem of the business woman has complications unknown to men. In the first place, there is no reason

why a girl who is earning a good salary should allow herself continually to be under obligation for food and theatre tickets to men friends who are earning practically the same as she. Yet men occasionally become quite absurdly self-conscious if the girl pays the waiter. Sometimes the make-shift of allowing the man to pay and then giving him back one's share of the expenses in secret spares his manly—and mid-Victorian—pride!

Another funny relic of men's old attitude towards the economically dependent woman is their tendency to become rivals for her favour. If they carry it into office hours, however, and Jones becomes sulky and rude to Smith because Smith has taken the girl secretary twice to the theatre in one week, then it becomes annoying to the intelligent business woman. It is also annoying to the chief, who finds his office running less smoothly.

The Married Employer

There is a problem of the woman in business which has caused many a secret heart-break, many a wasted life, and more than once an open tragedy. It is the problem of the secretary, the woman who works intimately with her employer. Over and over again it happens that from complete understanding of his intellectual interests she becomes aware of him emotionally.

The mere fact that a woman has trained her brain to run with machine-like precision along the line of its work does not alter her emotional needs as a woman. Every woman desires to be loved, but more than that, she needs to love. And I believe that by developing her capacity for hard creative work she develops unconsciously her capacity for intense feeling. Perhaps it is simply that since her intelligence forbids her the petty philandering by which many people ease their emotional reserve, she is impelled to pour it out with the intellectual sympathy she feels for her employer.

Most employers are married. More, they have often come to that stage in married life when home has become a commonplace with few possibilities of romance.

The employer finds himself becoming aware of the curve of his secretary's cheek as she bends over her typewriter, or of the changing lights of her hair. Or perhaps he is awakened to a personal realization of her by something in her eyes, a look of which she herself is perhaps unaware.

There you have the basis of tragedy.

THE SOCIAL CODE OF THE BUSINESS WOMAN

Say the employer is an honourable man. He becomes more brusque and tries to ignore the feeling that has grown up between them.

The secretary is an honourable woman. She has a horror of the clandestine, of amorous intrigue. She hides her love away as something that must not be spoken. So while the employer lives on comfortably with his wife and children, she becomes thirty, becomes forty, becomes fifty even, serving him with that selfless devotion of which fine women are capable, refusing offers of marriage, or, perhaps, never receiving them because she gives other men no opportunity.

And at the end she is still in her hall-bedroom or in a cheap flat shared with her mother or a woman friend, a bit angular, a bit acidulous of speech and manner. . . .

Or the employer is not an honourable man. He adds his asking to the demands of her own heart, and a tragedy of another sort ensues.

A Standardized Social Code

But such a situation as this has gone past the scope of the business woman's social code and has become a moral question. And the moral code of the business woman is an individual matter and should not differ in any way from what her code would have been if she had remained in private life. I only speak of it as an extreme, though not unusual, development of social problems which every business woman is called upon to face.

It is the myriad small social questions that demand a standardized code. Ill-controlled social relationships between men and women in business together are the cause of too much disturbance, too much waste energy. The onus of decision must in most cases fall upon the woman, for it is women who are on trial still, and though her problems are more complicated, as I have tried to show, she must nevertheless apply the same rule to her social conduct that serious-minded men workers apply to theirs.

It is: Any recreation that unfits a man for work must not be indulged in.

Before women can be consistently useful in routine artistic or business life they must make this the basis of their own social code. A business woman dares not dance half the night because it means a fatigued brain and body the next morning. She must keep any sentimental interests she

may have resolutely outside her working hours. She must not permit herself any conduct that is likely to cause discord or preoccupation among the men with whom she works. She must not allow herself to be flattered by the adoration of the office boy, nor encourage the rivalry of Jones and Smith for her favour during office time.

I admit that men are sometimes more to blame for sentimentalizing than the girl herself. Nevertheless, it is her problem, and it usually takes all her tact and will power to solve it.

The Case of Miss R—

Shall I illustrate what I mean by an example from my own experience?

I left college at twenty-two very ignorant of men as social and emotional entities. No more so than most girls who have been brought up without brothers, however. No more so than most girls when they enter business life.

Because I had written blank verse and philosophical essays at college I was given a trial in a newspaper office in San Francisco. I found myself the only woman in an editorial office filled with thirty-odd men of all sorts—copy-readers, sub-editors, reporters. Naturally they were interested to know what the new girl reporter might be like.

Mind, I had all I could do to make good as a news writer—to forget my Walter Pater and my Anglo-Saxon for the time being and concentrate on reporting clearly and simply the latest edict of the Food Controller or the draft boards.

My editor, a bluff old journalist of many years' experience in the rough-and-tumble school of Western journalism, was strongly prejudiced against women reporters.

"I don't like 'em," he said when I applied for the place. "You can't depend on 'em. Sometimes they're brilliant, but they can't stand up to a long period of dull, grilling work. In thirty years' experience I've only had two women reporters who were worth the powder to blow 'em up. Besides," he added, "they make my men less efficient."

Costly Sociability

I was soon to learn what he meant. Every newspaper reporter has long periods of nothing to do. Sometimes he has hours at a time when, his last story finished, he is waiting to be sent on another.

The men began to form the habit of

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spending that time in social chatter over my desk. That was all very well for them; but suppose eight men spent half an hour each talking about the weather and the latest play—there were four hours of my time, or rather the time I owed my editor, wasted.

I did not want to make myself unpopular by being rude about their well-meant attempts at sociability, but I realized I had to keep them away if I was to make good on the paper.

Keeping the Men Away

I must say they behaved very well about it. Since my rule was absolutely impartial no one could feel personally offended, and the right sort of men are fair-minded enough to know that a woman, however friendly she may feel towards them, cannot discuss the weather and do her work at the same time.

A few months later I saw again what bluff old Jim Hartford, the editor, meant when he said, "Women are a nuisance in the office."

A school friend of mine, a clever girl and a brilliant writer, was given a trial on the editorial staff. She was pretty, young, and just out of college. There was no reason why she should not have made an excellent reputation on the paper, for she wrote much better than most of the men. But as she entered the editorial office and took her seat at her desk on the first day one felt a little breeze of interest go over the room. If she had been a new man reporter, however brilliant and handsome, no one would have given her more than a passing glance.

Well, during the week that followed the men formed the habit of drifting over to her desk on some pretext or other whenever they had a spare fifteen minutes.

Perilous Popularity

From the little glass cage where he sat, surrounded by smoke and proofs and buzzing telephones, Jim Hartford would call for a reporter to go on a story or take a telephone message. The admiring group about Miss R. remained oblivious to everything but her brilliant chatter. Suppressing—or more often not suppressing—the wicked words with which he habitually relieved his feelings, Jim Hartford would disentangle himself from telephone lines and copy paper

and lumber down the big city room to fish the desired reporter out of the group about Miss R.'s desk.

A General Nuisance

Telephones rang unheeded on the sports desk. Copy was delayed—especially Miss R.'s copy—for the men, while intending to help her write her stories, more often got into arguments over her typewriter instead of leaving her, as they would have left an ordinary cub-reporter, to learn by making her own mistakes. Office boys left their posts to compete for the honour of fetching Miss R.'s tea.

Jim Hartford was not a patient man at best. But he was a fair man, who considered his reporters as much as was compatible with the welfare of the newspaper he was editing. I really believe he was more annoyed at the men than at Miss R. But he could not sack his entire staff, so—he sacked Miss R.

She was sincerely surprised and hurt at her dismissal, for she knew that her work had been satisfactory, was, in fact, far superior to that of many men who had been on the staff for years.

"But I'm not running a pink tea, Miss R.," was Jim Hartford's blunt explanation when she tearfully asked the reason for her dismissal. "I'm running a newspaper with a handful of men to help me who are most of 'em a bit foolish when there's a pretty woman in sight. I can't teach 'em sense. But if I'm to get out any newspaper at all I've got to keep temptation out of their way in office hours at least."

Miss R. went away firmly convinced that because of her sex she had not been given a fair chance to make good. It was not her fault, she said, if the men admired her and showed their admiration a bit inconveniently.

But it was.

The Need of a Code

This seems an exaggerated example, but it is a perfectly true one, and I have seen the same situation happen over and over again. And it will continue to happen and continue to prejudice employers against women in their offices until women have learned to subordinate utterly their social instincts to their sense of what they owe their employer.



The Rejuvenation of Raxby

by
WARWICK
DEEPIING

SHE was a colonial, and in appearance she represented the sentimental man's idea of "Carmen," something very dark and tall and mysterious and passionate, with a red mouth and midnight eyes. The puzzling part of it was that she was the very antithesis of what she looked; but how was the ordinary sentimental man to know that? When she entered a room everyone looked at her. It was as though the curtain had been rung up and the play was about to begin.

She had married an Englishman, the particular sort of Englishman whom everybody is supposed to laugh at, even a curate. Their marriage was preposterous, at least people said it was preposterous, for they judged by appearances, and their judgment was out of date. Faith Pemberton was modern. She was direct, and her directness bewildered more circuitous mortals.

"Faith! Fancy calling a woman like that Faith!"

"Well, my dear, the alternatives are Hope and Charity!"

"Don't be ridiculous, John."

The baronet smiled. To be Sir John Toke of Tokenhouse Hall, and the husband of Lady Serena Toke, made it quite impossible for him to be ridiculous. Lady Serena was never ridiculous. She was made of hard paste and she was translucent.

Raxby was puzzled. So was the Rev. Horatio Dunsterby, its rector. When Mrs. Irene Dunsterby took the matter up with him across the breakfast table, he found that it was useless to hide behind the *Morning Post*, for though her parents had christened Mrs. Dunsterby "Irene," she had

been red and determined in her cradle, and she had remained red and determined ever since.

"You imply, my dear," said the rector, "that before engaging a new curate I should have interviewed his wife! I did

not even know that he had a wife."

"One should think of these things."

Dunsterby regarded her with mild toleration. He had been born with a sense of humour, and necessity—Mrs. Dunsterby and Raxby—had developed it.

"The man is a gentleman."

"I have no fault to find with Pemberton."

Mrs. Dunsterby always referred to her curates as she would have referred to the gardener or the groom.

"Quite so. He is the very sort of man I have been looking for, someone to manage the boys and young men."

He smiled. His smile said: "I—can manage the women,"—which was true.

His wife poured herself out a second cup of tea.

"Muscular Christianity, Horace——"

"English, my dear, English. And not a bad form of Christianity—either. After all—we—are English; Raxby is English. You have to get at an Englishman with a cricket bat or a race-horse. Pemberton is just a big boy."

His wife looked severe.

"I like Pemberton," she said. "He certainly seems to have got hold of the rougher element. But his sermons——"

"His sermons don't matter. What did matter was when he made eighty-three not out against Tidworth and broke two of The George windows. We hadn't beaten Tidworth for ten years. That was three weeks

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ago, and he had been with us just one week. Ever since then he has had Raxby in his pocket."

"Flannelled fools!" said the lady.

"Thank God for it," thought her husband.

Meanwhile a young woman looked out of a window in a compressed red house in Raxby High Street. It was a first-floor window, and across her knees lay some amber-coloured material which she was turning into a dress, one of those dresses that had shocked the dowdy self-complacency of Raxby and sent a thrill of youth through various middle-aged gentlemen.

"Mercy! But it is dull here!" she thought.

She smiled, and it was quite a happy smile. Her hands rested upon the folds of the sunlit stuff upon her lap.

"Religious? Well, I guess so," she meditated. "I can't say that I'm an expert on the Athanasian Creed. But I have got a religion, and I suppose—he—is my religion. Making things a bit more pleasant and clean and wholesome by being what he is."

She went on with her sewing. Presently she raised her eyes to the house across the way. She saw an oblong of mottled stucco with two windows in it, one above the other, the upper window decorated with white lace curtains and an aspidistra, the lower showing another aspidistra and more white lace curtains, also a little iron railing painted a chocolate red. Below was the shop, Gutteridge's Boot Store, two curved windows with a glass door between. On holidays and Sundays the shop windows were screened with shabby white canvas. Sometimes you saw Mr. Gutteridge like a sandy-coloured ferret poking its head to and fro in the shadow of a rabbit hole. The International Stores, swollen and prosperous, bore heavily on Gutteridge's right; Mill's ironmongery shop compressed him on the left. The boot store looked melancholy and mean.

"I must get him out of this," was the reflection of the woman at the window.

She nodded her head.

"He's too big for it. No ambition but to be what he is. Quite right too—for him. I know. But what about the others? He's too big for them. Abraham Lincoln in Kittle-cattle Alley! I have got to cut the rope and set him sailing the big sea where he will be what he ought to be, a

man's ship-master. Men! That's it. He's made for men. But how? How am I to do it?"

Her eyes lit up and she leaned slightly forward. He had come down the street and had stopped to talk to a couple of lads outside Mr. Gutteridge's shop. He had serious grey eyes, a square jaw, good teeth. Women were apt to be foolish about him, but he never saw it. He was like a big, clean boy just out of some happy, strenuous home, without guile, supremely in earnest, hitting out at life as he hit at a ball.

"You dear!" she said to herself, and smiled. "I wonder why you always make me think of a Newfoundland puppy? I love you, just that. And there is gooseberry tart for lunch—with cream!"

He looked up and saw her. He smiled. Two years ago he had thought her the most wonderful thing in the world, and somehow he continued to think it. It made her what she was, and not what she seemed to other people, nor had he ever seen what other men—and women—thought they saw in her. Raw, perilous, perplexing sex! He had taken her and loved her as he took and loved his work. She may have been raw, but her rawness had ripened into a rich happiness of mind and body.

She heard him on the stairs.

"Well, if Raxby does not make him jealous," she reflected, "then— Not that I want him jealous. He's used to me. Raxby isn't."

She tossed the half-made dress on to a chair and opened the door.

"Hallo, St. Andrew!"

He kissed her as though he liked kissing her.

"I'm jolly hungry, girl. I had to ride over to Tokenhouse. Dear old Serena is in trouble about the fête."

"So you call her 'dear,' you wicked babe! And what is the trouble?"

"She was going to have a lady palmist or something, and the woman can't come. I told her that you are an absolute 'pro' at palmistry."

"You did! And what did she say?"

"Say? I've forgotten. I think she said you looked psychic."

Faith laughed.

"Are you sure it wasn't 'She looks like it'? Dear Lady Serena! Andie, there's gooseberry tart for lunch."

"Oh, great!" he said.

She thought and was ready to swear that he was the most wholesome and unclerical



"He sat down and listened with a rapt smile while she told his hand"—p. 434

Drawn by
C. Morse

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thing in the Empire. Mrs. Dunsterby had said that he could not preach. "He stands up and has a sort of gossip with you." Which was true, but the oratory which sent Raxby home with a smooth appetite to its Sunday dinner was not the stuff that moved men. Faith believed that her man was a great mover of men. He talked to them as though they were all playing the greatest game in the world, and he was never a prig at games.

"London," she was always saying to herself, "London, somehow—for you."

Faith went to the fête at Tokenhouse Hall and sat in a little classic summer-house and examined people's palms. She was wearing that amber-coloured dress and a broad-brimmed hat, and her meeting with Lady Serena Toke had been a very polite and frigid affair.

"You, your hat, your dress and your 'atmosphere' are all quite preposterous."

My Lady's pale eyes had said that to her in the middle of the Tokenhouse lawn.

Later Lady Serena said it aloud to Mrs. Dunsterby.

"Quite preposterous."

The rectoress appeared to think that she—personally—was being held responsible.

"I agree. But how were we to know? Pemberton is quite an ordinary young man. We expected that if he had a wife she would be an ordinary young woman."

Her Ladyship scrutinized the crowd.

"That dress, my dear! She ought not to be able to dress like that."

"What have you done with her?"

"Put her in the summer-house. She'll be kept there, telling people a lot of nonsense. I think she looks the part."

It happened otherwise; it was bound to happen otherwise in spite of all the Lady Serenas and Irene Dunsterbys. Somehow, Sir John Toke got into the summer-house, running the blockade of waiting girls and matrons. He chose to assume that Mrs. Pemberton was being overworked, and he assumed that she had had no tea.

"Oh, I can go on for hours," she laughed; "but I must earn another sixpence."

"From me?"

"Of course."

He was delighted. He sat down and listened with a rapt smile while she told his hand. After all, it was much pleasanter and more stimulating than talking to Mrs. Dunsterby or watching to see that the children did not fall out of the swings. Pem-

berton was attending to that; he was attending to everything—the races, the coco-nut shies, the cricket match. Excellent chap, Pemberton! And his wife was really a most charming young person. Sir John insisted on taking her to have some tea. She was a very noticeable woman, and what man of sense does not like to be seen in possession of a noticeable woman?

They were noticed.

"I say—who's that with Toke?"

"You mean the girl in yellow?"

"Rather. Looks like a Spanish gipsy."

"That's our curate's wife."

The interested person looked slyly sceptical.

"My dear chap, tell me another!"

"It's a fact."

"But she couldn't be!"

"She is."

Faith's tea and Sir John's flirtation were both curtailed by the sailing in of Lady Serena.

"Mrs. Pemberton, I don't want to fuss you, but there is quite a crowd waiting by the summer-house."

Faith surrendered her cup to Sir John.

"I'll go at once."

"John," said the lady, intercepting his obvious impulse, "will you go and look after the twopenny dip while Miss Plimsol has tea."

"Certainly, certainly," said Sir John, and he went.

Mrs. Pemberton was kept examining moist palms until nearly seven o'clock, and the really disgraceful thing about it was the absurd interest shown in their life lines by a number of middle-aged gentlemen. Howard Smythe, Esq., was the first to follow Sir John Toke's lead. Emerging, he met Toby Sangster, Esq., with his carnation and his eyeglass. Mr. Sangster was displaced by Sir Basil Templeman, and hard on the heels of Sir Basil followed the brothers Gudgeon. The Gudgeons were merry bachelors of fifty who dressed exactly alike and looked like twins. Algernon listened while Percival's character was delineated, and Percival did the same for Algernon.

"Top hole, Mrs. Pemberton. You got my brother to the life."

"Same with Algernon."

"Couldn't we have—what shall we call it?—a second helping?"

She laughed.

"You greedy men! Perhaps, when everybody else is satisfied!"

THE REJUVENATION OF RAXBY

Her last client was the rector, and she gave him the best character of them all, not only because he deserved it, but because she thought it rather brave and sportsmanlike of him to enter her temple.

She told him that his chief characteristics were kindness and a sympathetic toleration of other people's idiosyncrasies; and he looked at her in his shy, pleasant way, and smiled.

"A sense of humour," he said. "I hope so."

He could have added that Raxby had not any sense of humour and not a great deal of toleration. The feminine part of it regarded it as highly improper that the curate's wife should be the best-dressed woman in the place. Curates' wives had no right to be like that, or to be the centre of attraction, or to have the audacity to hand over six pounds seven shillings and sixpence as the result of an afternoon's palmistry. Miss Plimsol worked it out on the back of a programme. "Two hundred and fifty-five sixpences, time—three till seven, nearly sixty-four people an hour, more than one a minute. Quite impossible! Quite!" The "Twopenny Dip" had brought in thirteen and fourpence! Miss Plimsol sucked the end of her pencil and looked at Mrs. Pemberton's hat.

Never had she seen such a hat! No, never! Certainly not on the head! She scribbled something, one word, under her calculations: "Fools."

There is no doubt that the fête at Tokenhouse Hall initiated the rejuvenation of Raxby.

The men were responsible, more especially the middle-aged gentlemen.

Sir John Toke's dog-cart was seen waiting outside the Pemberton's house. It seemed to wait there every other day. Andie had grapes for his dessert and hot-house flowers on his desk.

Howard Smythe, Esq., had discovered a sudden interest in the boys of the village. He had ideas as to a miniature rifle range, and he came to talk to Andie about it. And Andie had pheasant for dinner.

Toby Sangster, Esq., left his horse at The George. He was a great dandy and the best shot in the county. He thought Pemberton should be backed up in his rejuvenation of the local cricket club. "What! Mr. Pemberton not in? Might I see Mrs. Pemberton?" Faith saw him. Excellent chap Pemberton. Andie received a box of cigars.

When the Gudgeons called on her they came together, and, sitting one on each side of her, spoke mysteriously of the winter dullness of Raxby.

"What we want, Mrs. Pemberton, is a monthly dance at The George. Liven things up, you know. We think you are the very woman to do it."

They chattered in chorus, like a couple of gay paraquets.

"Once a month. Quite select. Liven things up. We are sure your husband wouldn't object."

"Andrew would love it," she said. "He wants people to be happy."

She was Circe, but a very merciful and harmless Circe, and all the offerings that were made her were thrown at the feet of Andrew. He was quite undisturbed; he showed no signs of jealousy; he laughed.

"I knew you would be popular, girl."

"I'm glad," she said, "because there is only one thing I care about. The flower is in your buttonhole, Andie."

She kissed him.

But if she was a harmless Circe to a number of middle-aged English gentlemen, she appeared a very wicked Circe to their wives.

There were debates, discussions.

"My Willie," someone would say, "cannot see anything in her."

Yet half Raxby knew that "Willie" had had tea with the Pembertons twice in one week.

Faith found herself involved in a little world of hostility almost before the less conventional colonial spirit in her had realized the inevitableness of such hostility. Women have a way of expressing themselves without words.

"Mercy! I'm hated!"

She realized the hatred, and she saw it develop into emulation. Raxby had been a very dowdy little country town, the centre of an Arcadian world in which women had ceased to trouble about their plumage. Mrs. Henrietta Smythe lived in her gardening clothes, and on one occasion dead and desiccated snails had been found in the pockets of her apron. Mrs. Mary Sangster wore pork-pie hats and flannel petticoats, and she had a fondness for gaiters. Lady Serena Toke had dignity, but it was a rusty dignity.

And suddenly all these good women began to blossom into a second summer. Mrs. Smythe appeared with wavy hair and wearing a Paris hat. Mary Sangster dis-

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appeared for a week and returned like a bride with a trousseau. Lady Toke's new sheaths were still black and stately, but they glistened.

Faith was troubled. And then she saw the human side of it and laughed.

"Hatred — emulation — transfiguration. Why, I am a public benefactress! I have made them all remember that they have husbands and that their husbands are men."

Later, she sensed danger, danger to Andie, and she was challenged by it. She heard rumours. Some pleasant lady smilingly showed her the poisoned knife.

Instantly her love was armed. She had courage, daring, a rather original way of looking at things.

"So you would stab me through him! Well, we will see."

She never quite knew how the idea came to her; it just flashed into her head, though it may have been suggested by some words of Sir John Toke. The idea developed, and its growth was stimulated by a certain interview she had with the Rev. Horace Dunsterby.

He had been attacked. He had been instructed to get rid of Pemberton and Pemberton's wife, and he had refused.

"I was a gentleman before I was a parson," he said.

But he went to see Faith Pemberton, and he had tea with her, and in that tolerantly humorous way of his he set about warning her of her danger. She understood him at once and she thanked him.

"I'm too dressy?"

"Yes," he said, "too disturbingly—ahem—too—"

She saved him from explanations.

"Of course. But haven't you noticed that the dressiness has spread?"

"It has," he agreed, remembering a bill he had paid a week ago, "but even then—"

"Well—?"

"It lags behind, it pursues with Hope and lacking Charity."

She laughed.

"Do you disapprove?"

"I cannot say that I do—but the complexities—! I like you both. Your husband is the best curate I have ever had."

"They want us to go?"

He nodded.

"It shall be on my terms," she said with a flash of fierceness. "You remember the Egyptians, Mr. Dunsterby? I'm a woman and I am very proud of my husband."

He astonished her with a sudden burst of very human sympathy.

"Really, I'd like to see you march out in triumph. Sometimes—here—I would like to initiate an earthquake. But how could you do it?"

She leant towards him over her tea table, and she divulged the idea. He looked at her; he put his cup down; he actually slapped a knee; like Andie, he was very much the man.

"Splendid! The Nelson touch! I shall be tremendously sorry to lose Andrew, but if I can put a sly spoke into the wheel—"

"You will?"

"I will."

So the ladies of Raxby grew kinder to their "Willies," preening their own plumage as women should, but they grew less kind to Faith Pemberton. She continued to be as Mr. Dunsterby had put it. "Too disturbingly—ahem—too—!" and she had an additional reason for her disturbingness. She was particularly kind to Sir John Toke, who insisted upon being called "Uncle Jack" in spite of Lady Serena's new and glistening blackness. There were alarms and excursions. Since the men who were supposed to be in authority refused to rid Raxby of Mrs. Pemberton, it was evident that the exodus would have to be managed.

But how?

Faith knew. She had her eyes on the promised land even before Lady Serena had sighted it. And there was to be no flight across the Red Sea and no forty years in the desert.

One day in November she was sitting at the window, looking at the stucco house and its aspidistras across the way, when she saw Andie walking down High Street. He was walking fast, swinging his arms and seeing no one—which was not his habit. His hat showed an inclination to get itself tilted on to the back of his head.

He came straight upstairs. He had the look of a man to whom some extraordinary thing had happened. His hair was a little ruffled, his grey eyes were grave yet excited.

"You'd never guess," he said, closing the door.

She was all innocent curiosity.

"Mr. Gedge is letting you have that field for your football?"

"No; stranger than that, girl."

"Mr. Dunsterby has let you off the Mothers' Guild?"

"Try again."

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"Tell me, Andie," she said; "I never was good at guessing."

He sat down. He picked up a reel of cotton from the table and looked at it.

"Sir John Toke's brother-in-law, Lord Darcy, has offered me St. Zachary's, Knightsbridge."

"The living?"

"Yes; extraordinary, isn't it?"

She sat very still, loving him.

"Bland has crocked up—overwork."

"The famous Christopher Bland, New Age Bland?"

"Yes."

"His church was packed with men, wasn't it?"

"Yes."

"Why, Andie, how splendid! You are just the man for it."

He looked at her doubtfully a moment.

"But, girl—I can't preach. I mean——"

"It's just what you can do," she said, "to men."

He got up quickly and kissed her.

"Girl—I'm bowled over. I——"

"You have accepted?"

"I said I would come and consult you."

"You dear!" she said, and drew his head down. "Take it. You are going to be a big man, Andie. You—are—a big man! Men want you."

"I'll try," he said.

When they left Raxby their departure was quite a public occasion. The Boy Scouts paraded at the station. There was a crowd of men and boys on the platform, and the crowd included representatives of the local cricket club, the town institute and the ex-servicemen's club. Mr. Dunsterby was there. So were Sir John Toke, Howard Smythe, Esq., Toby Sangster, Esq., and others. People noticed that these gentlemen were not accompanied by their wives. It was also noticed that Mrs.



"'Tell me, Andie,' she said: 'I never was good at guessing'"

*Drawn by
C. Morse*

Pemberton was very quietly dressed in black.

There was a cheer when the train drew out.

"Good-bye, sir."

"Good luck, Pemberton."

"We're mighty sorry to lose you."

"Don't forget to break their windows, sir," shouted someone who was a wag.

Andie sat very still, watching Raxby disappear in the greyness of a November dusk.

"Girl," he said presently, "I can't think how I got that living. Me——!"

They were alone, and she came and sat beside him and watched the town grow grey and a mere part of the grey distance of the landscape.

"Because you deserve it, Andie, because you are the very man for it."

She did not tell him that it was because a number of women hated her.

"Bless them," she thought, "bless them—ever so much!"



Mrs. Wintringham, M.P.

The Matron in Parliament: A Personal Sketch

By Harry Cooper

THE first two ladies to enter the House of Commons are curiously similar and dissimilar. Both of them entered Parliament at by-elections, both succeeded to their husbands' seats, and both emerged again out of the hurly-burly of a general election, still the only ladies on the green benches of the House of Commons, though the German Reichstag boasts more than two score women members.

Viscountess Astor and Mrs. Margaret Wintringham are on opposite sides in politics, but they are closely allied on matters of social reform, particularly as affecting women and children. That this identity of interest in social reform may override mere political oppositions was proved by Lady Astor when, immediately after her own second return, she telegraphed to Mrs. Wintringham that she was anxiously awaiting the news of her election, because "I cannot go back to the House of Commons without you." Indeed, when such a lady as Mrs. Wintringham goes to Parliament party feeling sinks into abeyance, and on her introduction to Mr. Speaker the murmur of cordial greeting was heard in every quarter of the House. Next day the morning paper most acutely opposed to her in politics tendered its respectful salutations.

Lady Astor is piquant, explosive, and vivacious; Mrs. Wintringham, quiet, collected, a master—or, rather, a mistress—of persuasive

eloquence, who prefers to bring arguments to bear upon her audience rather than to make exclamations. It is a treat to listen to one of Mrs. Wintringham's speeches punctuated by Lady Astor. Mrs. Wintringham brings forward some telling bit of information. "Hear, hear," cries Lady Astor. She proceeds to develop her argument. "That is the point," cries Lady Astor. She drives home her appeal with excellent logic. "Listen to that," cries the irrepressible countess. The two ladies together, one of them American-born and the other British, one a native of Virginia and the other of Yorkshire, will account for an

interesting chapter in what is called, in compliment to their sex, the Mother of Parliaments.

Mrs. Wintringham makes delightful speeches in the House. She never speaks longer than ten minutes, which is her self-allotted ration, but I hasten to add that it is not their brevity which makes her speeches delightful; it is a certain informative quality about them. She never speaks without having something to say, and when she sits down one feels that an impression has been made which ought to tell on parliamentary and public opinion. She has spoken on many subjects in the House, taking to her environment quite easily and naturally, though the audience is very different from that of the public meeting. It is an audience composed of several elements, every element save one—the



Mrs. Wintringham, M.P.

Photo: E. O. Hoppé

MRS. WINTRINGHAM, M.P.

Speaker's own party—critical of if not hostile to the member who is addressing it. She has addressed it on such themes as the women police, the provision of work for ex-service women, national economy, and even a domestic affair like the preserving of fruit, and she has been a zealous asker of questions. Her maiden speech, in which she caught the sympathy of the House at once by declaring that she felt like a new girl at school, was on economy. One sentence in that speech may seem to be a platitude, but it is worth many repetitions: "True economy," she said, "is not a question of how little one can spend, but of how wisely one can spend it." Then, after quoting Ruskin's "There is no wealth but life," she led the assembly up from the small change of the domestic budget to the great question of the peace of nations. For Mrs. Wintringham is an apostle of the international idea, and she perceives, what many even among those who speak of the brotherhood of nations do not perceive, how much it is a woman's question, and how direct is the connexion between the peace of the world and the happiness of the woman at the kitchen table.

It says much for Mrs. Wintringham that, fluent and experienced speaker that she is, she won her first election without making any political speech at all. During that contest she scarcely opened her lips in public. She was newly widowed; the contest was for a seat which had become vacant owing to the sudden death of her husband in the precincts of the House of Commons, and she felt that she owed it to his memory to be a silent candidate. Even when the poll was declared, and to her great astonishment—for she confesses that with two opponents she had had no hope of winning—she found

herself returned, she made no speech in acknowledgment of the cheers of the crowd in the Louth streets, contenting herself with bowing and holding up a bunch of white heather.

This ruddy-complexioned lady, with large brown eyes and kindly, smiling face, is a Yorkshirewoman, who was a schoolmistress before her marriage. She married Mr. Tom Wintringham, a member of a well-known North Lincolnshire family, with many business connexions in and around Great Grimsby. The marriage took place in the Congregational Church at Ilkley in 1903. Both husband and wife were Congregationalists and had an equal zeal in social service of many kinds. Mr. Tom Wintringham was well known for his advocacy of the temperance cause. For a time their



Mrs. Wintringham, M.P., at the porch of her home, Little Grimsby Hall

Photo:
E. C. Woods

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Mrs. Wintringham at the meadow gate interviews two of her constituents

Photo.
Topical

home was at Grimsby, where they engaged in many public activities. Later they moved to Little Grimsby Hall, just outside Louth, at the foot of the "windy Wolds," where Mrs. Wintringham, having no children to claim her time and attention, interested herself in many matters concerning the welfare of the rural population, especially the female part of it. During the war she had a good deal to do with the placing of women and girls on the land. She was also a leader in voluntary aid detachment work. When the town of Louth was stricken by the disastrous flood of 1920, of which it still bears the traces in tumbled walls and significant gaps by the side of its treacherous little river, it was she who organized a camp for 150 people who had been rendered homeless.

Her popularity on this quiet Lincolnshire countryside is quite remarkable. If you talk to the village labourer he will really be full of her praises, although, like a true Lincolnshireman, who conveys his highest tribute in the phrase "Not so bad," he will very likely tell you that of the candidates presented for his suffrage he voted for the woman because he considered that she was

likely to do the least harm! If you go into a little general shop to buy a postcard the lady behind the counter will produce a photograph of the house where Mrs. Wintringham lives and bring round the talk, with quite a note of affection, to the lady of the manor, not the condescending sort of dame one sometimes associates with that description, but a warm-hearted woman, busy in all that concerns this scattered community, deeming no matter too small for her attention and sympathy, the perfect representative of a constituency which includes about 12,000 women electors, few of whom are in very well-to-do circumstances — women who have a keen personal interest in the price of things and yet are not without the wider vision. An astonishing thing that one finds in the most obscure hamlets of the Wolds is the amount of up-to-date information about national affairs, especially among women. It would put the London suburbs to shame.

Little Grimsby Hall, of which Mrs. Wintringham is mistress, is one of the most lovely homes in a county richer than most in the "ancestral halls of England." It is situated three miles north of Louth, whose

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magnificent steeple catches the eye in the distance. The house is a red-brick, ivy-covered structure in the Gothic style, with a dozen or more long windows of many panes in its façade, and an old entrance porch is an architect's joy. The house is said to be two hundred years old and has been occupied in its time by more than one of the noble families of Lincolnshire. The library window looks out upon a cedared lawn, ringed by bright flowers, even on the October day that I saw it last, and by trees vocal with the cawing of the rooks. In the grounds at the back of the house is a tiny parish church, dedicated to St. Edith, as old as the house itself. A feature of the interior of the house is the oak panelling. The library, with its log fire, and its shelves laden with historic and political memoirs, and especially with volumes devoted to social science, not forgetting Ruskin, is an enviable workplace for a public woman, and

here it was I found Mrs. Wintringham among portfolios and Blue-books, busy with all the matters, far more voluminous than the ordinary citizen supposes, which occupy the time of a conscientious member of Parliament.

One might have talked with Mrs. Wintringham on a score of subjects, and have found her equally well informed on each, with the documents relating to each one properly classified and ready to hand; but the question which did occupy the conversation was one upon which she had, a little while before, made a telling speech in Parliament, the settlement of women overseas. The phrase commonly used in discussing this subject, "surplus women," is, of course, detestable. There are no "surplus women" any more than there are surplus men; it is a question of distributing woman-power to the best economic advantage of the community and the happiness of individuals.



A Morning in
the Garden
1556

Photo:
E. C. Woods, Louth

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Mrs. Wintringham mentioned that there has just come into existence an Act, of which little notice has been taken, called the Empire Settlement Act, and she handed me a leaflet giving particulars of the assisted passage scheme under the provisions of this Act for the migration of women, as well as men, to Australia.

She remarked that it is sometimes forgotten that there is unemployment among women as well as among men. The economic position of the woman worker has been a very difficult one since the cessation of war-time activities caused a drop in the demand for her labour. Yet many women gained experience during the war which ought to be of value to themselves and to the community. This is particularly the case with those who worked on the land, many of whom—as Mrs. Wintringham knows from first-hand experience—proved themselves highly capable in what may be called the minor branches of agriculture. It seems a pity that this experience should go for nothing, and if there is only a limited opening in this country, the obvious recourse would seem to be to migration.

"In any scheme for migration," said Mrs. Wintringham, "if the right kind of homes are to be built up overseas, women are necessary. You cannot have homes without women. Therefore I think it is a matter of importance that suitable women should go out to the Dominions equally with their men folk and take advantage of any migration schemes which offer themselves. A very good scheme is in being called 'The Overseas Settlement of British Women,' with Dame Meriel Talbot at its head. Very good work has been done under this scheme in the past. Women proposing to go overseas have been helped on their journey and helped also to find employment in the land to which they are going. In all the matters of passports, hostels and travelling connexions these women have been cared for, and they have been welcomed on arrival at their journey's end. It means a great thing for a woman—and for a man also, of course—on arriving in a distant land, which is to be the land of her adoption, to find that someone knows she is coming, that she is not utterly a stranger, a piece of driftwood cast upon a foreign beach.

"But the Government has now come along," Mrs. Wintringham continued, "with the Empire Settlement Act, which has

to do more especially with migration to Australia. The assisted passage scheme under this Act applies to women as well as to men. The Government gives one-third of the passage money, lends another third, and the migrant provides the rest. That is a considerable advance on anything we have had before. The main openings are for women who are prepared to take up domestic work, by which is meant, not quite what we mean in this country by domestic service, but work generally in and about the farmhouse, including, of course, certain outdoor occupations.

"When we get accustomed to the overseas settlement of women it will assist migration all round. For the most cruel part of migration is the sundering of family ties, and this would be alleviated if the going out of women were made an economic proposition.

"It must be remembered that the wives of migrating men want to go out also, and it may make all the difference between success and failure, or at least between prosperity and indefinitely prolonged struggle, if the wife has some knowledge of the life awaiting her, and has had some training in the work which may fall to her lot.

"Of course, those who advocate migration for women are faced with a two-edged difficulty. They have to make the scheme attractive enough for girls to leave the Old Country, and yet at the same time they must acquaint the girls fully with the difficulties. It is very necessary to have effective propaganda on the subject. Women will play an essential part in the development of the new lands. There are great tracts of country still to be cleared and used, and these must not only be places of thriving production, but must have the anchorage of happy homes. The woman is the home-maker, overseas and in the old land. So we want suitable girls to go out, not with the feeling that the Old Country has no place for them, and the new countries only a grudging place, but with hope and confidence, as those who are bound upon a worthy adventure which will call forth the very best that is in them."

The migration of women is only one of the many subjects which interest the woman M.P., but enough has been said to show what an asset to the women of this country is the voice of Mrs. Wintringham in Parliament.



The Man who Looked Back

An Artist and his Portrait
By
Anne Weaver

JAMES ANSTRUTHER struck a match for the third time and held it to his cigarette. The flame flickered in the draught from the studio window and went out. Mr. Anstruther swore in no measured terms, crossed to the window and banged it down.

He had had a bad night, and his customary lethargic after-luncheon mood was absent. All his perceptions seemed of a sudden acutely and wretchedly alive.

As he stood in the big, untidy room, littered with easels, rough sketches and half-finished canvases, the atmosphere of the place made a rather unusual impression upon him.

It wasn't only that when he shut the window he had shut out the monotonous hum of myriad insects and the sleepy call of the birds, but also the warm sweetness of the roses, the fragrance of the lavender borders which grew outside. Only the odour of stale paint and staler spirits and tobacco remained.

There had been a time, he remembered, when a bowl of Laurent Carles roses—those gracious, long-stemmed blossoms—had always stood at this season of the year on the little oak table. Evelyn, his wife, used to put them there, but that was a long time ago.

A dim sense of injury and neglect crept into his soul.

There had been a time, too, when at this hour—the trend of thought, once started, swelled easily to maudlin grievance—his daughter and her small cousin would have been playing on the lawn outside. Ah, but they had been little creatures then! Odette, with dark curls flying and short skirts above her long, black-stockinged legs; Marjorie, a yellow-haired active wisp of four.

They would have invaded the studio, challenging a romp, clamouring for chocolates, and he would have had some ado to get rid of them.

Odette was seventeen now—a dignified, serious slip of a girl; at least, that was how she struck him, but he didn't see much of

her nowadays. Odette, the girl, had grown right away from the parent who had been like a big elder brother to Odette the child.

Of late her big, interrogative eyes got on his nerves; he had actually sworn at her once or twice. There was no doubt but that his nervous system was getting very much out of control; everything irritated him.

Ah, well, no one ever invaded the studio now. Marjorie, the little niece from the Rectory, seldom came to the house; another small sister had arrived to keep her company, and her uncle was left to work undisturbed. Work? James Anstruther laughed aloud in sudden, harsh irony, and flung away the cigarette that would not light. Perhaps his hands were shaking too much to-day; his throat felt dry, his head burning.

He stretched out towards the little table where a sheaf of dry, caked paint-brushes lay among a litter of dusty tubes of paint, and poured himself out a stiff whisky and soda from the decanter and siphon which always stood now where once the Laurent Carles had diffused their sweetness. Then he paused irresolute before the half-finished canvas which had decorated the big easel for more months than he cared to count.

Work? There was no necessity for him to work now. Once he *had* worked. Then, just at the height of his struggle—not merely for fame, but for an actual livelihood—there had been that ghastly train accident, and for a long while his right arm had been useless.

Those had been bad days, with a wife and child to support and his means of livelihood gone. Desperate days in which he had fallen into the evil habit which held him still. And when the unexpected legacy came, and the big specialist took his case in hand and eventually gave him back his painting arm as sound as ever, the mischief was done. Any permanent desire to work for art's sake alone was sapped.

Yet people who knew had once said that he had a big future before him. . . .

Well, he was not an old man yet. By Jove! he was as good as many of the youngsters still. . . .

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"So there it hung; and James Anstruther nodded at it fatuously"

Drawn by
Toby Hogg

Mr. Anstruther squared his shoulders—they stooped a little—and took up a dusty palette. When had he worked last?

Ah, yes. It was just after Ralph Holwyn went to America. He had felt the need of some occupation to fill the blank which Ralph's absence had made, and so he had worked . . . for a while.

Holwyn was one of the few among his neighbours whom he found congenial. They had been at the Paris schools together; he was an American of the cosmopolitan type, not one of your narrow English country set. Not like the Rector, for instance. Poor old Dick! One couldn't blame Dick; a parson was bound to disapprove of everything. He remembered that he had been quite fond of Dick in the early days of his sister's marriage; but Dick was only a curate then. The silly fellow had grown pompous when he moved into his Rectory. He had even preached at *him*, James Anstruther—the good old sententious ass! Ralph was different. He never drank much himself, but

he knew that there are times when a man needs stimulant.

They had argued out that matter together long ago. It was Ralph who had pointed out to him in the first instance that the infernal pain in his arm and the consequent depression were sapping his strength, and that stimulants did a fellow no harm if he needed them.

Evelyn wouldn't have understood that. Women were like parsons, they took a narrow view. But then, he hadn't been fool enough to tell Evelyn; she'd never have grasped the fact that Ralph's advice had probably saved his life and reason. She'd simply have taken a dislike to poor Holwyn on the spot, and

as it was she liked him.

Once, years ago, Holwyn had wanted to marry her, but she had refused Holwyn and chosen himself instead. Penniless Jim Anstruther, with his future yet to make, had cut out Holwyn and all his money.

Well, old Ralph wasn't a woman's man exactly. A queer, cynical chap who'd been everywhere and done most things . . .

Mr. Anstruther laid down the palette and sank into the big armchair, staring before him with a renewal of his former apathy.

On the wall at which he stared there hung a rough water-colour sketch of a man's head painted by Holwyn in their old student days. It showed Jim Anstruther as he had been, a clean-shaven lad with a clever, unlined forehead over which strayed an untidy lock of thick fair hair. A splendid young head set on a pair of splendid shoulders, the blue eyes enthusiastic, confident, challenging.

It was a clever little sketch, although its author had never been anything but a

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dilettante dabbler in paint. He had unearthed it from an old portfolio when he was last in England, and had brought it over and hung it himself in the studio.

"It's one of the best things you ever did," James Anstruther had said, surveying it with the well-balanced criticism of his sober moments. And Holwyn had smiled, and had looked from the portrait to the man whom he had watched relentlessly through the slow, patient years degenerating farther and farther from its likeness; had looked from the portrait again to the man's wife, whose grave eyes were resting upon it with an inscrutable expression; and seeing her bite her lip and turn away, had known that the work it was meant to finish had begun.

So there it hung; and James Anstruther, poor fool, nodded at it fatuously.

That was the man for whom the critics had prophesied a big future, whom his wife had believed to be a genius. But she never spoke of these things now. Why should she? She had everything she wanted—a sufficiency of money, quite a comfortable home.

James Anstruther's head sunk lower upon his breast; he raised it again with a jerk. The whisky was doing its work slowly, but there was something in his dulled brain this afternoon, something irritatingly vital and awake, moving restlessly in its bed of sodden lethargy. He resented it uncomfortably. He resented the challenging eyes in that sketch upon the wall; they held him . . . fascinated him.

Once more his own heavy eyelids closed. His head sank again, and a sound of stertorous breathing filled the room. James Anstruther slept.

Not a pleasant spectacle. The unkempt beard and moustache streaked with grey hid his half-open mouth and slack jaw. The purple veins on his forehead, the mottled colour on cheek-bone and nose showed prominent.

James Anstruther slept; his latest waking glimpse that of Ralph Holwyn's last gift to him; his latest coherent thought that of the boy who had been himself. Slept and . . . dreamed.

Inside the studio where that huddled figure slept it was cool and dark; the blinds had been drawn down. Outside, the drive that led up to the house lay bathed in broad sunlight, and through that same sunlight, as it radiated on James Anstruther's dream, a man was walking, young, vigorous, light-hearted.

The old grey front of the house stretched before him, with its wide-mullioned windows and carved stone porch. He was an artist, and the place pleased him.

Under the porch a twisted bell-rope of copper set a peal ringing somewhere behind the heavy oak door. The young man looked curiously at the handle as it lay in his strong, smooth fingers. It was of Italian work, rare and delicate. But he had seen somewhere another like it. He couldn't remember where.

The maid ushered him into a low-ceilinged hall filled with flowers, and a woman rose from one of the deep-cushioned chairs and greeted him.

She was a woman of about thirty-seven, who had once been beautiful. Her visitor told himself that she should have been beautiful still; it was a certain look of patient resignation and disillusionment, of nervous strain, that detracted from her looks. He felt a sudden, unreasonable longing to wipe that expression from her face; it was inharmonious; it made him uncomfortable.

And, oddly enough, as they sat and talked idly, as mere acquaintances talk, that sense of discomfort within the young artist grew, reaching out futilely to some mysterious hidden source, a thing intangible, eerie, almost sinister.

The cool, sweet-smelling hall irked him; he hated it. The pictures on the walls, the very dog that wriggled up to his knee, inviting the caress which he, dog-lover though he was, bestowed unwillingly. . . . What was there about the place that was getting on his nerves?

Presently they moved out into the garden, and still the nightmare-like feeling overrode him. He passed a mirror on his way, and glanced towards it with a vague craving for reassurance, for the sight of something normally familiar.

But even as he mechanically raised his hand to smooth back the untidy lock of hair which his hat had as usual disarranged, the reflection of the fair, clean-shaven face seemed in some dim way to intensify his discomfort.

Tea had been laid in the shadow of the house near a corner where roses bloomed, and a girl joined them there, young and fresh and charming, who was almost the replica of what her mother must once have been, with the same smile, the same timbre of voice.

"This is Odette," the mother said.

"Odette? Yes, of course!" The young

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man, as he shook hands, flushed scarlet and wondered why he had said that. It sounded senseless. He really must pull himself together; what the dickens was the matter with him?

The mother gave a glance at the tea-table, then she said something to the girl, who shrugged her shoulders, and he caught the answer, "Father's asleep."

"Still . . ." The older woman's voice was doubtful. Their visitor turned away to smell the roses. Laurent Carles they were—great beautiful things, and something in the back of his mind seemed to connect them with a happiness as warm and sweet as their scent.

When his two hostesses turned to him again, he noticed that a maid had appeared and was carrying the tea-things over to the farther side of the lawn under the trees.

"My husband," Odette's mother explained quietly, "is not very well; the sound of our voices might disturb him."

The three followed the maid across the lawn; and it seemed to him that, as they moved farther from the house, the older woman lost a little of her harassed air, the girl's voice took on a gayer note. It should have been a very pleasant little tea-party, if that odd obsession had not still remained to mar it, for the visitor.

Presently he found himself watching the terrier as it chased the white fantailed pigeons which strutted and sidled on the smooth turf. The dog raced across the lawn, barking loudly; and at the sound an expectancy held the young man which stretched his every nerve taut.

Then from a window there issued a voice, hoarse and furious, cursing the dog.

The two women glanced nervously in the direction of the house, where a figure appeared following the voice on to the lawn—the figure of a man, tall and slouching. The sun shone on his uncovered head with its thatch of rumpled, grey-streaked hair; on the heavy, flushed face. He advanced up the lawn with steps that were obviously uncertain. Once he seemed to stagger a little, and the young man heard the woman beside him catch her breath. A sharp pang of indignant pity for her humiliation seized him; for her and for the child whose wide repelled eyes were watching her father make his way towards them.

At the sight of a visitor the man stopped abruptly. His wife called to him.

"You are just in time for tea, Jim," she said. Her voice was splendidly serene and controlled.

"No one told me it was ready," he muttered. His bloodshot eyes glared from her to the visitor.

There was a murmured introduction, and the two men shook hands.

"An artist, are you?"

The older man seemed to be trying to pull himself together and play the host. He made a heavy effort to be coherent and intelligent, and his wife bravely seconded him. The girl sat silent, her gay chatter frozen, and the young artist found himself a fascinated yet repelled spectator of the little scene.

There was something about the new-comer which was strangely and horribly familiar to him. He wondered if the man knew exactly how he looked, how he smelt of stale spirits. And almost in the same breath the smouldering resentment which his own clean, wholesome personality was arousing in the breast of his host seemed to make itself felt by him. Between the two men there brooded an uncanny mutual comprehension which strained their hidden antagonism almost to breaking point.

After tea the visitor perforce accepted a cigarette from his host's case, and as he passed it back it slipped from the older man's shaking fingers to the grass. The other bent and picked it up, gazing at it intently. It was an old silver case, very battered and dented, and with a sudden shock he realized that *the initials upon it were his own!*

More than that, every mark upon it was familiar to him; he turned it over in a dazed fashion, feeling mechanically for the little well-known curve into which his thumb would fit as he opened it. . . .

His host was speaking.

"Old Horace Tremaine gave me that." He nodded at the case. "I won it in a bet with him over a picture of Rawlinson's."

"I know. 'The Raid,' he called it, and Burlington House skied it just as you said they would," the younger man said in a queer, toneless voice.

Mr. Anstruther frowned, concentrating on an elusive memory.

"I sat for the head of Rawlinson's captive warrior," he went on after a moment, waxing reminiscent. "His model failed him."

The younger man leaned forward, staring. He heard his own voice sounding tense and sharp. "But Rawlinson painted that quite recently."

His host stared again and laughed rudely. "What the dickens are you talking about?" he asked. "He painted it nearly twenty

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years ago, I tell you. By George! I can remember it now—the bit of brown sail bellying out in the wind and the sun on the wet planks and the red-haired Northmen. . . .” His voice was becoming clearer; a dull spark of enthusiasm lit his eyes.

But his visitor scarcely heard him.

Silent, breathing hard, young Jim Anstruther was taking in every detail of the man before him. The gold signet ring on the shaking left hand—his own signet ring, his own crest—the old healed scar on the other hand showing beyond the edge of the shirt cuff—what was that? He recognized it vaguely. The bloodshot eyes which had once been clear blue like his own. . . .

Like his own? Good heavens! they *were* his own!

And suddenly he knew that it was himself at whom his own horror-filled, dilated eyes were staring. He knew at last the meaning of that creeping discomfort and eerie familiarity. The mists of bewilderment which had clogged his mind were rolling away to reveal the uncanny truth in all its grimness.

And it was a soul-searing revelation enough.

There in front of him, drunkard, waster, cumberer of the earth, sat the James Anstruther to be. There—his brain reeled—there she sat, that disillusioned woman who had once been a light-hearted girl—the girl whom young Jim Anstruther would one day marry.

An indescribable feeling of nausea overwhelmed him; he felt sick and giddy with the horror of it. . . .



He awoke, dazed at first, only conscious of some overwhelming calamity, to sit with his elbows on his knees and his throbbing head on his hands.

It isn't given to every man, even once in his life, to face suddenly about and look back into the past with a relentless clearness of vision.

There had been moments of late years, moments of a hard-dying remnant of shame and a decency when, realizing that one of his worst drinking bouts was upon him, he had been impelled to pack a suit-case and go away, no one knew where, returning after several months a shaking, nerve-ridden wreck of a man, prey to alternate fits of furious irritability and dull remorse. But never before had he stepped mentally outside himself, as it were, and looked back, as

a man looks back on some deadly precipice, with cold, shuddering deliberation and sanity.

For long he sat there motionless. The dinner gong boomed through the house, but he knew they would not come to disturb him. He rose, however, at the sound, with a feeling of utter mental exhaustion, and mechanically pulled up the blinds.

Then slowly he made the tour of his studio in the fast fading light. All these half-finished canvases were the work of his recent years, and his eyes, from which the veil of self-delusion had suddenly lifted, condemned them even as he himself stood condemned. There was no future for work such as this—feeble, slipshod, spasmodic; there was no use in the world for such a thing as he had drifted into being.

Before that old portrait of himself he paused, gazing at it fixedly, a dull resentment in his bloodshot eyes.

“Why didn't you stop it?” he said aloud. “You could have stopped it once. Hang it all, why didn't you?” His level, toneless voice grew terrible in its bitter self-accusation. “Hang it all,” he repeated, and raising his hand he swept the portrait off its nail to the floor, breaking the frame and shattering the glass. Then he stooped, swaying a little, and picking it up laid it on the table.

There it lay, with the tubes and paint-brushes on one side of it and the decanter of whisky, still a quarter full, on the other.

The man stood and looked at them, shaking in every limb. He held on to the back of the chair as he stood, the scar on his right hand livid under the strain of his grip. Beads of perspiration glistened on his forehead, and he swallowed hard in his dry throat behind his clenched teeth.

The darkness fell gradually, and found him standing there. There was no sound in the big room save a voice which he scarcely recognized as his own, whispering hoarsely.

Then there was utter silence, only broken by a noise as of a blind man groping his way across the darkened room, and a door shut very quietly.

Two hours later the same door opened again. The moon had risen and Mrs. Anstruther, looking like a ghost in her pale evening dress, came in.

“Jim”—her voice was gentle but insistent—“hadn't you better go to bed?”

There was no answer. The room was empty, and she turned and went out again. Upstairs there was no sign of her husband.

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he was not in his dressing-room, and she went downstairs and out into the garden, calling him.

Close by the door that led to the stables the coachman was smoking his evening pipe. He removed it and touched his cap.

"The master went down the drive half an hour ago, m'm. He was carrying a bag, I think, but I couldn't say for sure. It was darkish just then."

"Oh, thank you, Rogers." There was a scarcely perceptible pause, and then she added: "I didn't know he was going to walk to the station; I meant to have seen him off."

With colour heightened, but unfaltering voice, the poor lady told her pitiful lie. One must keep up appearances before the servants . . . who always know!

The coachman touched his cap again and said, "Yes'm. Good night, m'm," as though her explanation were the most obvious thing in the world.

The next morning James Anstruther's wife superintended a general tidying and cleaning up of the studio. On the table by the easel lay the broken portrait, which Marjorie, her little niece, who had been sent up from the Rectory with a message, was the first to discover.

The child had a marvellously tenacious memory and a loyal little heart. She had understood for a long while now that Uncle Jim was not strong and must not be worried, but she retained her devotion to the gay young uncle who had once romped with her and told such thrilling fairy tales.

Marjorie still handed on those stories to her little sister in the cosy hour between supper and bedtime, and her fairy princes always had blue eyes, and merry voices, and fair hair that fell in a sweep across their foreheads.

At the sight of her favourite picture in ruins Marjorie wept unrestrainedly.

Mrs. Anstruther turned at the doleful sound.

"Look!"—tragic eyes were lifted to hers—"he's spoilt!"

"No, dear." Her aunt put an arm round her. "See, I can mend him again; the picture isn't hurt—it's only the frame."

"But who did it?" There was resentful indignation in the inquiry.

"I don't know, dear; but I fancy"—there was a little wry note in her voice—"he fell down of his own accord. They do some times."

"Do they?" Marjorie was comforted. It

was a pleasanter thought than that some rough hand had brought her idol low.

That afternoon two visitors who had driven over from the neighbouring village found Mrs. Anstruther at home.

The parlourmaid smiled as she made the announcement, accepting Ralph Holwyn's genial greeting with the deferential familiarity due towards an old friend of the family. His companion was a stranger to her—a good-looking, athletic young man with a bronzed face and very bright brown eyes that took in his surroundings with an interested scrutiny.

The maid showed the two men out into the garden, and Mrs. Anstruther rose with a little exclamation of pleasure. She had not expected their neighbour back for another month.

James Anstruther's wife was a lonely woman and a proud one; Ralph Holwyn's sympathy was always so delicate and unobtrusive that it had the effect of soothing without hurting her.

She told herself that the friendship which had grown out of his old passion for her was both a precious and a magnanimous thing, and then at the thought she laughed a little ruefully.

Holwyn could well afford to be magnanimous now; it was small wonder he bore her no grudge for her rejection of him, seeing what a wreck the years of her luckless marriage had made of her—her beauty faded, her youth and vitality subdued before their time.

She was thinking so to-day as she came across the lawn to meet the two men.

Her head was bare, and the sunlight picked no thread of silver out of her black hair. Against the background of the trees her figure at least showed as slender and graceful as it had ever been, and the smile that lit her face in welcome had a charm of its own.

Into Ralph Holwyn's deep-set eyes there leapt a sudden glow. God had mated this splendid woman to a weak fool; who then was to blame if the Devil took a hand in the breaking of the chains that mismated her?

The other man was introduced—a young friend whom Holwyn had brought back from America, and Odette, on finding that he played tennis, promptly took him off to the house to see if any of her father's old shoes could be found to fit him.

"So Jim's away?"

Holwyn put the question in his slow,



"'Oh, I know!' she interrupted him. 'No other friend would have been to poor Jim what you have been'."—p. 452

Drawn by
Toby Hogg

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pleasant voice, which had never lost the soft Virginian drawl.

"Yes."

That was all. He admired her invariable reticence. It was the attitude he would have chosen for her—dignified, perfect. Then, in a warmer tone, she added:

"It's nice to see you back again, Ralph, and it's particularly nice of you to have brought someone of her own age to amuse my little Odette."

"It's eminently nice of *you*," Mr. Holwyn corrected her, smiling, "to provide such a charming playfellow for my overseas guest. I shall be grateful if you'll both help me to amuse him. His people are old friends of mine, and I don't want the lad to be bored on his first visit to England."

"Is he staying with you long?"

Evelyn Anstruther liked the young man's keen brown face and honest eyes. She approved the pretty deference of a manner learnt in that school of old-world courtesy, the Southern States of America, and above all she was strongly touched by the frank, ingenuous pleasure in her daughter's face.

Her companion followed her train of thought and smiled inwardly. He foresaw George Mordaunt's original visit of three weeks extending to easily as many months under the kindly pressure of a host who was likely to find Mr. Mordaunt extremely useful.

His premonitions proved correct.

Few young people came to the Anstruthers' house, and Ralph Holwyn's compatriot was the first young man with whom Odette had been on any terms of intimacy.

As the summer passed into autumn Evelyn Anstruther watched her child-daughter growing rapidly into a woman; watched the bud opening into fragrant flower under the Virginian's ardent gaze.

Through the peaceful merging of autumn into winter Mrs. Anstruther marked the friendship between the two young people ripening into something which, sighing a little wistfully, she yet could only approve.

George Mordaunt's financial and social position was, according to his host, more than satisfactory, and the lad was eminently likeable.

She saw a good deal of Holwyn himself at this time. It was only natural that he should spend most of his days with them, since that way lay obviously the truest hospitality he could show his guest.

Evelyn Anstruther did not allow her thoughts to dwell overmuch on the advi-

bility of this any more than on her absent husband. She had not heard from Jim; she did not expect to. He would return as he had always returned when his constitution and the money he had taken with him were alike exhausted.

Meanwhile Ralph Holwyn's companionship was becoming a part of her life; and as the days passed on, the watch which the man kept over himself relaxed a little, and she could no longer delude herself with the theory that his passion for her was at an end.

Yet even as the truth dawned on her she could feel no righteous indignation against her old-time lover. He had been such a staunch friend, had Ralph—so good to poor Jim as well as to herself.

But she weighed the matter in her mind and decided that she must be more careful not to be left often alone with him. She would invite her two little nieces up to stay in the house while certain building alterations were being carried out at the Rectory. Her sister-in-law would be only too glad to get the children out of the general muddle and the smell of paint, and with two restless small people always about the chances of a *tête-à-tête* would be materially lessened. Ralph must learn that James Anstruther's wife knew how to uphold her husband's dignity.

Dignity? Ah, poor Jim!

Mrs. Anstruther gave a little bitter laugh that yet had an odd quality of tenderness in it. There are some women—thank God for them—in whom love dies very hard. But she flushed a little as she realized that she would miss those pleasant little half-hours spent alone with Ralph.

"At *my* age!" she told herself in self-mockery, and then remembered with secret satisfaction that a woman is no age to the man who loves her.

The Rector's wife accepted the invitation with gratitude, and Ralph Holwyn swore inwardly.

"Aren't you rather unkind to provide poor Odette with two persistent little followers at this particular moment?" he asked.

Evelyn Anstruther smiled cheerfully.

"Odette's affairs," she said, "seem to have reached the stage when her young man may be trusted to dispose of an unnecessary retinue with as much firmness and as little tact as he thinks necessary."

Mr. Mordaunt justified these expectations. He resorted unscrupulously to bribery in

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the shape of stories of marvellous adventure and old family legends of the American Civil War, which were thoroughly understood by Marjorie and Monica to be a reward bestowed in due course for "not bothering."

"Marjorie has honoured me," the young man told Odette one day, "by the announcement that I'm *nearly* as good at telling stories as Uncle Jim. That kid seems to be awfully fond of your father."

"Father used to make rather a pet of Marjorie," said Odette briefly. She never spoke much of her absent parent; in fact, George Mordaunt had noticed that nobody did.

He had gathered from Holwyn the impression that James Anstruther was an eccentric, who went away from home for months at a time—the inference being that he was then hard at work on his painting.

Then for Evelyn Anstruther came the inevitable hour. Ralph Holwyn, for the first time in the long years since she had rejected him, openly showed his hand.

It was the day before Christmas Eve. Holwyn and his guest had spent the day on the ponds close by teaching Odette and Marjorie to skate. Mrs. Anstruther put on her own skates after much persuasion, and the pleasure and excitement of the unwonted exercise brought a colour to her cheeks and a sparkle to her eyes. The two men stayed to dine with them, and after tea Ralph and his hostess walked down to the Rectory. She had wanted to remind her sister-in-law that she was expecting the whole party to dine on Christmas Day, and she had thought that the rector would walk back with them. But he had been called away to see a sick parishioner, and Elizabeth was busy with a mothers' meeting, so they returned earlier than she had meant.

Odette and George were sitting in the drawing-room when their elders returned, but they drifted unostentatiously out of it, and the children were upstairs.

Evelyn Anstruther, still in her hat and furs, sat down in a low chair by the fire listening dreamily to the improvised music out of which Holwyn, at the piano, wove a curtain of rich, soothing melody between her and the trouble of her life.

She looked no more than a girl as she sat there dreaming in the firelight, and her dreams were once more a girl's dreams.

Yet even as the last soft chord died away the curtain wore thin once more. She moved restlessly. The firelight glittered on the

diamonds that guarded the plain gold ring on her left hand.

"What's that thing you play that Jim always likes so much?" she asked.

Holwyn rose. He came over to the fire and leant against the mantelpiece, looking down at her. His strong, ugly face was in shadow.

"Can't we leave Jim out of it for once?" he asked, a little harshly. "He isn't here."

She raised her startled eyes. Ralph was generally so quick to attune his mind to hers that she felt vaguely jarred, and her heart began to beat quickly.

"No, he isn't; but"—she lied bravely—"I hope he will be soon. This is nearly as long as he ever stays away."

"Supposing"—the man's voice was low and tense; he moved forward a little, bending over her—"supposing, Evelyn . . . that he never came back?"

She returned his glance, troubled, uncertain. "How do you mean? Of course he'll come back; he's always come back before. Ralph"—she rose in her turn and laid her hand on his arm—"why do you try to frighten me like that? . . . It's not kind of you."

Holwyn gave a short laugh.

"Was I trying to frighten you?" he asked grimly. "You're a queer woman, Evelyn. I'm sorry; it was a nonsensical idea."

"Utter nonsense!" she repeated rather quickly. But her cheeks, which had blanched in a sudden, undefined terror, crimsoned slowly; her momentary fear was forgotten. For as she had looked just now into her companion's eyes, seeking for reassurance, it had seemed to her that instead she had come near to scorching her very soul at the blaze in them.

A silence fell between the two which Holwyn broke.

"Oh, yes, he'll come back," he said. "He always has and he always will. And are you going on like this till the end of time, Evelyn? When Odette has left you for a happier home of her own . . ."

"Ah, don't!" she pleaded. But he went on relentlessly.

"It will be pretty dreary then, my dear. One can't live on memories. And will it be nothing to you that I shall be alone, five miles away from you, eating my heart out, as I have done for years—"

"Please, Ralph, stop!"

"Not now. I *must* speak. Can't you see for yourself what folly it is to stay with a man to whom you count for nothing?"

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Nothing!" he repeated almost brutally, seeing her wince at the words, "when you might make for another man all the heaven he asks for in this world. It isn't the time for keeping silence any longer. God knows that, because of you, I've done things—"

"Oh, I know!" she interrupted him piteously. "No other friend would have been to poor Jim what you have been. . . ."

His eyes, devouring her face, shifted their gaze for a moment to the logs on the hearth. A queer smile flickered over his mouth.

"That's true enough," he said with a hard laugh. And in the silence that followed the door, hidden by a tall oriental screen, opened softly, unheard by either.

Then Evelyn Anstruther spoke again. Her voice was shaken a little; it seemed to her that she had reached the end of her strength. Of a sudden this man's love and companionship had become so great a thing in her life that they dwarfed all else.

"I won't pretend to misunderstand you," she said, very low. "It wouldn't be fair that I should. But . . . you are asking a very big thing of me."

Ralph Holwyn's own voice, as he answered her, was hoarse with deep feeling.

"I am offering you a good deal, too," he said. "All that a man has to give—passion, devotion, friendship in one. Are they not worth something?"

She made no answer; what could she say? If ever a woman craved for the things he had to offer, if ever these things seemed desirable, they did in that moment to James Anstruther's wife as she stood there, with her eyes riveted on his, fascinated against her will by what she read in them, fighting a temptation that was slowly mastering her, racking her brains for words that would at any rate put off the moment of surrender a little longer.

And still unheard, the door closed again as softly as it had opened.



Upstairs, Marjorie was putting herself and Monica to bed in the room next to Mrs. Anstruther's. To-morrow they would stay up for late dinner, with crackers and flaming snapdragon; to-night, authority had decreed an early retiring to roost.

The room they occupied was James Anstruther's dressing-room when he was at home; their aunt had put them into it so they might be close to her and under her eyes.

Both children, duly washed and brushed

and enveloped in their nightgowns and scarlet dressing-gowns, were eating their suppers on the hearthrug before the fire when a sudden cry from Marjorie almost startled Monica into upsetting the bowl of bread and milk perched insecurely on her little fat knees.

"Uncle Jim!"

A man was standing just beyond the circle of light cast by the shaded lamp; a tall man in rough tweeds, clean-shaven, with blue eyes—the picture of the studio come, as it were, to life. Then as he moved farther into the room one saw that the face was much older, the fair hair streaked with silver. He was thinner too, and very tanned; and he wore an expression, strained and dazed, as of someone who had received a sudden shock.

But to Marjorie, the faithful, he was the hero of her dreams and memories come back, and a whirlwind of red flannel and warm young humanity hurled itself into his arms, taking him utterly aback. He had not expected to see them there. But then, he had just received a far more overwhelming shock, compared to which this small contretemps was as nothing, an inconvenience merely. When he crept quietly up to his dressing-room, stealing through his own house like a thief in the night, he had meant just to fetch some things he wanted and to go as silently as he had come.

It wasn't so he had pictured his home-coming, this man who had fought through the long autumn and winter months the hardest battle a man can fight against that most insidious of enemies—himself.

Through days and nights of wild storm within and without in a lonely farmhouse on a deserted coast he had waged that battle; through long, desperate tramps over the moors, through hours of fierce work at his easel, where something of the struggle in the man's soul had blended with his portrayal of the strife of the elements. There was real inspiration as well as splendid work—he knew it—in those studies which he had brought back of a wild coast line, whose grey rocks rose unmoved from out the smother of fretting foam and the smooth grey, sinister strength of the huge waves.

Yet now—now that events had turned out as they had—was it, after all, so very unexpected?

Wasn't it rather that five minutes ago, at the door of his own drawing-room, he had received involuntary confirmation of all the vexing doubts and suspicions that had lately

THE MAN WHO LOOKED BACK

arisen to vex his saner mind, anent Ralph Holwyn's friendship?

Those ideas hadn't originated with himself. They had been put into his head by the clever, good-natured fellow artist who had descended on the little farmhouse during the autumn and had worked side by side with him, and to whom in his loneliness he had revealed a good deal of his own story. The man had worked in Paris years ago with himself and Holwyn; he knew the latter fairly well, and he had said one or two things about him at which James Anstruther had protested hotly.

"He's been a thundering good friend to me," he had said.

"Think so? Seems to me, by your own showing, you'd have been a darned sight sooner your own man without him," the other had returned bluntly.

Then it was that James Anstruther, against his will, began to weigh and analyse and . . . doubt.

All Ralph Holwyn's arguments, in which his former distorted vision had read a true friend's interest in his welfare, what had they been in effect but so many spurs along the road to moral and physical ruin? And then followed the inevitable sequence of thought: Had Holwyn been merely an unwise friend, *or had he any motive for the disastrous advice he had given?*

He had never doubted Evelyn, oh no. But . . . what else had he deserved at her hands . . . she who had borne with him so loyally and bravely, save that, at the end, she should turn with longing to that other man who had once loved her?

Ah, well! He sat down now, feeling weary and numbed, with Marjorie clinging round his neck and Monica standing, deeply interested, by his knee. Monica didn't remember this new uncle; her small mind found it difficult to understand exactly what had happened, but one fact at least stood out clearly.

"You'll tell us stories now 'stead of George," she announced with calm ingratitude to the absent George.

"And who may George be?" he asked absently as he stroked the shining little round head.

Marjorie explained that he was Mr. Holwyn's friend, and that he came from America.

"And Monica's naughty to call him 'George,'" she added severely. "It's not good manners not to say 'Mr.' 'cept when people 'lows you not to. Odette says

'George,' 'cos I've heard her. But I s'pose he's told her she may."

"Very probably," commented Odette's father drily.

"Have you seen him?" inquired Monica.

Mr. Mordaunt's involuntary host replied that he had not.

"Didn't you go into the drawing-room?" the little inquisitor went on persistently, with a child's insatiable curiosity.

"No, I didn't go in." There was an odd, sardonic inflexion in his answer. "Why?"

"'Cos I 'spec' they're there still. They was there, all alone, when we came up to bed; Auntie Evelyn said we wasn't to be a nuisance while she went down to the village, and George"—there was a defiant hunch of the shoulders in the direction of Marjorie—"George said that if we'd run away and not bother he'd tell us stories to-night. He tells very good ones; I 'spec' he's telling them to Odette first."

"Not as good as yours," cried faithful Marjorie with an ecstatic squeeze. "Oh, do tell us one now!"

James Anstruther drew a long, deep breath. For a moment he did not speak.

"I believe I could, my dear," he said with an odd little laugh, and his arm tightened round her. "I believe I could tell you almost as old a story as this 'George' of yours is telling Odette in the drawing-room at the present moment. Only mine would be the story of such an utter dunderhead that I'd be ashamed to tell it . . . to *anyone*."

He laughed out loud as he thought of those fragmentary sentences which had floated to him behind the screen, of the one voice that was so like Evelyn's, and the other, roughened and deepened by emotion, that yet held the soft, southern drawl which he knew so well. . . . Ralph Holwyn's compatriot and . . . Odette, his little grown-up Odette! Heavens, how hideously he had wronged both his wife and his friend! What an awful fool he had been!

There was the sound of someone mounting the stairs, three steps at a time, and the door was flung open.

"Say, you kids!" George Mordaunt made a tempestuous entrance, only to come to a sudden standstill, staring.

The stranger in the armchair rose and held out a firm, tanned hand.

"You're Holwyn's friend?" he said in a quick, pleasant voice. "I'm another." (Ah, it was good to say that again . . . and *feel* it!) "I'm James Anstruther."

The young man recovered from his

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astonishment and shook hands, slightly embarrassed.

"I'd no idea that you were expected home to-day, sir," he said.

"I wasn't," Mr. Anstruther said, smiling. "I finished my work sooner than I had hoped."

The Virginian nodded.

"That so?" he said. But he felt vaguely puzzled, even as Monica had been. This wasn't the kind of man he had expected to see. One didn't associate the idea of anything formidable or eccentric with this man with the friendly smile, to whom one little girl was clinging like an affectionate limpet while the other surveyed him with round eyes of contented interest.

George began to feel that it might be perhaps a less awful task than he had anticipated to break to Mr. Anstruther the fact that he was desirous of marrying his daughter.

Meanwhile, to Ralph Holwyn and his hostess in the drawing-room there entered the parlourmaid, agitated and full of importance.

"If you please, m'm, the master's come home!"

Holwyn, who was standing by the mantelpiece, looking down on his companion, swung round with a muttered exclamation. Evelyn Anstruther sat upright in her low chair, her eyes wide and startled under the tiny brim of her hat.

"Mr. Anstruther's back, sir. He's upstairs with the children; Ellen saw him when she went up to clear away their supper. She said"—this in an awed voice—"he was *that* altered she'd never have known him!"

Holwyn stared at her, unseeing, without comment. For a brief instant there flashed across his mind a vision of his whilom friend, aged beyond recognition by excess and illness, a doomed man drifting home to spend the last months of his life. . . .

The parlourmaid slipped away, and without a word Evelyn Anstruther rose and hurried out into the hall. Holwyn shrugged his shoulders and followed her. Was the

play coming to an end at last—sooner even than he had dared to hope?

At the foot of the stairs she paused. Two men were coming down; she could hear their voices in friendly converse before they reached the bend in the staircase.

One voice was George Mordaunt's, the other . . .

Was that other, with the lean, clean-shaven face and clear, steady eyes, her husband?

Where was the straggling beard? Where the heavy, puffed eyelids, the flushed and darkened features? Gone, vanished even as the memory of that recent scene in the drawing-room—a memory dead as the hopes of the man who had figured in that scene.

"Jim!"

She breathed the name rather than spoke it, and then almost as he came down the last few steps she was in his arms. . . .

"You . . . you've come back, Jim!" she said, half-incredulously; and he, reading with shamed thankfulness the tremulous gladness in voice and eyes, held her closely.

"Yes, dear," he said, and the steady gravity of his own glance supplied a deeper meaning to the spoken words, "I've come back."



Neither then nor at any other time did Jim Anstruther tell his wife of the part which Ralph Holwyn had played in his downfall. In his remorse for that momentary worse doubt of his friend, he was more than ever sure of that part having been played unwittingly and with the best intentions.

As for Evelyn herself—well, there are things that can only hurt to tell, things that a wise and happy woman locks safely away in her own heart.

Late that night, alone together in the studio, they hung the old portrait back in its place.

"Good old Ralph!" Jim Anstruther said affectionately. "I wonder whether he had any queer premonition when he gave me this sketch, that he was doing me the best turn he ever did in his life?"



WILD LIFE IN AN ENGLISH FOREST

by
F. Martin Duncan
FR.M.S.

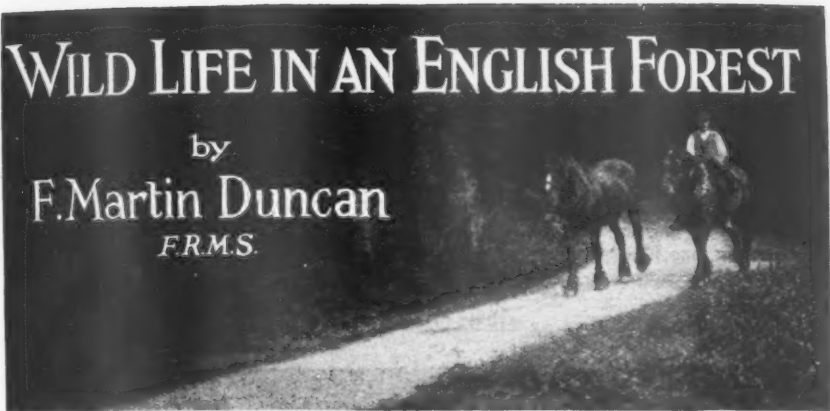


Photo: Mrs. M. H. Crawford

THE word forest calls up for most of us, I suppose, a vision of deep, mysterious woods that stretch away mile after mile as far as the eye can see, yet in reality a forest may mean almost treeless, hilly country, like some of the deer forests in Scotland, or an area containing thick woods, beautiful open lawns, heather-covered moors, and treacherous marshes. The forest that I love and knew so well in the happy, peaceful, pre-war days that seem so far away is of the latter type. It is one of the oldest, perhaps the oldest forest in England, for we know that it existed long before William Rufus and our history books made it notorious.

Even to-day, though sadly shrunken in size, it embraces within its boundaries over 92,000 acres, though you are not so free as in the past to wander over every corner of it. Still, I think I could guide you over some 62,000 acres without serious trespass.

But the war has left its mark upon this dear old forest as it has, alas! upon the whole of our island home and its teeming human population; and I fear me the forest can never be quite the same. It gave its timber in great swathes, used for many purposes connected with the war, and many a stalwart forester will never return from the stricken fields of France. You cannot replace brave and honest men or fine timber in a few weeks.

But come, let us put these sad thoughts aside and go seek the feather- and fur-clad children of the forest. During the spring the glades and lawns are filled with the happy song of mating birds, pouring out a continuous flood of melody the whole day

long. This is the season, too, when one may watch the birds at their wonderful craft of nest-building. And how hard and joyously they work! No foolish initiative-killing union rules and regulations as to how many beaksful of cement shall be mixed or twigs collected and woven in to place per day. Each little feathered labourer works for the sheer love and pride of it, with the instinct or knowledge that unless the work be well and truly done disaster will follow.

Have you ever thought of what a bird's nest really is? Thought of it as the home in which the young bird babies will be sheltered and brought up, and as a truly wonderful structure, a piece of highly skilled craftsmanship, such as you could only imitate in the most clumsy fashion? Look now, in the heart of this great furze bush a pair of long-tailed tits have built their home, a wonderful globular nest the shape and size of a large coco-nut. It is, perhaps, one of the most wonderful and amazingly beautiful nests in its construction, and yet the builders of it are the second smallest birds in the British Isles. Day after day, almost from sunrise to sunset, they have laboured at its construction. Grey tree-lichens, moss, and cobwebs for binding are the materials that have been chiefly used, while within a lining of feathers has been worked into the walls to give warmth and softness for the protection of the eggs and young.

Here amidst the branches of an ancient thorn tree is the nest of a bullfinch. Not so complicated an affair as that of the wee long-tailed tits, but equally beautiful and

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perfect in its construction. Mr. and Mrs. Bullfinch have used slender twigs for the platform and outer walls of their home, and within these lattice walls they have formed a neatly woven cup of fine hairs and slender rootlets. Far more primitive are the homes of the owls, for they build no real nest, but love to home in a hollow cavity high up in the trunk of a sturdy oak tree in the depths of the forest. Many an ardent insect-hunter has had his heart set thumping, if he has not actually taken to his heels, through the uncanny noises or vicious onslaught of owls disturbed by his flicker-

the large wood ants swarm; on the borders of the sombre pine woods their great nests often rise to a height of nearly three feet, and are wide and deep. These great ant cities contain thousands of inhabitants who will rush out and swarm all over you if the nest be disturbed. They are extraordinarily interesting to watch at their ceaseless labours all day long. Hardly has the sun been up long enough to dispel the mists and give a little genial warmth ere an army will be seen issuing from the nest and passing away into the forest in search of plunder. Soon some of these foragers will



The Coming of Spring

A Thrush is on the look-out for a nesting place in the forest

ing lantern used in the peaceful process of "sugaring" for moths at night in the forest. Indeed, it is just as well during the nesting season to make sure while there is sufficient daylight that the trees you are painting with "sugar" to attract the moths are not tenanted aloft by owls, or later on, while in the midst of "boxing" the insects that have swarmed to the feast, attracted by the "sugar" and the flashing of your lantern, your operations may be abruptly and painfully interrupted by the beak and claws of an angry parent owl.

And the insect life of the forest! There is nothing quite like it to be found in any other part of the country. Along the drives

be seen returning, staggering along under their heavy loads; they disappear for a few moments within, only to issue forth from the nest again in search of more provender. As the sun mounts higher the scene becomes more and more animated, for not only are ants returning with food supplies, but others are bringing pine needles, fragments of twigs and leaves, and other building materials with which to strengthen and add to the nest.

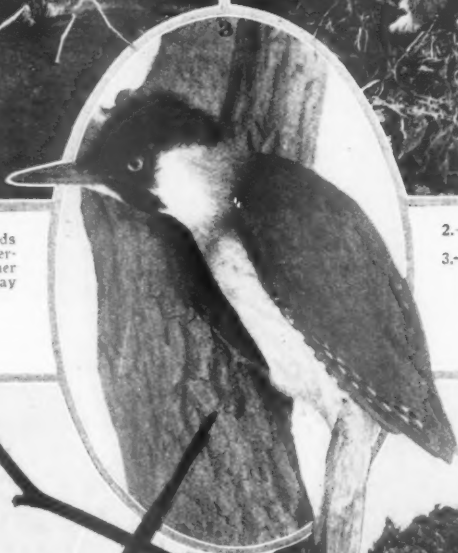
While we crouch, intently watching the busy scene, soft footfalls and the crack of a dead branch cause us to look up, and for a moment a graceful stag, his head crowned with a pair of noble antlers, faces us, as



1.—The Spirit of the Woods
—the Brimstone Butterfly
comes out from her
winter hibernation to lay
her eggs.



2.—Woodland Rabbit.



3.—The Green Woodpecker
probably stays near his
mate all the winter, and
they are ready to begin
nesting early in spring.



4.—Long-tailed Tit, who is now building one of the
most wonderful of all the nests made in Britain
1537



5.—Nest of the Long-tailed Tit—the nest like a coco-
nut.

Photos: Mrs. M. H. Crawford

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startled by our unsuspected presence as we are by his sudden advent. With a toss of the head and a graceful bound, he is off and away through the trees and out of sight ere we can bring our camera to bear upon him.

Brimstone butterflies on warm spring mornings flit from side to side of the forest paths like living leaves of gold. In due season the beautiful White Admiral butterflies are on the wing along the honeysuckle-scented open drives, and glorious Peacock and large Tortoiseshells abound. High up among the topmost branches of a mighty oak, or dipping his long, slender tongue in the unsavoury juices of a forester's pigsty, we may see the noble Purple Emperor, the joy and pride of every ardent collector of butterflies.

Innumerable caterpillars are found hiding and feeding amidst the dense foliage of the trees and bushes, while now and then one has the luck to come upon that most grotesque of insects, the caterpillar of the Lobster Moth.

The flash of a russet-red bushy tail round the trunk of a tree sets us playing a game of hide-and-seek with our old friend the squirrel. Round and round, up the trunk he dodges, out along a slender branch, and then with a graceful spring, light as air,

on to the branch of a neighbouring tree, and away he goes. Shame that a creature so lithe and active, so graceful, the very embodiment of freedom, should ever be caught and caged, condemned to beat his poor little nose and paws against cruel prison bars.

Out on the moorland, when the hot August sun beats down and the air is filled with the warm, sweet scent of heather and thyme and the drowsy hum of insect life, we must walk warily, for this is the haunt of our only poisonous snake, the adder. If the adder sees us first he will be off, sliding swiftly and silently through the bracken and heather to get away as fast as possible. But should we blunder on top of him, or try to prevent his escape, he will strike at us with his poison fangs with lightning-like rapidity. And as the bite of an adder may have very serious results, it is safest and wisest to leave him alone and not to give chase.

Throughout the whole year, from New Year's Day to New Year's Eve, there is always something new, wonderful and beautiful to be seen in the forest. Indeed, it would take a whole shelf full of stout volumes to adequately describe all the wonderful animals, birds, insects, and other creatures and plants that dwell within the forest.



Glorious Springtime
in the Forest

Photo:
Mrs. M. H. Crawford

"Fine Feathers"

A Romance that begins in Gorgeous Pink and Silver Brocade and ends in Shabby Blue Serge

By Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd

EIGHT and threepence out!

Mary Brown leaned back in her office chair and eyed the ledger page before her with profound distaste.

Figures were an abomination. She wholeheartedly hated them and everything connected with them, hated addition and subtraction and multiplication and division, hated ledgers, hated with particular vigour the man who had first invented systematic book-keeping.

She was making her living by book-keeping, taking care of Jimmy and her mother by book-keeping. It was not gay, but it was better than working in a shop. She had a fair salary and everyone was decent to her. A girl was safe in Robert Faulkner's office.

The look of distaste in her pale, tired face deepened. Safe; of course she was safe. She would be safe anywhere. Nobody ever looked twice at her. Why should anyone look at her? It was humiliating to be as safe as she was. Even when she stayed late at the office, as she was staying to-night, and went home alone through shadowy side streets, no one paid the slightest attention to her. She was glad, but—

Now Flossie and Mayme and Katherine and Rose and the rest came in every morning with exciting tales of adventure on their homeward ways the night before. Apparently they had not been ignominiously safe for a moment between the office building and home. Men had smiled at them in the lift, spoken to them on the street, followed them in smitten swarms. They had taken refuge in convenient drug stores, only to find the young men at the counter over-ardent; and at last, having won past many dangers, they had run the last dozen yards of their homeward ways to escape from amorous and audacious male beings.

Mary Brown smiled a little as she remembered some of the morning's chatter of the mannequins. Even when she was very tired and more than a little rebellious her sense of humour was not dead, and she had a fund

of common sense that made her appraise the beauteous beings of the showroom and their tales of conquest at something like their face value. Still—she pushed the meekly parted brown hair back from her frowning brow and sighed the smile from her lips. Being sensible was lonesome business. The showroom girls were a good sort, but they had a great many more thrills out of life than she had.

They worked; but their work meant taking care of their complexions and figures and being manicured, and trailing around in gorgeous clothes and seeing everyone who came in, and getting boxes of chocolates and flowers, and invitations to dinners and theatres. They had smart clothes of their own, and their evenings, even allowing for highly flavoured fiction in their dressing-room accounts, must be tremendously diverting.

"I'd rather have a good time than be sensible."

The girl at the office desk hurled the remark at the back of an empty chair across the room from her.

"If I wasn't so sensible, maybe you'd know I worked in the same office with you," she added.

There was anger in her voice, anger against things as they were. Poverty and worry and hard work, one could stand them all if only life were not dull hopelessly, drearily dull, if there were happiness, or even excitement, to look forward to at the end of a grey day, if a thrill occasionally shot a shaft of rose colour through the day's greyness.

Suppose—supposing was no sin—suppose that the broad-shouldered back with which her imagination was filling the chair across the office from her were actually there. Suppose the imaginary head bent over the papers on the desk were real. Suppose the man should whirl the chair around, look at her, as if she were a girl and not a piece of office furniture, and should say—

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"Oh, Miss Brown! Thank heaven you've not gone! Just come here for a minute, please."

The crisp voice brought her to her feet, flushed, startled, one hand nervously clasping her throat. Summoning genii from the outer void was awesome work.

Robert Faulkner was standing in the

Robert Faulkner was always courteous to his employees in his impersonal, pre-occupied way.

"We're in trouble, Miss Brown, and I want you to help me out. Whatzler, from Manchester, is here. He's had a telegram calling him home in the morning—sickness in the family. Only this evening here, you

see. I picked him up at the Waldorf and brought him over. We can't afford to lose him; but the girls all left two hours ago and the stuff doesn't show for what it is in the hand. You look like a thirty-eight. Will you show the line? Start with the high-priced evening gowns and coats. That's the grade he handles. I've hung them out. You'll find what you need in the dressing-room, I suppose. I'd suggest rouging and dragging your hair up high somehow."

Evidently he was not hopeful. The neat, subdued young person in the cheap blue serge was not the stuff of which visions that will sell five hundred evening frocks are made; but she was a thirty-eight, and his need was dire.

He hurried back to his customer, while behind him a curious thing was happening.

Mary Brown came out from the office, across the hall into the dressing-room, walking as though in her sleep; but, standing there before the long triple mirror under the rose-shaded lights she awakened, awakened from the tips of her ill-shod feet to the top of her plainly dressed head.

Stars were set glowing in the serious eyes, the drooping mouth curved into smiles, unsuspected dimples followed in the wake of the smiles, and swift little waves of colour came and went about the dimples.

The girl who unfastened the blue serge dress, allowed it to slip from her white



"Forward she moved, slowly, indolently, in true mannequin fashion"

Drawn by
C. Mura

doorway looking at her, and not as though she were a piece of office furniture.

She could not warm her heart at the look, could not feel flattered by it; but at least he saw that she was there and that she was feminine. That was more than his eyes had ever acknowledged before in the three months she had worked in his office.

He eyed her appraisingly, speculatively, as she went towards him across the room, and a little doubtful shake of the head indicated that he was not satisfied with what he saw; but he spoke like one making the best of a bad situation, and courteously.

"FINE FEATHERS"

shoulders, and kicked it scornfully aside along with her worn shoes, was young as Mary Brown had never been young, blithe as Mary Brown had never been blithe. She picked up a pair of pink silk stockings, drew them on over the feet whose arched narrowness the old shoes had hidden, put on pink satin slippers over the stockings, and sat for a moment eyeing her outstretched feet with ineffable satisfaction. Then she brushed her hair up from her face and coiled it in a loose high knot, after the fashion of Mayme and Flossie and the others, dabbed a little rouge on her cheeks, powdered her smooth skin, and reached, rapturously, for a cloud of pink and silver that hung, first of a long line, against the walls of grey and ivory.

Five minutes later, Robert Faulkner, talking against time and uneasily watching the dressing-room door, stopped in the middle of a sentence and drew a long breath that was almost a whistle.

Through the door came a girl in pink and silver, a girl he had never seen.

She was tall and slim and radiant and sweet. Her chin was tip-tilted audaciously above throat and shoulders that melted like snow into a roseate mist of pink tulle. Downcast eyes gave the lie to the chin's audacity, but red lips curled into endorsement of the chin, and above a low white forehead a shining mass of brown hair waved up into a coiffure sophisticated to its topmost strand.

Forward she moved, slowly, indolently, in true mannequin fashion, setting one foot across before the other with each step, swaying slightly, trailing clouds of glory with a superb indifference to the cost of tulle and silver lace.

Half-way across the room, she paused, turned a graceful back to the two men, posed with negligent self-confidence in one attitude after another to display her frock from all angles. Then she came close to the man from Manchester and stood at ease.

"Number eighty-four," she drawled softly.

Not for nothing had she in idle moments watched half quizzically, half enviously from behind dressing-room curtains.

"One like the model and one each in orchid and blue," ordered Whatzler, sternly sinking the natural man in the business man; but when she that had been Mary Brown had swayed and glided from the room, he smoothed his fat chin and looked thoughtfully at Mr. Faulkner.

"Some peach. Your typist, you said?"

"Book-keeper," corrected Faulkner, with as much curtness as one shows to a valued customer, and with an unreasonable feeling of irritation.

"Oh . . . Yes? . . . Well——"

There was a type of man Robert Faulkner loathed. This man, he decided hastily, was the type, though he had never noticed the fact before. He wished they had been anywhere else. He would like to have told old Whatzler exactly what he thought of him. Yet the man had done nothing. It was his tone.

The late Mary Brown reappeared in a wonderful evening coat of rose-lined ermine. Evidently she was used to ermine, wore it regally, as it should be worn. As she came forward, she allowed the coat to slip until her shoulders rose, softly gleaming, above the fur that was not so white. Then, with a swift movement, she gathered the soft flowing folds and drew them upward until they swathed her clingingly and the great collar rose high against her hair, hiding her chin, her mouth, her ears, but leaving her great brown eyes looking out indifferently across the wealth of fur, and down the empty room as if it had been a great hall lined with family portraits, all her own ancestors.

Mayme, in spite of weeks of practice, had never done the thing so well.

That was an expensive evening for the man from Manchester. Before he went away he looked over his order list, added up the prices and shook his head.

"Loaded to the muzzle," he said ruefully. "Girl like that sells goods—makes you feel as if you couldn't afford to miss a number; but, believe me, the dames that buy won't look the way she does in the dresses."



Faulkner was standing before the safe when Mary Brown went back to the office, and he turned to watch her as she came.

She wore a shabby blue serge frock and shabbier shoes. Her hair was smoothly parted and coiled low. Her mouth dropped a little at the corners. The rouge was gone, and the audacity with it.

She gave one swift shy glance to the man across the room and moved towards her desk, while her employer stared incredulously at the figure that was hazily familiar to him, seen with an office background, but that had nothing in common with the girl for whom he had, unconsciously, been wait-

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ing, a girl in pink and silver whose clear eyes and well poised gleaming head had added dignity to charm.

The book-keeper slipped quietly, self-effacingly, into her desk chair and opened the ledger.

Still eight and threepence out.

Mary Brown sighed, then smiled. Being out of balance was not so tragic a thing as it had seemed an hour earlier. She had had her coveted thrill at the end of a grey day.

"Miss Brown!"

The face she turned up to Robert Faulkner's gaze was not the face of the Manchester man's peach, but the stars were still alight in its eyes, and the man who had crossed the room and was standing beside her forgot what he had intended to say to Miss Brown. He looked at her with his mind full of new thoughts.

A most disconcerting girl, a girl of surprises. Her eyes did not belong to her face—or maybe they did; for slowly, under his steady, puzzled scrutiny, a faint colour was creeping into the pale cheeks, a tremulous smile was touching the lips, a shy happiness was flooding the whole face. This was an evening of strange changes and discoveries. Why, what queer things happened when you gave them half a chance, when you opened your eyes!

This was *not* the Manchester man's peach; but neither was it Robert Faulkner's plain and efficient book-keeper, Mary Brown. This was a girl who was young and sweet and brave and pathetic, a girl who was very tired, a girl in need of tenderness.

"Miss Brown," he began again, but stopped to wonder what her other name was. Had her parents named her for the Peach, or for the Book-keeper, or for the little girl who was so shy and sweet and tired. Oh, yes, that was it. She was tired. He had started to tell her that she must put away her books and go home.

"It's almost nine o'clock," he said gently. "You mustn't go to work again."

"I can't make it balance."

"Hang the balance."

It was not his usual style of conversation with employees; but this was not a usual evening. Things were different. He was different himself. For some unknown reason he felt oddly young and boyish, tired of the tyranny of business.

"What is your first name?" he asked.

It was altogether irrelevant, but it did not seem so to the girl. Nothing could surprise

her now. One so soon becomes accustomed to thrills.

"Mary!" she murmured.

"Mary!" Of course. Mary was the name for her.

"Well, you are too tired to work," the man said, quite as though her name had settled the matter. "And you've had no dinner, I suppose? No? Neither have I. Put on your things, and we'll go out and have some."

Her coat was as worn and cheap as her frock and hat; but he did not notice them and she forgot them. In the shop on the corner he bought her violets, and she pinned them to the worn coat as contentedly as though she had been pinning them to the ermine of her earlier apotheosis.

"I've always been crazy for a bunch," she admitted, sniffing at the purple sweetness.

"You don't mean to say they're the first you've ever had?"

She nodded. "Mother has always been sick, you know, and there's Jimmy. It takes every penny."

"Oh! I see." Faulkner had supposed all girls wore violets by divine right.

He took her to a restaurant where the food was beyond reproach but evening clothes were not the rule, and he ordered a dinner most of whose items were as new to her as the violets. She was as frankly delighted with the dinner as with the flowers, and he watched her with a growing warmth about his heart. Women had always bored him, but he had never known a woman to whom he could show a new heaven and a new earth. It seemed incredible that there should be a girl to whom the things of girlhood were shining new. And it was a relief, too, to find one who was so refreshing as not to think it necessary to pretend they were not new to her. He liked neither pretence nor sophistication.

"Why didn't the men give you violets?" he asked, his thoughts swinging round in a circle to that first amazing revelation.

She wrenched her attention from the famous actress who was eating lobster at the next table.

"There weren't any men. Men never know I'm there." She was frank about it and distinctly regretful. "I don't know why," she explained. "It's just that way. I've always been so busy, and I've never had pretty clothes. Perhaps, if they'd ever found out I was there—but they didn't."

"Fools!" Faulkner's tone expressed

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profound contempt, but Mary Brown was more tolerant.

"Oh, no. It just happened so. If I had dressed differently——"

"Men aren't like that," Faulkner protested.

She looked at him in mild surprise.

"Oh, yes they are.

You didn't know I was there."

It was true. He couldn't deny it.

"But I found out," he urged.

"Yes; but nobody except you and that man from Manchester ever saw me in a pink and silver evening frock."

He looked at her sharply, but she was not cynical. She was merely stating explanatory facts and enjoying a fruit salad.

"I don't know why I didn't discover you before." His voice was humble. "I'm afraid I don't think of much except business; but when it came in the way of business to look at you carefully, and you put on that pink and silver affair——"

"Wasn't it a lovely frock!" Her eyes dreamed of it. "I'm glad I wore it even for five minutes. I'll never feel so discouraged about myself again. When I'm looking frightfully plain and uninteresting, I'll say to myself, 'Yes, you do look hopeless; but you aren't really hopeless. If you had on a pink and silver evening frock and pink satin slippers, now——'"

She was half laughing, half wistful, wholly sweet. One could see she would love to have a pretty gown, and he knew now just how delightful she could look in one. But his eyes at last were open. He could see the beauty of her in serge. He felt glad and thankful. He felt as if he had somehow grown.

Faulkner leaned towards her across the table. For the moment his face seemed as young as hers.

"You don't need the pink and silver

frock," he said softly. "I like you better this way, little girl. Who cares for pink satin?"

Neither of them noticed the masculine egotism of it. He liked her as she was, and they were both content.

Across what was left of her lobster, the



"He took her to a restaurant where the food was beyond reproach"

actress watched them appreciatively and with a twinge of envy. She was with her husband. She had been in love before and she would be in love again, but she would never again be in love for the first time. There was something about these two now that made her quickly look away. They were unaware of their surroundings.

"I must go." Mary Brown was suddenly, breathlessly, convinced of the necessity for going. "Mother will worry. I'm always home by nine."

Faulkner did not protest. He liked her having a mother who worried, and the world would not end to-night. The world had only just begun.

"If you'll please put me on a car."

She was entirely serious about it, and something tightened painfully in the man's throat, a wave of tenderness swept from his heart up, to his face, and lingered there.

Such a little girl, so gentle, so shining eyed, so unused to consideration.

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He wanted her to be safe, to be happy; wanted to make her safe and happy; wanted to take care of her and teach her that life could be gay and glad. And he wanted to tell her that he wanted all these things; but he only called a taxicab, put her into it, and climbed in after her.

She demurred at first, and there was a catch in her voice as she gave him the address of the tenement house in which she lived in the High Street, but after that she was mute. She suddenly did not want to talk.

The evening was nearly ended; and to-morrow—to-morrow she would be eight and threepence out in balance. Whether or not this would ever again be a tragic occurrence would depend upon what happened to-morrow and the next day. For one dark second she knew what it would be like if there were just this one miracle, and never any more. But that was for only a moment. Something light about her heart knew that, to-morrow and the next day, to be eight and threepence out in balance would be a thing of the smallest consequence in the world. For Robert Faulkner would be there in the office near her. She would see the back of his head, his kind profile. She would hear him talking to other people—to her. He would come and stand before her, maybe; and, yes, she knew that he would smile. She almost wished that to-morrow—which would be so different from all the days gone before it—were here now, except that this wonderful evening had not ended yet. She was riding through the brilliant streets, tucked in here away from the world with him, comfortable, cared for, and happy. She allowed her mind to linger softly for just a moment on the thought of what it would be like to have such companionship often—even every day! Always to be protected, admired as one chosen to be cherished—to be loved. But it was only for a moment that she dared have those thoughts.

The man beside her was silent, too; and his thoughts, like hers, were on the to-morrows.

She would be there, in his office, at her

desk, and he must give his entire attention to business as he had always given it before to-night, must not make things difficult for her, must be circumspect, careful, until—until— And all the while feeling like a boy of twenty. He could never get away with it, never. Everyone would see, would talk.

It would not do to wait; and, yet, if he were too impatient, went too fast, perhaps she—she was a shy little thing and so young. Probably she looked upon him as an old gentleman. Perhaps she could never—

The cab stopped before a building, dingy and narrow and high, and the two mounted the steps to the doorway. Then the taxicab snorted away, its driver never dreaming that he was in a fairy coach made of a pumpkin and drawn by white rats. There are so many things to be seen when one's eyes are opened!

"I feel like Cinderella," Mary Brown turned to say good night and Robert Faulkner took her hand. It was cotton-gloved; but so small that it was lost in his, and it trembled a little. The trembling was his undoing.

"I have had a nice time," she told him shyly. "But when the clock struck twelve Cinderella had to go home and—and sit by the fire."

"To-morrow night, Cinderella," said the boy of twenty, "I am coming to call on Mary Brown's mother—and I shall bring your slipper."

The hall door opened hastily and shut. The Prince was alone on the tenement house steps, but up the dark stairway Cinderella was running, in shabby shoes but with her thoughts on crystal slippers.

"He likes me this way. He said he liked me this way," her heart sang; but when she stopped for a moment on the top of the stairs to hug her secret in the kindly dusk, she gratefully gave credit where credit was due.

"He does like me this way," she said happily; "but all the same, my fairy god-mother knew what she was doing when she put me into pink and silver."



Should Married Women Work?

A Topical Question Seriously Considered

By Agnes M. Miall

"**M**ARRIED women, do not become parasites. Marriage is not always a full-time job; often it is not a half- or a quarter-time occupation."

It is typical of the times and of the widespreadness of this particular problem that these remarks were addressed, not to the married women to whom the speaker ostensibly appealed, but to the girls assembled for their speech-day at a large northern school.

On the one hand, we have doctrines such as this being inculcated into maidens whose hair still flows down their backs; on the other, large numbers of men and a goodly proportion of women up in arms at the notion that a wife can have a career as well as a husband and children.

It is a controversy of all classes, discussed in little homes and big, in country and in town. Sermons are preached about it, discussions rage in the Press. No wonder one gets a slightly bewildered feeling and finds a difficulty after a time in coming to any decision at all.

Is Marriage a Full-Time Job?

Is marriage a whole-time job? For a woman, of course; it has never been considered so for a man. Or is it possible for her to combine a career with due attention to her home and family?

A generation ago there could have been only one answer. But at that time any woman's right to a career, whether she were married or not, was barely admitted.

We of to-day have conceded, on the whole ungrudgingly, that a girl has a right to earn her living rather than be a pensioner on her father. And now the girl who has been educated to see herself as a worker, who has trained long and hard for her job and gone through the drudgery which is inseparable from the early years of any career, is asking why she should relinquish her work just at the moment when it is becoming fascinating and profitable. Is it so greedy, she demands, to wish for both a husband and a job? May not all men have both wives and work?

There are many answers. Let us take the ones first. They maintain:

(1) It is impossible for a woman to be a good wife and mother if she has work which takes her outside her own home.

(2) A married woman's place is at home. (No argument at all, this, but given a place in the list because it is the most familiar statement of all.)

(3) Children need their mother's undivided attention (a variant of number one).

(4) It's not right that a married woman, who has a husband to work for her, should take a job that might be filled by a man out of employment. One family, one income.

Are there Enough Jobs?

And here, I think, we get to the crux of the matter as, consciously or unconsciously, it is seen by most of the opposition. Abstract theories of equality have a poor chance against ruthless economic facts, and the whole of this really big issue is obscured and confused because, temporarily, there are not enough jobs to go round. "Women first!" is apt to be the motto not only when it's a question of saving life at sea, but also when it's a matter of who shall be dispensed with by an employer. It has been rather brutally applied since the war to single as well as to married women. The queer theory that the feminine half of the world can always live on less than the masculine (less food, less salary, less freedom) is sometimes interpreted to mean that it can live on air.

Unemployment involves the primal laws of supply and demand—laws that are really untouched by whether the workers are married or single, and that cannot be swerved one iota by making rules, as some people would like to do, forbidding married women to take work outside the home. Perhaps never have these laws worked so hardly for innumerable people as they do just at present; but in the wider sense of the word (though it's difficult to see it when one is personally hit) they do not really touch the question: Is marriage a whole-time job for women?

Surely we must look for the answer by examining the two factors—marriage, women.

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Clemence Dane wove a remarkably lucid and gripping play round a similarly controversial question by supposing that the change which many people demanded had actually occurred, and then showing how it worked in actual practice. It might be helpful to try her method here.

What would Happen ?

Suppose all married women (who had a husband capable of keeping them—even the most emphatic allow this qualifying clause) were in some way effectively prevented from making livelihoods; were tied down entirely to the work of making the domestic wheels run round and bringing up the children?

What would happen?

To follow Miss Dane so far as to put the position into dramatic form, it is easy to foresee thousands of such dialogues, the day the decree became effective, as this:

HUBBY (who agrees with the decree, returning home one evening with a jubilant face): Well, my dear, a few of those poor unemployed chaps have come into their own at last. We've been able to take on several now that those married girl workers have had to go. I say, the house doesn't seem quite up to the mark, does it? I noticed the doorstep hadn't been cleaned as I came in. And you're looking jolly tired, my dear.

WIFIE (resignedly): Yes, I'm worn out. You see, the charlady hasn't been to-day. Of course she can't come now.

HUBBY: Oh those chars! Another left? What for this time?

WIFIE (simply): She's married. Chars mostly are.

HUBBY: Good lord, I never thought of that! Don't believe anybody else did either when the decree was passed. Oh, I don't think chars ought to count. After all, it's domestic work they do—and that's woman's sphere.

WIFIE (sweetly): Only her own domestic work, dear, not mine. You know the rule is no work outside her own home for a married woman.

HUBBY: Then I suppose you'll have to give up being a member of the Board of Guardians at that rate?

WIFIE: Oh, no, dear. *That's* not paid. We still retain the privilege of working for nothing.

HUBBY (meditatively): H'm, it's not so simple as I thought. Never mind, dear, let's give up worrying about it. What do you say to trotting off to the theatre for once, as you've had such a trying day?

Let's go and see that new thing Sybil Thorndike's acting in.

WIFIE: Was acting in, you mean. She's married. Nearly all the best actresses are. They'll have to get boys to take the women's parts, as they used to in Shakespeare's time. And by the way, John, the rector said he should drop in to see you to-night. He thinks he'll have to have a curate now that his wife's not going to do any more parish duties.

HUBBY: Why ever not?

WIFIE: She says she quite agrees that women ought *not* to be called upon to work outside their own homes. And she considers the parish quite definitely outside. You know she's always resented having had to marry not only the rector but his job as well, and she says this decree gives her a fair chance of escape. What's the matter, John?

Exit John, unable to say what is the matter except in language unfitted for woman's sphere.

And if wife is inclined to be acid about it, can you wonder? She never cared for housework (not all women, strange to say, are born with a taste in this drudging direction), and though she does it capably enough she feels she could have been a dressmaker or an accountant who was far more than merely capable.

Where Housework cannot Satisfy

Not all women, of course, are constituted this way. There are many whose sense of duty and inclination happily coincide within the four walls of their home. But a woman who is not a born homemaker, who is ambitious, or who knows herself possessed of talent for business, one of the arts, or what not, can never be wholly content cleaning and nursing and cooking. Many a case of nerves, of breakdown, of the discontent that often embitters a whole home if it grips the wife and mother, is due to the perpetual repression of a vital part of herself—a craving to express herself in work that appeals to her.

People who speak of the danger to the home caused by the wife earning her living outside it are inclined to overlook this other psychological danger, possibly less frequent, certainly more subtle, of home revolving round a person who is fundamentally out of harmony with her surroundings.

"Well, women who want a career have no business to marry." One hears it bluntly said every day, not merely by men (plenty

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of men have far too much understanding to say it), but often by women who, having the housewife's instinct themselves, think that it is implanted in every female breast from birth.

But women, like men, fall in love. Women, like men, crave to spend a lifetime with the object of that love; women, like men (to put it no more strongly), yearn for children of their own.

Men can have both, the job and the family, without question. The modern woman's contention is that she can too in many cases.

It is not one broad, immutable law that is needed, but careful consideration of each individual problem. Marriage in many, perhaps most, cases is emphatically a full-time job in these servantless days. But not always.

The Childless Wife

To begin with, there is the childless wife. She is far commoner than she used to be.

Some people will immediately counter this statement with an indignant, "More shame to her!" and launch into views concerning the lower modern birth rate. But to do this is to beg the real issue. The whole trend of to-day's thought, all the economic and housing conditions of the moment are such that families are going to be smaller than they were a generation ago, whether married women work or not. We cannot increase the number of births (quite apart from the moot point as to whether it is desirable to do so—remember, there are not enough jobs to go round) by limiting the mental and economic activity of potential mothers. To suggest doing so reminds one of the industrial town in which churches of all denominations many years ago united in a protest against opening the parks on Sunday, "because if we do people will not come to church."

Childless wives are becoming more common, and a woman without children has nothing to do but keep house and cook for her husband. Especially under present housing difficulties, when home often consists of two or three furnished rooms, this is not an arduous business; and from an economic point of view it is hardly sound to argue that it takes all one woman's time to keep one man going.

Supplementing the Income

Then there is the case of the wife who cannot afford to have children unless she

can make a little money first. Her husband has lost much time in his profession owing to his army service during the war, and he has no savings behind him. His income, modest as it is, would suffice to keep the child they both desire, but it certainly will not stretch also to the heavy immediate expense of the doctor, the nurse, and the baby's perambulator and outfit.

Many a young wife solves the difficulty by staying in her post for a year or two after marriage. Supported by her husband, she can save nearly all her salary as a nest-egg. When it is big enough she retires promptly and permanently into private life. Every employer knows of many such instances. Are they reprehensible?

The same people who object to married women earning usually also deplore the decline in both the birth and marriage rates. They write to the papers saying that young people, particularly young women, are too selfish to marry. Yet there are cases when only the woman's financial help makes a wedding possible.

A girl I know, a clever business woman making a good salary, fell in love with a young man connected with the theatre. They wanted to marry with the utmost possible speed, like all lovers. But his salary was small; the theatrical world, since the war, as everyone knows, has been unwontedly uncertain even for a most precarious profession. They couldn't live on his pay, and there was no knowing when he would get more.

Were they "selfish" in refusing to waste their best years in a long and trying engagement? They solved the problem by getting married, and deciding that she should keep on her work until such time as his prospects improved. Can one condemn them for that?

What an Allowance will Do

Another inducement which keeps many wives in the wage-earning market is one which husbands who object to the practice can do much to cure for themselves. Women, just like men, desire a little money which they can spend in their own way without questioning. Independence, once acquired, as it has to be by the surplus women of to-day, is often very difficult to resign, in return for the humiliating privilege of having to go to one's husband for every shilling. Many a wife would willingly resign her post if her spouse followed the example of more enlightened husbands and gave her a definite monthly or yearly

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sum for herself over and above what she needs for housekeeping. The earning of salaries outside the walls of home can often be stopped by the giving of salaries for services rendered inside those walls.

"This Freedom"

Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson, in his recent novel, has drawn a most lugubrious and exaggerated picture of the fate of children whose mother worked in Lombard Street every day. His contention, in defiance of experience, is that young people must go to ruin of the most dismal kind unless they are not merely daily, but hourly, in the company of their mother. He overlooks the fact that often a wife's wage-earning capacity (and this especially applies to working-class folk, from whom our charladies are drawn) means all the difference to the children in food, clothing or education.

Only the other day a one-time journalist, now married and the mother of two children, consulted me as to the possibility of taking up her old work again for two or three hours a day. Her motive was not gay frocks or theatre parties, as people often rashly assume to be the case, but simply to give her boy and girl better schooling than their father, earning but meagrely, could afford for them.

This, of course, is not to deny that the "gay time" motive does exist in a certain number of cases. One must condemn wholeheartedly the conduct of the woman in the following equally true case.

She was the wife of a man of strictly moderate means, mother of two small boys, one little more than a baby, still quite young herself and very pretty. During the war, tired of the monotony and weariness of housekeeping at a very difficult time, she suddenly developed a talent that might not be suppressed for that most uncertain and glamorous of careers, film acting. She worried her very devoted husband until he consented to her dumping the children in a babies' hotel and going off to London to train for the screen.

She had no ability; it was nothing but restlessness. Presently she returned home without ever having secured an engagement. All she had done was to spend a good deal of money her husband could ill spare, and to unsettle thoroughly both him and her children.

Genius will out, whether it be married or single. But here there was no question of a great gift in prison. The wife had

been a domestic worker, and a happy one, before her marriage, and never showed the slightest desire for histrionic honours until she needed an excuse to get away from the country to the excitement of London.

Finally, in some respects both the fors and againsts in this agitation take too short-sighted a view of the whole problem.

On the one hand, I have already pointed out that many brides who announce their intention of continuing in their posts only do so for a year or two after marriage; if they keep other people out of jobs it is very temporarily.

On the other hand, the ambitious woman who repines because marriage means a sacrifice of her career needs to remember that matrimony is not a whole-time job *all the time*. Let her look ahead a little farther.

The immediate future, in nine cases out of ten, is undeniably full, almost to bursting, with the multifarious duties of cook and housemaid, child-bearing and rearing, housekeeping and teaching. But a job is always most trying when it is new. Duties at first fraught with difficulty become a habit; babies are much less alarming after a little experience. Also they grow up

When the Lean Years are Over

Presently the lean years of being shut up in one little suburban house, seeing hardly anybody, going hardly anywhere, are over. Children old enough to help in the house or to make their own start in the world give the wife and mother more and more leisure. It is often in middle age that the abandoned career suddenly becomes feasible again.

Nowadays women are not too old at forty or even more. Their experience and ripe judgment, on the contrary, are welcomed in public or municipal work as well as in private enterprise. Most of our feminine J.P.s, county councillors and so forth are women who have been through the busy years of bearing and rearing a family. Now that the children per marriage are so definitely fewer, these years are the sooner over, and in very many cases the mother takes on a new lease of life and her interests stretch again to their old wide range.

Should married women earn? Doesn't it depend entirely on the individual circumstances? What is definitely right in one case is definitely wrong in another. Each recurrence of the problem must be judged solely on its merits, for to lay down general rules one way or the other is to promote hopeless resentment and injustice.

Anthony Strong'nth'arm

BY

JEROME K. JEROME

CHAPTER XIII Early Married Life

THEY were married abroad, as it happened. Jim had exchanged; but his regiment, before going on to India, had been appointed to the garrison at Malta. There the family had joined him for the winter.

Fate had spared Sir Harry his last disappointment in life. Jim had not told him about Eleanor. There was no hurry. It could be done at any time. And he had died, after a few days' illness, early in the spring. He had been busy, unknown to the others, fixing up with his sister Mary for Eleanor to come out in London during the season, and had built great hopes upon the result. Thus, so far as that matter was concerned, the poor old gentleman had died happy. Eleanor and her mother stopped on at a little place up in the hills. Anthony came out at the end of the summer; and they had been married in the English church. It was arranged that Lady Coomber should remain at Malta till Jim left for India; it might be the next year or the year after. Then she would come back to England and live with them at The Abbey. Anthony had not hoped to be able to take Eleanor back to The Abbey, but the summer had brought him unusual good fortune. As a matter of fact, everything seemed to be prospering with him just now. He was getting nervous about it, wondering how long it would last. He was glad that he had been able to pay Jim a good price for the place; beyond that, when everything was cleared up and Lady Coomber's annuity provided for, there would not be much left.

Mrs. Strong'nth'arm would not come to live at The Abbey, though Eleanor was anxious that she should and tried to persuade her. Whether she thought Eleanor did not really want her or whether the reasons she gave him were genuine Anthony could not be sure.

"I should be wandering, without knowing it, into the kitchen," she explained; "or be jumping up suddenly to answer a bell. Or maybe," she added with a smile, "I'd be slipping out of

the back door of an evening to the little gate behind the stables, and thinking I saw your father under the shadow of the elms, where he used to be always waiting for me. I'll be happier in the old square. There are no ghosts there—leastways, not for my eyes to see."

Besides, there was his aunt to be considered. He had thought that she might find a home with one or another of her chapel friends. But Mrs. Newt had fallen away from grace, as it was termed, and was no longer in touch with her former circle. She had given back her fine tombstone to old Batson, the stonemason, who, not knowing what else to do with it, had used it to replace a broken doorstep leading to his office. She had come to picture her safe arrival at the gates of Endless Bliss with less complacency. She no longer felt sure of her welcome.

"Don't see what I've done to deserve it," she said. "All that I've ever tried to do has been to make myself comfortable in this world and to take good care, as I thought, to be on the right road for the next. I used to think it all depended upon faith: that all you had to do was to believe. But your poor uncle used to say it sounded a bit too cheap to be true. And if he was right and the Lord demands works, guess I'll cut a poor figure."

The idea had come to her to replace the optimism of her discarded tombstone by a simple statement of facts with underneath: "Lord be merciful to me, a sinner." But the head sexton, on being consulted as a friend, had objected to the quotation as one calculated to let down the tone of the cemetery, and had urged something less committal.

So the two old ladies remained at Bruton Square, keeping for themselves the basement and the three small rooms at the top. Anthony added an extra kitchen and let the rest of the house to a Mr. Arnold Landripp, an architect. He had for some years been occupying the two large schoolrooms as an office. He was a widower. His daughter, who had been at school in the south of England and afterwards at University College, had now joined him. She was aged about twenty, and was said to be a "high-brow." The term was just coming into use. She was a tall, pale girl with coal-

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black eyes. She wore her hair brushed back from her forehead and, in secret, smoked cigarettes, it was rumoured.

Betty and her father lived practically abroad. They had taken a flat in Florence and had let The Priory furnished to a cousin of Mr. Mowbray who owned the big steel works at Shawley, half-way up the valley.

Anthony had been generous over the sharing of profits; and Mr. Mowbray had expressed himself as more than satisfied.

"I was running the business on to the rocks," he confessed. "There wouldn't have been much left for Betty. As it is, I shall die with an easy mind, thanks to you."

He held out his hand. He and Anthony had been having a general talk in the great room with its three domed windows that had been Mr. Mowbray's private office and was now Anthony's. He and Betty would be leaving early the next morning on their return to Italy. He hesitated a moment, still holding Anthony's hand, and then spoke again.

"I thought at one time," he said, "that it might have been a closer relationship than that of mere partners. But she's a strange girl. I don't expect she ever will marry. I fancy I frightened her off it." He laughed. "She knew that I loved her mother with as great a love as any woman could hope for. But it didn't save me from making her life one of sorrow."

"Do you know what's wrong with the Apostles' Creed?" he said. "They've left out the devil. Don't you make the mistake, my lad, of not believing in him. He doesn't want us to believe in him. He wants us to believe that he is dead, that he never lived, that he's just an old wives' tale. We talk about the still small voice of God. Yes, if we listen very hard and if it's all quiet about us, we can hear it. What about the insistent tireless voice of the other one who whispers to us day and night, sits beside us at table, creeps with us into bed? David made a mistake; he should have said, 'The fear of the devil is the beginning of wisdom.' It began in the Garden of Eden. If the Lord only hadn't forgotten the serpent! It has been the trouble of all the reformers. They might have accomplished something: if they hadn't forgotten the devil. It's the trouble of every youngster, thinking he sees his life before him; they all forget the devil."

Anthony laughed.

"What line of tactics do you suggest for overcoming him?" he asked.

"Haven't myself had sufficient success to justify my giving advice," answered Mr. Mowbray. "All I can warn you is that he takes many shapes. Sometimes he dresses himself up as a dear old lady and calls himself Mother Nature. Sometimes he wears a shiny hat and claims to be nothing more than a plain man of business. Sometimes he comes clothed in glory and calls himself Love."

The old gentleman reached for his hat.

"Didn't expect to find me among the prophets, did you?" he added with a smile.

He was growing feeble, and Anthony walked back with him to The Priory. They passed St. Aldys churchyard on their way.

"I'll just look in," said Mr. Mowbray, "and say good-bye. I always like to, before I go away."

Mr. Mowbray had bought many years ago the last three vacant graves in the churchyard. His wife lay in the centre one and Edward to the right of her.

They stood there for a while in silence.

"I suppose it's only my fancy," said Mr. Mowbray, "but you seem to me to grow more like Ted every year. I don't mean in appearance, though even there I often see a look in your eyes that reminds me of him. But in other ways. Sometimes I could almost think it was he speaking."

"I have changed," said Anthony. "I feel it myself. His death made a great void in my life. I felt that I had been left with a wound that would never heal. And then one day the thought came to me—it can hardly be called a thought—I heard his very voice speaking to me, with just that little note of irritation in it that always came to him when he was arguing and got excited. 'I am not dead,' he said. 'How foolishly you are talking! How can I be dead while you are thinking of me—while you still love me and are wanting me? Who wants the dead? It is because you know I live, and that I love you, and always shall, that you want me. I am not dead. I am with you.'"

"Yes," said Mowbray after a little pause, "he loved you very dearly. I was puzzled at first, because I thought you so opposite to one another. But now I know that it was my mistake."

They did not talk during the short remainder of their walk. At the gate of The Priory the old gentleman stopped and turned.

"Kiss me, Anthony," he said, "there's nobody about."

Anthony did so. It seemed quite natural, somehow. He watched Mr. Mowbray pass up the flagged causeway to the door and then went back to his work.

Betty had been quite frank with him, or so he had thought.

"It's fortunate we didn't marry," she said. "What a muddle it would have ended in—or else a tragedy. Do you remember that talk we had one evening?"

"Yes," he answered. "You said that if you ever married it would be a man who would 'like' you—think of you as a friend, a comrade."

"I know," she laughed. "To be candid, I had you in my mind at the moment. I thought that you would always be so sane—the sort of husband one could rely upon never to kick over the traces. Curious how little we know one another."

"Would you really have been satisfied," he asked, "when it came to the point? Would not you have demanded love as your right?"

"I don't think so," she answered, musing. "I suppose the explanation is that a woman's

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love is maternal rather than sexual. It is the home she is thinking of more than the lover. Of course, I don't mean in every case. There are women for whom there exists one particular He, or no other. But I fancy they are rare."

"I wonder sometimes," he said, "what would have happened to me if I'd never met her. I suppose I should have gone on being quite happy and contented."

"There are finer things than happiness," she answered.

A child was born to them late in the year. Anthony had never seen a baby before, not at close quarters. In his secret heart, he was disappointed that it was not more beautiful. But as the days went by it seemed to him that this defect was passing away. He judged it to be a very serious baby. It had large round serious eyes. Even its smile was thoughtful. They called it John Anthony.

The elder Mrs. Strong'nth'arm resented the carriage being sent down for her. She said she wasn't so old that she could not walk a few miles to see her own grandson. Both she and Eleanor agreed that he was going to be like Anthony. His odd ways, it was, that so strongly reminded the elder Mrs. Strong'nth'arm of his father at the same age. They came together over John Anthony, the elder and the younger Mrs. Strong'nth'arm.

"It's her artfulness," had argued the elder Mrs. Strong'nth'arm to herself at first; "pretending to want my advice and hanging upon my words; while all the time, I reckon, she's laughing at me."

But the next day or the day after she would come again to answer delightedly the hundred questions put to her—to advise, discuss, to gossip and to laugh—to remember on her way home that she had kissed the girl, promising to come again soon.

Returning late one afternoon she met Anthony on the moor.

"I've left her going to sleep," she said.

"Don't disturb her. She doesn't rest herself sufficiently. I've been talking to her about it. I'm getting to like her," she confessed shamefacedly. "She isn't as bad as I thought her."

He laughed, putting an arm about her.

"You'll end by loving her," he said. "You won't be able to help it."

"It'll depend upon you, lad," she answered.

"So long as your good is her good I shall be content."

She kissed him good-night, for it was growing dusk. Neither he nor Eleanor had ever been able to persuade her to stay the night. With the nursery, which had been the former Lady Coomber's dressing-room, she was familiar, having been one of the housemaids. But the big rooms on the ground floor over-awed her. She never would enter by the great door, but always by a small side entrance leading to the housekeeper's room. Eleanor had given instructions that it should always be left open.

He walked on slowly after he had left his mother. There, where the sun was sinking be-

hind the distant elms, she lay sleeping. At the bend of the road was the old white thorn that had witnessed their first kiss. Reaching it he looked round stealthily and, seeing no one, flung himself upon the ground and, stretching out his arms, pressed his lips to the sweet-smelling earth.

He laughed as he rose to his feet. These lover's rhapsodies he had once thought idle nonsense! They were true. Going through fire and water—dying for her, worshipping the ground she trod on. This dear moorland with its lonely farmsteads and its scattered cots; its old folks with their furrowed faces, its little children with shy wondering eyes; its sandy hollows where the conies frisked at twilight; its hidden dells of fern and bracken where the primroses first blossomed; its high banks beneath the birches where the red fox had his dwelling; its deep woods, bird-haunted; always he would love it, for her sake.

He turned and looked back and down the winding road. The noisome town half-hidden by its pall of smoke lay stretched beneath him, a few faint lights twinkling from out the gloom. There too her feet had trod. Its long sad streets with their weary white-faced people; its foul, neglected places where the children played with dirt. This city of maimed souls and stunted bodies! It must be cleansed, purified—made worthy for her feet to pass. It should be his life's work, his gift to his beloved.

CHAPTER XIV

Anthony's Scheme in Working

LADY COOMBER joined them in the spring. Jim's regiment had been detained at Malta longer than had been anticipated. Her presence passed hardly noticed in the house. Anthony had seen to it that her little pensioners, the birds, had been well cared for; they began to gather round her the first moment that they saw her, as if they had been waiting for her, hoping for her return. She herself could not explain her secret. She had only to stretch out her hand for them to come to her. She took more interest in the child than Eleanor had expected. She stole him away one morning, and was laughing when she brought him back. She had shown him to her birds and they had welcomed him with much chirruping and fluttering; and after that, whenever he saw her with her basket on her arm, he would stretch out his arms to her for her to take him with her.

Another child was born to them in the winter. They called him after Eleanor's brother Jim; and later came a girl. They called her Norah. And then Eleanor fell ill. Anthony was terror-stricken. He had never been able to accept the popular idea of God as a sort of kindly magician to whom appeal might be made for miraculous benefits in exchange for praise and adulation—who would turn aside sickness, stay death's hand in response for importunity. His common sense had revolted against it. But suddenly his

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reasoning faculties seemed to have deserted him. Had he been living in the Middle Ages he would have offered God a pilgrimage or a church. As it was, he undertook to start without further delay his various schemes to benefit the poor of Millsborough. He would set to work at once upon those model-dwellings. It was always easy for him now to find financial backing for his plans. He remembered Betty's argument: "I wouldn't have anything started that couldn't be made to pay its own way in the long run. If it can't do that it isn't real, it isn't going to last." She was right. As a sound business proposition, the thing would live and grow. It was justice not charity that the world stood most in need of. He worked it out. For the rent these slum landlords were exacting for insanitary hovels the workers could be housed in decent flats. Eleanor's illness had been pronounced dangerous. No time was to be lost. The ground was bought and cleared. Landripp, the architect, threw himself into his labours with enthusiasm.

Landripp belonged to the new school of materialists. His religion was the happiness of humanity. Man to him was a mere chance product of the earth's crust, evolved in common with all other living things by chemical process. With the cooling of the earth—or may be its over-heating, it really did not matter which—the race would disappear—be buried, together with the history of its transient passing, beneath the eternal silences. Its grave might still roll on—to shape itself anew, to form out of its changed gases another race that in some future aeon might be interested in examining the excavated evidences of a former zoological period.

Meanwhile the thing to do was to make man as happy as possible for so long as he lasted. This could best be accomplished by developing his sense of brotherhood out of which would be born justice and goodwill. Man was a gregarious animal. For his happiness he depended as much upon his fellows as upon his own exertions. The misery and suffering of any always, sooner or later, resulted in evil to the whole body. In society, as it had come to be constituted, the happiness of all was as much a practical necessity as was the health of all. For its own sake, a civilized community could no more disregard equity than it dare tolerate an imperfect drainage system. If the city was to be healthy and happy it must be seen to that each individual citizen was healthy and happy. The pursuit of happiness for ourselves depended upon our making others happy. It was for this purpose that the moral law had developed itself within us. So soon as the moral law within us came to be acknowledged as the only safe guide to all our actions, so soon would Man's road to happiness lie clear before him.

That something not material, that something impossible to be defined in material terms had somehow entered into the scheme, Mr. Landripp was forced to admit. In discussion, he dismissed it—this unknown quantity—as "superfluous energy." But to himself the

answer was not satisfactory. By this reasoning the superfluous became the indispensable, which was absurd. There was his own favourite phrase: The preservation of the species; the moral law within, compelling all creatures to sacrifice themselves for the good of their progeny. To Mr. Arnold S. Landripp, aware of his indebtedness for his own existence to the uninterrupted working of this law; aware that his own paternal affections had for their object the decoying of Mr. Arnold S. Landripp into guarding and cherishing and providing for the future of Miss Emily Landripp; who in her turn would rejoice in labour for her children, and so ad infinitum, the phrase might have significance. His reason, perceiving the necessity of the law, justified its obligations.

But those others? Unpleasant-looking insects—myriads of them—who wear themselves out for no other purpose than to leave behind them an egg, the hatching of which they will not live to see. Why toil in darkness? Why not spend their few brief hours of existence basking in their beloved sunshine? What to them the future of the Hymenoptera? The mother bird with outstretched wings above the burning nest, content to die herself if only she may hope to save her young. Natural affection, necessary for the preservation of the species. Whence comes it? Whence the origin of this blind love—this blind embracing of pain that an unknown cause may triumph?

Or take the case of Mr. Arnold S. Landripp's own particular family. That hairy ancestor, fear-haunted, hunger-driven, fighting against monstrous odds to win a scanty living for himself. Why burden himself still further with a squalling brood that Mr. Arnold S. Landripp may eventually evolve? Why not knock them all on the head and eat the pig himself? Who whispered to him of the men of thought and knowledge who should one day come, among whom Mr. Arnold S. Landripp, flesh of his flesh and bone of his bone, should mingle and have his being?

Why does the present Mr. Landripp impair his digestion by working long into the night that Millsborough slums may be the sooner swept away and room be made in Millsborough town for the building of decent dwellings for Mr. Landripp's poorer brethren? The benefiting of future generations! The preservation and improvement of the species! To what end? What sensible man can wax enthusiastic concerning the progress of a race whose final goal is a forgotten grave beneath the debris of a derelict planet?

To Mr. Landripp came also the reflection that a happiness that is not and cannot by its nature be confined to the individual, but is a part of the happiness of all—that can be marred by a withered flower and deepened by contemplation of the stars—must, of necessity, have kinship with the Universal. That a happiness, the seeds of which must have been coeval with creation, that is not bounded by death, must, of necessity, be linked with the Eternal.

Working together of an evening upon the



"'I thought at one time,' he said, 'that it might have been a closer relationship than that of mere partners'""—p. 470

Drawn by
Charles Crombie

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plans for the new dwellings, Anthony and he would often break off to pursue the argument. Landripp would admit that his own religion failed to answer all his questions. But Anthony's religion contented him still less. Why should a just God, to whom all things were possible, have made man a creature of "low intelligence and evil instincts," leaving him to welter through the ages amid cruelty, blood and lust, instead of fashioning him from the beginning a fit and proper heir for the kingdom of eternity? That he might work out his own salvation! That a few scattered fortunates, less predisposed to evil than their fellows or possessed of greater powers of resistance, might struggle out of the mire—enter into their inheritance: the great bulk cursed from their birth, be left to sink into destruction. The Christ legend he found himself unable to accept. If true, then God was fallible, His omniscience a myth—a God who made mistakes and sought to rectify them. Even so, He had not succeeded. The number of true Christians—the number of those who sought to live according to Christ's teaching was fewer to-day than under the reign of the Caesars. During the Middle Ages the dying embers of Christianity had burnt up anew. Saint Francis had insisted upon the necessity of poverty, of love—had preached the brotherhood of all things living. Men and women in increasing numbers had for a brief period accepted Christ not as their scapegoat but as their leader. There had been men like Millsborough's own Saint Aldys—a successful business man, as business was understood in his day—who on his conversion had offered to the service of God not ten per cent. of his booty but his whole life. Any successful business man of to-day who attempted to follow his example would be certified by the family doctor as fit candidate for the lunatic asylum. Two thousand years after Christ's death one man, so far as knowledge went, the Russian writer Tolstoy, had made serious attempt to live the life commanded by Christ. And all Christendom stood staring at him in stupefied amazement. If Christ had been God's scheme for the reformation of a race that He Himself had created prone to evil, then it had tragically failed. Christianity, a feeble flame from the beginning, had died out, leaving the world darker, its last hope extinguished.

They had been working long into the short June night. Landripp had drawn back the curtains and thrown open the window. There came from the east a faint pale dawn.

"There is a God I could believe in, worship and work for," he said. "Not the builder of the heaven and of the earth, who made the stars also. Such there may be. The watch presupposes the watchmaker. I grant all that. But such is outside my conception—a force, a law, whatever it may be, existing before the beginning of Time, having its abiding place beyond Space. The thing is too unhuman ever to be understood by man. The God I could love and serve is something lesser and yet perhaps greater than such."

He turned from the window and leaning against the mantelpiece continued:

"There is a story by Jean Paul Richter, I think. I read the book when I was a student in Germany. There was rather a fine idea in it: at least, so it seemed to me. The man in the story dies and beyond the grave he meets Christ. And the Christ is still sad and troubled. The man asks why, and Christ confesses to him. He has been looking for God and cannot find Him. And the man comforts Him. Together they will seek God, and will yet find Him. I think it was a dream, I am not sure. It is the dream of the world, I suppose. Personally I have given up the search, thinking it hopeless. But I am not sure. Christ's God I could believe in, could accept. He is the God—the genius, if you prefer the word, of the human race. He is seeking—still seeking to make man in His own image. He has given man thought, consciousness, a soul. It has been slow work and He is still only at the beginning of His labours. He is the spirit of love. It is by love, working for its kind, working for its species that man has evolved. It is only by love of his kind, of his species, that man can hope to raise himself still further. He is no God of lightnings and of thunders. The moral law within us, the voice of pity, of justice, is His only means of helping us. The Manichaeans believed that Mankind was devil created. The evidence is certainly in their favour. The God that I am seeking is not the Omnipotent Master of the universe who could in the twinkling of an eye reshape man to His will. But a spirit, fighting against powerful foes, whom I can help or hinder—the spirit of love, knocking softly without ceasing at the door of a deaf world. The wonder of Christ is that He was the first man to perceive the nature of God. The gods that the world had worshipped up till then—that the world still worships—are the gods man has made in his own image: gods glorying in their strength and power, clamouring for worship, insisting on their 'rights'; gods armed with punishments and rewards. Christ was the first man who conceived of God as the spirit of love, of service, a fellow-labourer with man for the saving of the world."

Anthony was still seated at the long table, facing the light.

"May it not be that you have found Him?" he said. "May He not be the God we are all seeking?"

Landripp gave a short laugh.

"He wouldn't be popular," he answered. "Not from Him would Job have obtained those fourteen thousand sheep and six thousand camels, and a thousand yoke of oxen and a thousand she asses as a reward for his patience. 'The God from whom all blessings flow,' that is the God man will praise and worship. The God I am seeking asks, not gives."

The plans were finished; the builders got to work. On the very day of the laying of the foundation-stone the doctors pronounced Eleanor out of danger. Anthony forgot his talks with

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Landripp. God had heard his prayer and had accepted his offering. He would continue to love and serve Him, and surely goodness and mercy would follow him all the days of his life. One of the minor steel foundries happened to be on the market. He obtained control and re-established it on a new profit-sharing principle that he had carefully worked out. His system would win through by reason of its practicability; the long warfare between capital and labour end in peace. His business genius should not be only for himself. God also should be benefited. He got together a small company for the opening of co-operative shops, where the poor should be able to purchase at fair prices. There should be no end of his activities for God.

Eleanor came back to him more beautiful, it seemed to him, than she had ever been. They walked together, hand in hand, on the moor. She wanted to show him how strong she was. And coming to the old white thorn at the parting of the ways, she had raised her face to his; and he had drawn her to him and their lips had met, as if it had been for the first time.

She would be unable to bear more children, but that did not trouble them. Little Jim and Norah grew and waxed strong and healthy. Norah promised to be the living image of her mother. She had her mother's faults and failings that Anthony so loved: her mother's wilfulness with just that look of regal displeasure when anyone offended or opposed her. But also with suggestion of her mother's graciousness and kindness.

Jim, likewise, took after the Coomber family. He had his uncle's laughing eyes and all his obstinacy, so Eleanor declared. He was full of mischief, but had coaxing ways and was the idol of the servants' hall.

John was more of the dreamer. Lady Coomber had taught him to read. She had grown strangely fond of the child. In summer-time they would take their books into the garden. They had green hiding-places known only to themselves. And in winter they had their "cave" behind the great carved screen in the library.

As time went by, Eleanor inclined more towards the two younger children. They were full of life and frolic, and were always wanting to do things. But Anthony's heart yearned more towards John, his first-born.

CHAPTER XV Anthony—and John

A GOD needing man's help, unable without it to accomplish His purpose. A God calling to man as Christ beckoned to His disciples to follow Him, forsaking all, to suffer and to labour with Him. The thought had taken hold of Anthony from the beginning: that summer's night when he and Landripp had talked together, until the dawn had drawn a long thin line of light between the window curtains.

And then had come Eleanor's sudden recovery, when he had almost given up hope, on the very day of the laying of the foundation-stone of the new model dwellings; and it had seemed to him that God had chosen this means of revealing Himself. The God he had been taught. The God of his fathers. Who answered prayers, accepted the burnt offering, rewarded the faithful and believing. What need to seek further? The world was right. Its wise men and its prophets had discovered the true God. A God who made covenants and bargains with man. Why not? Why should not God take advantage of Anthony's love for Eleanor to make a fair businesslike contract with him? "Help Me with these schemes of yours for the happiness of My people and I will give you back your wife." But the reflection would come: Why should an omnipotent God trouble Himself to bargain with His creatures, take roundabout ways for accomplishing what could be done at once by a movement of His will? A God who could have made all things perfect from the beginning, beyond the need of either growth or change. Who had chosen instead to write the history of the human race in blood and tears. Surely such a God would need man's forgiveness, not his worship? The unknown God was yet to seek.

Landripp had been killed during the building of the model dwellings. It had been his own fault. For a stout, elderly gentleman to run up and down swaying ladders, to scramble round chimney stacks, and balance himself on bending planks a hundred feet above the ground was absurd. There were younger men who could have done all that, who warned Mr. Landripp of the risks that he was running. He had insisted on supervising everything himself. The work from its commencement had been to him a labour of love. He was fearful lest a brick should be ill-laid.

Anthony had a curious feeling of annoyance as he looked upon the bruised and broken heap of rubbish that had once been his friend. Landripp had been dead when they picked him up. They had put him on a stretcher and carried him round to his office. Anthony had heard the news almost immediately, and had reached Bruton Square as the men were coming out. The body lay on the big table in the room where he and Anthony had had their last long talk. The face had not suffered and the eyes were open. There may have been a lingering consciousness still behind them, for it seemed to Anthony that for an instant they smiled at him. And then suddenly the light went out of them.

It was tremendously vexing. He had been looking forward to renewal of their talks. There was so much he wanted to have said to him: questions he had meant to put to him; thoughts of his own, that he had intended to discuss with him. Where was he? Where had he got to? It was ridiculous to argue that Landripp himself—the mind and thought of him—had been annihilated by coming into contact with a steel girder. Not even a cabbage dies. All that can happen to it is for it to be

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"Over a waste space where dust and ashes lay they could see far east and west. The man halted and flung out his arms"
—p. 478

resolved into its primary elements to be born again. This poor bruised body lying where the busy brain had been at work only an hour before, even that would live as long as the solar system continued. Its decay would only mean its transformation. Landripp himself—the spirit that came and went—could not even have been hurt. The machinery through which it worked was shattered. Anthony could not even feel sorry for him. He was angry with him that he had not been more careful of the machinery.

Landripp had been the first person with whom he had ever discussed religion. As a young man he had once or twice ventured the theme. But the result had only reminded him of his childish experiments in the same direction. At once, most people shrivelled up as if he had suggested an indelicate topic, not to be countenanced in polite society. Especially were his inquiries discouraged by the clergy of all

denominations. At the first mention of the subject they had always shown signs of distress—had always given to him, the impression that they were seeking to guard a trade secret. Landripp had opened his mind to the conception of a religion he could understand and accept. God all-powerful and glorious; the great omnipotent Being who had made and ordered all things! What could man do for such? As well might the clay ask how it could show its gratitude to the potter. To praise God, to adore Him, to fall down before Him, to worship Him, what use could that be to Him? That the creatures He had made should be everlastingly grovelling before Him, proclaiming their own nothingness and His magnificence: it was to imagine God on a par with an Oriental despot. To obey Him? He had no need of our obedience. All things had been ordered. Our obedience or disobedience could make no difference to Him. It had been foreseen—fore-ordained from the beginning.

Even forgetting this—persuading ourselves that some measure of freewill had been conferred upon us, it was only for our own benefit. Obey and be rewarded, disobey and be punished. We were but creatures of His breath, our souls the puppets of His will. What was left to man but to endure? Even his endurance bestowed upon him for that purpose. It was death not life that God—if such were God—had breathed into man's nostrils.

But God the champion, the saviour of man. God the tireless lover of man, seeking to woo him into ever nobler ways. God the great dreamer, who out of death and chaos in the beginning had seen love; who beyond life's hate and strife still saw the far-off hope, and called to men to follow Him. God the dear comrade, the everlasting friend, God the helper, the King. If one could find Him?

Landripp had left his daughter a few thousands; and she had decided to open a school

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again at Bruton Square, in the rooms that her father had used for his offices. Inheriting his conscientiousness, she had entered a training college to qualify herself as a teacher. Towards the end, quite a friendship had existed between Mrs. Strong'nth'arm and the Landripps. With leisure and freedom from everlasting worry her native peasant wit had blossomed forth and grown; and Landripp had found her a wise talker. She had become too feeble for the long walk up to The Abbey, but was frightened of the carriage with its prancing horses. So often Eleanor would send little John down to spend the afternoon with her. Old Mrs. Newt was dead; and, save for a little maid, she was alone in the house. She made no claim with regard to the two younger children. It was only about John she was jealous.

One day she took the child to see the house in Platt's Lane where his father had been born. Old Witlock had finished his tinkering. His half-witted son Matthew lived there by himself. No one else ever entered it. Matthew cooked his own meals and kept it scrupulously clean. Most of the twenty-four hours he spent in the workshop. His skill and honesty brought him more jobs than he needed, but he preferred to remain single-handed. The workshop door was never closed. All day, summer and winter, so long as Matthew was there working it remained wide open. At night Matthew slept there in a corner sheltered from the wind, and then it would be kept half-closed but so that anyone who wished could enter. He would never answer questions as to this odd whim of his, and his neighbours had ceased thinking about it. They took a great fancy to one another, Matthew and the child. Old Mrs. Strong'nth'arm would sometimes leave him there, and his father would call for him on the way home. He had taken for his own the stool on which wandering Peter had many years ago carved the King of the Gnomes. And there he would sit by the hour swinging his little legs, discussing things in general with Matthew while he worked. At the child's request Anthony had bought the house and workshop so that Matthew might never fear being turned out.

There grew up in the child a strange liking for this dismal quarter, or rather three-quarters of the town of Millsborough that lay around Platt's Lane. Often, when his father called for him of an afternoon at Bruton Square he would plead for a walk in their direction before going home. He liked the moorland, too, with its bird life and its little creeping things in brake and cover that crouched so still while one passed by. There he would shout and scamper; and when he was tired his father would carry him on his shoulder. But in the long sad streets he was less talkative.

One day, walking through them, Anthony told him how, long ago, before the mean streets came, there had been green fields and flowers with a little river winding its way among the rocks and through deep woods.

"What made the streets come?" the child asked.

Riches had been discovered under the earth, so Anthony explained to him. Before this great discovery the people of the valley had lived in little cottages—just peasants, tilling their small farms, tending their flocks. A few hundred pounds would have bought them all up. Now it was calculated that the winding Wyndbeck flowed through the richest valley in all England.

"What are riches?" asked the child. "What do they do?"

Riches, his father explained to him, were what made people well off and happy.

"I see," said John. But he evidently did not, as his next question proved conclusively.

"Then are all the people happy who live here now?" he asked. They had passed about a score of them during the short time they had walked in silence. "Why don't they look it?"

It had to be further explained to John that the riches of the valley did not belong to the people who lived and died in the valley, who dug the coal and iron or otherwise handled it. To be quite frank, these sad-eyed men and women who now dwelt beside the foul black Wyndbeck were perhaps worse off than their forbears who had dwelt here when the Wyndbeck flowed through sunlit fields and shady woods, undreaming of the hidden wealth that lay beneath their careless feet. But to a few who lived in fine houses, more or less far away, in distant cities, in pleasant country places. It was these few who had been made well off and happy by the riches of the valley. The workers of the valley did not even know the names of these scattered masters of theirs.

He had not meant to put it this way. But little John had continually chipped in with those direct questions that a child will persist in asking. And, after all, it was the truth.

Besides, as he went on to explain still further to little John, they were not all unhappy, these dirty, grimy, dull-eyed men and women in their ugly clothes living in ugly houses in long ugly streets under a sky that rained soot. Some of them earned high wages—had, considering their needs, money to burn, as the saying was.

"I see," said John again. It was an irritating habit of his, to preface awkward questions with, I see. "Then does having money make everybody happy?"

It was on the tip of Anthony's tongue—he was just about to snap it out: Little John mustn't worry his little head about things little Jacks can't be expected to understand. Little boys must wait till they are grown-up, when the answer to all these seemingly difficult questions will be plain to them. But as he opened his lips to speak there sprang from the muddy pavement in front of him a little impish lad dressed in an old pair of his father's trousers, cut down to fit him, so that the baggy part instead of being about the knee was round his ankles—a little puzzled lad who in his day had likewise plagued poor grown-up folk with questions it might have been the better for them had they tried to answer.

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"No, John," he answered. "It doesn't make them happy. I wonder myself sometimes what's the good of it. How can they be happy even if they do earn big money, a few of them? The hideousness, the vileness that is all around them. What else can it breed but a sordid joyless race? They spend their money on things stupid and gross. What else can you expect of them? You bring a child up in the gutter and he learns to play with mud, and like it."

They were walking where the streets crept up the hillside. Over a waste space where dust and ashes lay they could see far east and west. The man halted and flung out his arms.

"The Valley of the Wyndbeck. So they call it on the map. It ought to be the gutter of the Wyndbeck. One long, foul, reeking gutter where men and women walk in darkness and the children play with dirt."

"Won't the fields ever come back?" the child asked.

Anthony shook his head. "They'll never come back," he said. "Nothing to do for it, John, but to make the best of things as they are. It will always be a gutter with mud underneath and smoke overhead, and poison in its air. We must make it as comfortable a gutter as the laws of supply and demand will permit. At least we can give them rainproof roofs and sound floors and scientific drainage, and baths where they can wash the everlasting dirt out of their pores before it becomes a part of their skin."

From where they were they could see the new model dwellings towering high above the maze of roofs around them.

"We'll build them a theatre, John. They shall have poetry and music. We'll plan them recreation grounds where the children can run and play. We'll have a picture gallery and a big bright hall where they can dance."

He broke off suddenly. "Oh, Lord, as if it hadn't all been tried!" he groaned. "Two thousand years ago, they thought it might save Rome. Bread and circuses, that is not going to save the world."

They had reached, by chance, Platt Lane. The door of the workshop stood open as ever. They could hear the sound of Matthew's hammer and see the red glow of the furnace fire. John slipped away from his father's side, and going to the open door called to Matthew.

Matthew turned. There was a strange look in his eyes. The child laughed, and Matthew coming nearer saw who it was.

It was late, so after exchanging just a greeting with Matthew they walked on. Suddenly John caught his father by the sleeve.

"Do you think He is still alive," he said, "Christ Jesus?"

Anthony was in a hurry. He had ordered the carriage to wait for them in Bruton Square.

"What makes you ask?" he said.

"Matthew thinks He is," explained the child, "and that He still goes about. That is why he always leaves the door open, so that if Christ passes by he may see Him and call to Him."

Anthony was still worried about the time. He had to see a man on business before going home. He promised little John they would discuss the question some other time. But, as it happened, the opportunity never came.

(To be concluded)



The Gift

By
Helen Compton

WITH hands outstretched unto the Lord of Might,
I asked that power should be given me
To change the wrong in this old world to right,
And put an end to all its misery.

Again I asked the God of Melody
To grant the gift of Music to be mine,
That I might heal the world's long agony
By flooding it with harmonies divine.

Kneeling, I prayed unto the God of Life
To grant me power to heal the world of pain,
To put an end to pestilence and strife,
And make of Earth an Eden once again.

Vainly I called on Heaven to let me do
What God in His Omniscience left undone,
Till one day in my heart the question grew—
"What if the need for pain is not yet run?"

"What gift, O Lord, shall I then ask of Thee,
With which I best may help the multitude,
Whereby Thy Kingdom come more speedily,
And all the hosts of Satan be subdued?"

Humbly I waited at God's Altar dim
To hear what gift it was I most did need;
And lo! the answer came to me from Him—
"Faith that is even as the mustard seed."

The Tyranny of the Unborn

A Frank Protest on "Eugenics"

By

E. Vaughan-Smith

I do not agree with all the author of this article says ; but it is a change for Eugenics to be challenged—and there are two sides to every question.

IT is startling sometimes in reading a novel of mid-Victorian days suddenly to realize what a gulf separates the point of view of that generation (so near in the mere passage of years) from our own.

There is no subject in which the gulf looms wider than on the whole question of the reasons which may make it right, in some cases, for high-minded and unselfish people to refrain from marriage.

The Old-fashioned Way

In the old-fashioned novels the course of true love is constantly being held up by a scrupulous sense of duty to the elder generation. The affectionate and dutiful daughter whose parents would be left lonely by her marriage takes it as a moral axiom that she must put them before her lover. It never seems to strike her or anyone else that the parents, after all, had their innings in their own youth, and that it is hard that a height of self-abnegation should be required of her that the father and mother did not themselves practise. Nor was it only parents who were supposed to have such sacred and merciless rights over the happiness of the young, for in this competition of filial devotedness the palm must be given to a certain saintly Helen in a story of Miss Yonge's, who is held up as a pattern because she wore away all her youth and health looking after an imbecile grandfather (perfectly able to pay for suitable attendance), and died of the long strain before ever she could marry the faithful lover who had waited for her for many years.

The Baby's Rights!

Nowadays it is only in very exceptional circumstances that anybody feels it a duty to remain single for the sake of the elder generation. On the other hand, the rights of the unborn loom more and more largely in the modern point of view of the whole marriage question.

In mid-Victorian times it never seems to have struck anybody that the unborn had any rights! Take the amazing case of the hero of "Alice for Short," for instance. (It is true that the book was not actually written in mid-Victorian days, but the scene is laid in that period, and as William de Morgan remained to the end of his life atypical a Victorian as Dickens or Thackeray, he can be taken as a safe guide to the manners and ways of thinking that prevailed while he was in his prime.) The young artist in "Alice for Short" becomes entangled with a girl who is plainly undesirable and with whom he is not even really in love. He finds her out in a lie and breaks off the engagement, but the girl invents an ingenious story that she was driven into the falsehood in order to conceal their family tragedy—the fact that the father is a homicidal maniac! Now comes the almost inconceivable part of the business. Instead of thanking Providence a thousand times more fervently that he was well quit of marrying into such a family, as any sane modern would do in the circumstances, this astonishing mid-Victorian actually renews the betrothal, because in such a pitiful case the girl was really not much to blame for her fib! In the whole affair not so much as one thought of his probable future children seems to have crossed his mind, not one single scruple at presenting them with such a terrible heredity!

Prevent the "Unfit" Marrying?

To-day we have moved so far from that irresponsible standpoint that it is seriously proposed in many quarters that the State should step in with legislation to prevent the "unfit" from marrying. Not long ago someone wrote to a daily paper coolly advocating that a law should be passed stringently forbidding the marriage of consumptives. Not only that, but should any of these unhappy State-made celibates find

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the impulse of ordinary human nature too strong for their self-control and produce illegitimate offspring, the babies were to be painlessly put to death at birth!

That such a letter—advocating a plan which, on its proposer's own showing, would be bound to lead to immorality and could only be made effective for its object by a system of child-murder—should ever have appeared in a newspaper, a large proportion of whose readers are strong Nonconformists, is a sufficiently startling sign of the lengths to which the promoters of this new tyranny of the unborn are prepared to go if the rest of us stand still and let them.

And against the tyranny of the unborn there will be no appeal. In the old days when sons and daughters, especially daughters, were expected to immolate themselves for their parents, there was at least the chance—indeed the probability, since it is the instinct of normal parents to be unselfish—that papa and mamma might themselves intervene and forbid the sacrifice. With the unborn there can be no such happy way out as that.

Long centuries ago the world woke with a groan to find itself Arian. Will our modern world presently be awaking with a groan to find itself—eugenist? It will, unless we bestir ourselves to expose the fallacies of this new heresy which its adherents are coolly trying to palm off on us as the only orthodoxy.

What are the assumptions on which they base their case? The first is to take for granted that the most important end of marriage is the production of healthy citizens for the State.

The Prayer Book View

No part of the Prayer Book has been more severely criticized of late years than the sentence stating that marriage was ordained firstly for the procreation of children to be brought up in the fear and nurture of the Lord. Well, this point of view at least puts the matter in the light of eternity, and surely it is to strain at a gnat and swallow a camel if we are to wax indignant at the suggestion that marriage was above all intended to produce fit citizens to live for ever in a kingdom which is to last eternally and then meekly to accept the doctrine that what does really matter is the production of physically sound citizens for an earthly state which may be "one with Nineveh and Tyre" in the course of a few more centuries, and to which in any case no indi-

vidual among its citizens can matter for more than a few brief years!

Besides, the Prayer Book does at least recognize love as one of the causes for which marriage was ordained. The thorough-going eugenist, on the other hand, appears to take little more account of love than if it were a question of mating animals to produce a useful strain of horses or cows.

In the ideal world of the eugenist—a world in which all lovers would have to appear before a medical board in order to obtain a marriage licence—some of the most perfect unions that have ever been known would have been ruled out as illegal. Take the Browning marriage, for instance. Poor Elizabeth Barrett would certainly have been condemned to celibacy as "unfit," and one of the most beautiful love-stories in human history would have missed its happy ending.

Surely we could ill afford to banish so much of the romance and beauty from life, even if by so doing we should succeed in producing a somewhat higher percentage of fit mediocrities.

For it would not only be in romance that the world would stand to lose could all its "unfit" be prevented from ever coming into existence by a yet more officious and inquisitorial younger sister of Dora; there would also be a descent of the general average of personality farther into mediocrity, and this for more reasons than one.

Overdone Eugenics?

In one of his novels Wells shrewdly remarks on the lack of vitality and brilliance which generally characterizes the children of those who have loved not well but too wisely. A too careful attention to eugenic considerations before choosing a husband or wife might well have much the same result in this respect as a too careful attention to bank balances.

Even apart from this probability, however, certain forms of unfitness appear in many cases to be closely connected with genius or outstanding qualities of character. Take consumption, for instance. Never did a more brilliant blaze of genius in one quiet family astonish the world than in the case of the Brontës, who one after another died of it. Keats among poets, Aubrey Beardsley among artists are only two more names chosen at random from men of genius whom the same disease marked as its own. Many, too, among consumptives are those

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whose genius has been for "the beauty of holiness," so that the French have actually named the malady the "mort des saints." Of these were the de la Ferronays, whose moving story is told in the pathetic "*Récit d'une Sœur*." One after another of that devout, amusing, enthusiastic, altogether fascinating circle fell a victim to consumption.

Should Mad Geniuses Mate?

Of all the hereditary curses with which the human race is afflicted lunacy is one of the very worst—yet lunacy, like consumption, is sometimes closely linked with genius. Hans Andersen's grandfather was mad. The poets Cowper and Blake were themselves mad. There was lunacy in Charles Lamb's family.

Another consideration that the fanatical eugenicist leaves out of count is the fact that Nature herself, if she is given any chance, persistently makes for health. That is to say, if an unsound stock mates with a sound one, there is a strong tendency in the course of a generation or two to revert to a healthy normal. (Perhaps the one exception to this rule is actual mental deficiency, which seems to have a fatal aptitude to reappear as a "dominant.") That this law of reversion to health really exists is proved by the simple fact that families tainted with lunacy, epilepsy, or what not are to-day in a small minority instead of a great majority. As we have seen, people were so utterly careless in such matters up to even a generation or so ago that there can be very few of us who, did we but know every single one of our ancestors for, say, two centuries back, would find no lunatics or epileptics among them.

Ought those who have an inheritance of insanity, then, to marry with the light-heartedness of our forbears of old times? That by no means follows. Insanity, even if it never actually develops, but remains a mere probability, brings such terrible unhappiness—far more nowadays when everybody is more or less alive to the workings of heredity than when people still treated such matters fatalistically—that few thoughtful folk would think of denying that the nobler, more unselfish line in such cases is to refrain from marriage if, after full consultation of expert opinion, it appears that the danger of transmission is a grave one. The fact that the taint will probably be bred out in the course of two or three generations at most, and that in a good

number of cases insanity is allied to genius, makes all the difference from the point of view of the interest of the race as a whole and of its right to interfere, but it cannot be regarded as compensating for the heavy curse of such an inheritance to those in the immediately succeeding generation who must bear the misfortune individually.

Still, the question of marriage or not, in this and kindred cases, must be left entirely to the conscience of the man or woman to whom it falls to make the heroic sacrifice, if one is to be made. All that the rest of us, of whom no such self-abnegation is demanded, have the right to lay down as an absolute duty is the obligation of perfect frankness with the other party to the decision.

What can be Done

And is there nothing then that the community as a whole can do towards abolishing that great mass of congenital unfitness, physical and mental, which lies like a weight on the nation's shoulders? On the contrary, there is a very great deal.

It could provide safe and happy homes for that class of mentally defective woman who comes into the workhouse infirmary each year for the purpose of contributing one more illegitimate baby to the next generation of the feeble-minded. There are colonies for these unfortunates in Belgium, under the care of the religious orders, and the inmates are made so contented that, though they are free to leave, they never wish to do so.

It could abolish slums, end the smoke nuisance in cities, and insist on a pure milk supply—three measures which would make tuberculosis practically as extinct as typhus or plague in this country within a generation or two.

Above all, it could put far more vigour and intelligence into the warfare against drunkenness and immorality—two factors which, could we but go to the roots of things, probably account between them for by far the greater proportion of hereditary unfitness, whether physical or mental.

By the adoption of these methods the nation could speedily cure at least nine-tenths of its hereditary degeneracy—so it seems gratuitous to rob our fellow-creatures of their dearest human right by inaugurating a new tyranny of the unborn compared with which the old tyranny of the elders was but as the scourging with whips to the scourging with scorpions.



"The sudden illumination of his face had been so marked
that the men scarcely knew what to make of him"—p. 487

Drawn by
W. E. Wightman

A Free Passage

The Call of the Motherland

By

Ellen Ada Smith

HE had lost sense of time and of distance; he only knew as he had known for months that he must reach England or die of the longing for it. He had tramped hundreds of miles, finding every night that hospitality which Australians invariably yield to the sundowner. He accepted that and also food for his daily journey, but he would never take money, although it was often offered him. The women especially were very kind to him, and although sundowners represent almost every class, there was something about this man which appealed to their pity.

For quite obviously he was weaker than his task, and his money nearly exhausted if not quite, and only the strength of his purpose kept him going. But fifty miles from Melbourne that strength failed him, and he knew he could reach no harbourage for the night. Utterly mastered by physical fatigue, and with his fictitious strength all gone, he lay down almost in his tracks, too tired to light a fire for the making of billy tea, or for cooking the bit of mutton presented to him by his hostess of the morning.

Even his nostalgia had slipped away, leaving only the desire for sleep, and if the price of that sleep had included never waking from it he would cheerfully have yielded himself to it. He had no blanket to protect himself against the chill of the night, but that did not trouble him; nothing troubled him, and in less than two minutes after his strength had given out he was oblivious to everything, wrapped in deep slumber.

He had been asleep more than two hours when a mounted man, leading a pack-horse by the bridle, drew rein to look down upon the sleeper curiously. Having engrossing affairs of his own to occupy his mind, the rider would certainly have passed on if he had not noticed something which gave him pause. Dismounting, he stooped over the sleeper and noted the extreme exhaustion of the whole figure, but he noted something more, the something which had arrested him for a closer inspection. The sleeper, save for the pallid exhaustion of his face, bore a

marked resemblance to the one bending over him; they might quite easily have been brothers, for the handsome features were so similar, the colour of the hair and the shape of the two heads almost identical. The horseman sat back on his heels thinking deeply.

"Now I wonder what the colour of his eyes are, because that's vitally important, more important even than the way he is going, because that might be manipulated, but the eyes can't be faked; not in the Bush anyway."

His own eyes were a handsome dark grey, almost black when the pupils dilated. He spoke aloud, perfectly aware that the sleeper was too far away to hear him. The newcomer laid a light touch upon the other's wrist and felt the failing pulse.

"About down and out, I take it. He's no use to me dead, because they might not find him for weeks, but alive I have an idea he can be supremely useful to me."

Rising to his feet, he hobbled his horses not very handily and kindled a fire, like a novice more than an experienced hand. His cooking was rough but his materials good; having completed his preparations he shook the sleeper awake with some trouble.

The man forcibly awakened, whose sleep had been too deep for dreams, was at first only conscious of eyes staring into his, and he turned his head restlessly as though to avoid them. But the other had seen enough, and relaxing his attitude spoke after a friendly fashion.

"My friend, I didn't like that sleep of yours; I felt doubtful about your waking on the right side. You need a good meal, and even a poor companion is better than none. Solitude is the very devil, and solitudes like this give me the pip."

He seemed to mean this heartily, and the sweep of his hand indicating the vast extent and silence of the Australian Bush was almost tremulous. The man on the ground, still dazed with sleep, looked round upon the hobbled horses, the crackling, cheerful fire, abundant display of creature comforts; then with the languor of what the Scotch term

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being "far through," he looked at the man on the spot.

"I would rather you hadn't waked me," he said wearily.

"Nonsense! You won't say that when you have had some hot coffee and some slices of Paysandu ox tongue; it's better than the cursed tough mutton."

This friend in need was quite right. The coffee, brandy strong, was a better stimulant than brandy itself; the nourishing meal, although most of it was tinned, thoroughly appetizing. Quite evidently the pack-horse had its uses, and two excellent cigars crowned the repast.

"You travel like a prince," said the man who had been waked against his will.

"And you don't," answered the other almost with a laugh. "A bit down on your luck, eh? My name is Trench; at your service, as you see."

"And mine is Palmer; your debtor, as you see."

"Don't mention it," returned Trench. "Your company is cheap at the price, and I may have reason to be grateful to you before we are through. Where are you bound?"

"For England, if I can ever get there. I had given up all hope of it two hours ago. Now your good cheer has drugged me into hopefulness again. If I can only reach the little haven where I was born, death or life won't matter."

Trench regarded him rather exultantly. "Now that's odd, isn't it? I never want to see the cursed British Isles again, and I'll take jolly good care I never do. If you are so fond of them, why did you quit?"

Ordinarily Palmer was intensely reserved, as most sad people are, but the cup of strong coffee had rather roused him, so that human companionship and weakness combined made him garrulous. The sun had set and the Southern Cross was beginning to show itself in the clear vastness of the sky.

"I ran amuck at college. As a lad of nineteen my English career was over. I was shipped to Australia to make good; that was sixteen years ago. To me it seems an eternity of exile."

"Then you aren't a remittance man and you haven't made good?"

"I chose not to be a remittance man, and I haven't made good. Twice I was robbed of my savings; once my farm was burnt over my head, and finally a drunken gold digger mistook me for another man and put a bullet through me, which meant months in a hos-

pital. If it hadn't been for that bullet I should have reached the coast long, long before this."

The other man nodded, almost as if the account was satisfactory to him.

"What was the bust up at college? You needn't mind me."

"Gambling—and a woman; the wrong sort of woman, you understand."

Trench nodded again. "So now, being fed up, you are bound for the fatted calf?"

"Nothing is farther from my intentions. The home ties were broken when I was sent away, and after my mother's death correspondence ceased. Relatives can't help changing to you when you've brought disgrace upon them. I don't know how many I have left, but I should never seek them. The things that don't change to you are the sunny uplands where you first heard the larks sing, the familiar grass-bordered roads which always led home at the end of the day, the primrose hedges of the pleasant fields—such little neighbourly fields so sweet with clover. It is those changeless friendly faces which haunt the exile and draw him back, if it's only to die."

"Don't be a silly ass," retorted the other sharply. "You are a younger man than I am, only you don't look it."

The fire had been replenished, and as Trench lit a second cigar the flaring match showed up his handsome features and brilliant eyes. Palmer watched him after a slightly puzzled fashion.

"I certainly don't look it, I am quite sure. Do you know, your face seems familiar to me somehow. I feel as if I'd seen it before."

Trench laughed as he threw the match away.

"You saw it the last time you looked in a looking-glass. We might be brothers, and I spotted the likeness at once."

Palmer looked again, and despite the generous hospitality, the flattering resemblance, he felt distinctly glad that here was no brother of his. Yet he could not have explained why he had this feeling, except that the man was very nervy and not reposeful.

"In point of age," he said, "I am sure I could only be your great-uncle or something of that kind. Are you expecting anyone to join you?"

"Anyone to join me? Not a soul. What the dickens made you think I was?" He used such language because he was jumpy. He

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was probably unused to the solitude of vast spaces, and they tried him.

"Because you keep looking back on the way you came."

"You were sleeping like the dead. You don't know which way I came."

Palmer disarmed obvious suspicion by indicating the remains of their feast.

"Melbourne or Sydney, and Melbourne is only sixty miles away."

Trench eyed the broken meats rather gloomily.

"I dare say it would be safer to chuck them for the mutton and billy tea. I see that in the Bush one ought to do as the Bushmen do. Is my get up all right, because I don't want to be robbed?"

Palmer admitted that the breeches, shirt and slouched hat were quite in order, but a little too smart and new for the old hand.

"You don't tone into the landscape as I do. Anyone would know at the first glance that I hadn't seen a township for a decade at least."

"I suppose they will hang together a bit longer?" Trench suggested. "How did you mean to make England?"

"I hoped to work my passage, but I am afraid that is off for the present. I don't see my way, but as long as I can crawl I shall keep going."

Trench regarded him, but there was no real sympathy in his eyes, only a dilated brilliance.

"I can't manage to pay your passage," he said, "but I can give you a leg up with five pounds."

Palmer was genuinely astonished and somewhat self-reproachful, for it is one thing to give a man bite and sup where



"He thought his cup was full, but it overflowed when Priscilla came on board to welcome him home"—p. 488

Drawn
by
W. E. Wightman

there is plenty, but five pounds from one stranger to another is not unlike real generosity. So dazzling an offer tempted Palmer sorely, but he remained true to the rule which had governed him for sixteen years.

"That is remarkably good of you, Mr. Trench, but although I have partaken of your hospitality, I draw the line at taking your money. I dare say to you it seems a distinction without a difference, but some ships have only one anchor left; when that goes—"

"Please don't preach," said the other impatiently. "For the moment I thought you were in earnest about getting back to England."

"In earnest!" repeated Palmer passionately. "It's only the hope of seeing England again that keeps me alive!"

This was quite true, and of set purpose Trench kept silence, seeing how soon the overtired man would sink into slumber again. But this time it was less the sleep of

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exhaustion than of rest, and he did not wake until the dawn.

Palmer waked to find the level sunrays dazzling his eyes. He felt refreshed and not cold, because he had been carefully covered with a travelling rug. Raising himself on his elbow he looked round in amazement, for the hobbled pack-horse was nibbling near him. There was food left in abundance, and a change of clothes, obviously new but greatly resembling the ones Trench had worn himself. Palmer instantly decided that nothing should induce him to put them on, but he found he had to because his own had been slit this way and that by a sharp knife and were no longer wearable. Trench and the horse he rode had totally disappeared, and after an early breakfast Palmer mounted the horse, whose load had been considerably lightened, and proceeded in the direction of Melbourne. In the pocket of the riding breeches he found a five-pound note and a few hastily pencilled words.

"Don't be a silly ass, but take what the gods provide. On reaching Melbourne, if you go to the P. and O. Office, mentioning my name, David Trench, you might hear of something to your advantage, possibly a free passage home. Good luck. I was let in over the horse; he may manage Melbourne, but I doubt it."

The horse was a sorry beast, but more capable of carrying Palmer than Palmer was of carrying himself. Receiving nightly hospitality, it took the couple three days to reach Melbourne. Physically, Palmer was conscious of being a very sick man; mentally, the ecstasy of knowing himself nearing the coast was like the exaltation of some powerful drug.

It was only very occasionally that he remembered Trench at all, but when he did it was to realize that, despite all his eccentric generosity, he had disliked the man from that first waking moment when the cold, handsome eyes had stared so starkly into his. He disliked to think of the likeness between them which undoubtedly existed, and was relieved to think it merely accidental. But he decided to use the name as a sort of introduction to the shipping agents, as it might be just a stepping-stone if nothing more.

The first sight of the sea, at once a boundary and yet the path of his desire, made him giddy with hope and fear. He had lost count of time, but he knew that he had come nearly a thousand miles, as he knew that he was too spent for any form

of manual toil, and almost penniless, for he would not reckon upon the five pounds which Trench had given him.

His first care was to have the horse humanely destroyed, because it was so nearly at the end of its tether. Then he presented himself at the shipping office, where his well-cut breeches and coat were tentative credentials of respectability. The clerk appraising him sharply asked what he could do for him?

So infinitely much hung upon the next few moments that Palmer had difficulty in steadying his voice.

"I want to get to England. I haven't the passage money, but if you are short-handed in the stewards' department——"

He had to pause, for he was suddenly breathless, and the clerk's official interest went out like a spent match.

"Nothing doing," he answered with cold brevity. "And by the look of you the hospital would be more in your line."

His manner was hopeless, but Palmer, being desperate, tried again.

"I've had a sick spell, that is why my cash is low. I was told that if I mentioned the name of Mr. David Trench, whom I met three days ago, that your office might consider my application."

The clerk stared at him blankly.

"Mr. David Trench! Never heard of him!" Then he turned to a fellow clerk deep in lading invoices. "Do you know anything of the name, Densham?"

Densham, rising from the depths of his invoices, shook his head and looked at Palmer. "Name not known. The gentleman must have been pulling your leg."

Palmer clutched desperately at the counter to save himself from falling, but he went down, and his first moment of returning consciousness included the words, "doubling on his tracks." They gave him some brandy, but he thought they looked at him strangely, which under the circumstances perhaps was not surprising. As soon as he was sufficiently recovered to walk he did his best to find a lonely spot by the sea, and because of the fever of his baulked longing, and the strain of physical weakness, he wept like a woman. If England's only welcome for him had been a grave in the sunny little green world of his childhood he would have gone to her thankfully, for the loneliness of his life had been crushing.

Having to find some sort of lodging for the night, he was making his slow way back into the town, when he felt an impera-

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tive hand upon his shoulder and heard a still more imperative voice.

"Morgan Boyd, I arrest you in the name of the law!"

Startled, he turned to face two strangers, but he took the affair calmly, for he was too far through for much added emotion.

"You are making a mistake," he told them. "My name is Palmer—Frank Palmer—and I only arrived from the interior this morning."

The detectives ranged themselves one on each side of him, and the spokesman drew out a photograph and showed it to him.

"Naturally, you do not call yourself Morgan Boyd, but you can hardly deny that this is a photograph of yourself in full health?"

Palmer examined it and was suddenly enlightened. No wonder Mr. Trench had so ardently desired to expedite his arrival in Melbourne. He—Palmer—was to be the red herring across the scent, entirely diverting the hunt from the real culprit. For the last few months Palmer hadn't been much in the way of newspapers, and he had only the vaguest impression of Morgan Boyd as a fraudulent person on a large scale. He told his plain tale to the detectives, for he saw no reason to screen Boyd on account of his interested kindness, but they received it with entire scepticism, and Palmer saw his last forlorn chance of seeing England slipping away into nothingness. Even when he had wept his heart out he had been at least a free man; now he was a prisoner, the most hopeless exile there can be.

He could call no witnesses; they were all too far off. He had told them he was not the man they wanted, had attested his entire innocence, but his assertions had no weight. So he became silent, because real despair has no language.

"You are in custody on an extradition warrant, of course," said the detective. "You will be tried in England."

Tried in England! It was like water to a man dying of thirst, and with a gesture of which he was probably unconscious, the prisoner stretched his arms towards the great bright sea.

"England! Thank God for that!"

The sudden illumination of his face had been so marked, and his ejaculation so earnest, that the men scarcely knew what to make of him.

"And you still assert that you are not Morgan Boyd?" asked one of them. The prisoner hesitated.

"I reserve my defence," he answered.



"We shall have to let him up on deck," said the surgeon, "or you will not land him alive. He is in a very weak and critical condition, although he does not realize it."

This was true, because Palmer realized hardly anything except that he was going home to England. His present position as a prisoner troubled him not at all; the absurd possibility of trial and conviction rarely intruded upon his thoughts, and at no time caused apprehension. He was innocent of any offence against the law, and he was going home! Quite possibly he was the happiest soul on board the ship, but all his artificial strength had left him, and the reaction of long effort was severe, although he did not suffer. So they brought him up on deck and gave him the utmost care in order that justice might not be cheated. Only the captain, the surgeon, and the detective in charge knew for certain that he was being taken to England to stand his trial, but there may have been suspicions, for few spoke to him, and the detective was nearly always by his side. Palmer had no wish to speak to anyone; it was enough for him to know that every turn of the powerful screws brought him closer to home; that the white wake thrashed into foam was the ever-lengthening road leading back from exile. After Suez his strength seemed to come back with a rush, but he was just as quiet, just as lost in his own beatitude.

At Marseilles several passengers joined the ship, and one of them, an elderly lady travelling with her maid, took particular notice of the man who appeared oblivious of everybody. Before the day was out she approached him with a tentative graciousness.

"Surely I can't be mistaken in thinking you are Frank Palmer?"

He rose mechanically, but it took him a few seconds to bring his thoughts back from Greenaway, in that west country where he was born. He took the proffered hand doubtfully. "Yes, I am Frank Palmer, and you—why, you are Lady Denison!"

"I am Lady Denison, but I don't wonder that you hesitate about me after sixteen years. Frank, how could you have the heart to remain away so long and never even write?"

"Because I had nothing particularly cheerful to say. And after a bit it is only

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the exile who remembers; the others soon forget—and a good thing too."

"You have no right to say that, Frank—not of Priscilla at least."

The detective had given Lady Denison his deck-chair. They took no heed of him, but he stood behind, listening to every word, as was his duty.

"My cousin Priscilla!" And Palmer's face suddenly flushed. "Such a lovely girl as she was must have been married years and years ago. I expect she has sons at Eton!"

Lady Denison put her hand upon his. "Frank, you have so much to hear, and yet it is soon told. Priscilla has never married, and I feel sure that your boy and girl affair was real—on her side. When your uncle died he left you Greenaway Farm, feeling certain that sooner or later you would come home. Priscilla has been living there, waiting for you to claim it, and spending her own income. Now she hasn't any income left, for her money has been lost in Morgan Boyd's bogus companies. Unfortunately, her father believed in them."

Lady Denison's news was so stupendous to Palmer that he could hardly take it all in. Greenaway Farm his, and Priscilla still unmarried.

He found it impossible to grasp all that it meant to him, but he could allude to one rather unimportant detail.

"The odd thing is," he said, "that I am in custody on this ship as being Morgan Boyd himself."

"It can't be!" she exclaimed aghast; then her tone became doubtful. "Not that I wonder altogether at such a mistake occurring, for I saw the likeness in the newspaper portraits, and mentioned it to my husband. But in the first place you are much younger than Morgan Boyd."

"You wouldn't have thought so if you had seen us together."

"Lady Denison," said the keenly attentive detective, "I am in charge of this man;

may I have a few words with you in private?"

He addressed her with all the respect due to the wife of a British Ambassador, and no one heard him but the two concerned.

"If you are in charge of Mr. Frank Palmer," returned her ladyship promptly, "the sooner you and I have a heart to heart talk the better. But first of all I want to send a wireless."

They had their talk within seeing distance of the prisoner, who had already returned to his dream, glorified a thousandfold by what his old friend had just told him.



Before the ship reached Southampton Water Palmer was virtually a free man.

"Your demeanour on arrest rather puzzled us," the detective told him, "and to prevent any possible miscarriage of justice the Melbourne men followed up the clue you gave us. The first confirmation of your story was the finding of your clothes, hacked about with a penknife, then they picked up other clues from the ranches where you had stopped at night. The police have had a good hunt, but they've got him, and he's aboard ship. We shall have to keep a friendly eye upon you until he has been formally identified, but you will be compensated and given a free passage back if you wish."

Palmer laid a hand upon the other's shoulder. "My friend, it is through your most blessed mistake that I have been brought to the haven where I would be; and already I have been compensated above and beyond my deserts."

He thought his cup already full, but it overflowed when Priscilla came on board to welcome him home. She had changed even more than he, but they knew each other instantly, and as Palmer kissed her he felt the supreme joy and tenderness of having a dear loving woman to cherish and protect. Not even in his dreams had he pictured so joyful a home-coming.





Where the new discoveries were made

The tomb of Tutankhamen is situated in an unsuspected spot under the tomb of Ramesses VI

Finding a Pharaoh

Lord Carnarvon's Wonderful Discoveries
By Harold J. Shepstone

THERE is certainly something romantic in the finding of the tomb of a king who lived nearly 3,400 years ago. When to that we have to add that the king was a great Pharaoh who re-established an old religion and whose father-in-law, by refusing military aid to the tributary kings of Palestine, enabled the Israelites to settle in the Land of Canaan, it is clear that we are viewing the resting-place of no ordinary monarch. Not least, his tomb is a veritable palace patiently carved out of the living rock and boasts of chambers and lengthy corridors. More amazing still, these underground vaults are crowded with costly and wonderful works of art—gilded and elaborately carved couches, wonderfully chased seats and ivory boxes, a gorgeous, bejewelled throne, chariots, rare treasures, whose value is appraised at over £3,000,000.

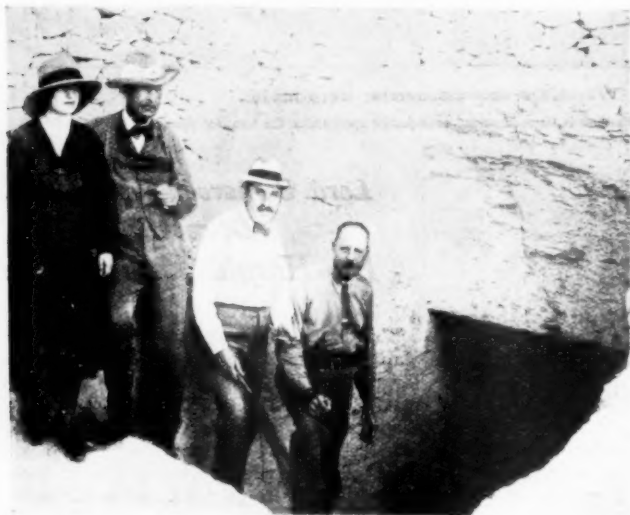
Such is the discovery recently made in the Valley of the Kings, at Thebes, in Upper Egypt, by Lord Carnarvon and his assistant, Mr. Howard Carter. They have, after some sixteen years of patient research, stumbled upon the sepulchre of King Tutankhamen, who ruled over this land between the years 1353-44 B.C., or nearly fourteen hundred years before the birth of our Saviour. It is a wonderful find and we can understand the impatience of scholars and others for a translation of the hieroglyphic inscriptions which adorn many of the articles in the tomb in the hope of learning something, not only of the manners, customs, religions and ambition of the people of those far-off days, but for the light they may throw on the sacred narrative.

To understand the position Tutankhamen occupies in history we have to remember

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that when he came to the throne Egypt had been suffering under a religious revolution. He married the youngest daughter of Amenhetep IV, or Akhenaten. This Pharaoh was the greatest religious reformer Egypt has seen. He denounced all the gods of Egypt—and they were certainly numerous—and substituted the worship of a single god, Aten, symbolized by the rays, or disc of the sun. His religious zeal so enraged the priests that he was forced to leave Thebes, his capital. He accordingly built another city, Tell el-Amarna, two hundred miles farther north.

It was among the ruins here that a number of tablets—three hundred in all—in the form of sun-dried bricks covered with cuneiform inscriptions, were discovered a few years ago, the most valuable historical record ever found in connexion with the Bible, for they fully confirm the historical statements in the Book of Joshua and prove the antiquity of civilization in Syria and Palestine.



On the Site of the Discoveries

(Left to right) Lady Evelyn Herbert (Lord Carnarvon's daughter), Lord Carnarvon, Mr. Howard Carter and Mr. B. Callender (principal assistant)

Photo: Topical

Among these records there are several letters from the petty chiefs of Palestine begging for military assistance against a new enemy. One letter from the king of Jerusalem reads: "The Habrai [Hebrews] have taken some of the cities of the king, send some troops; if no troops be sent this

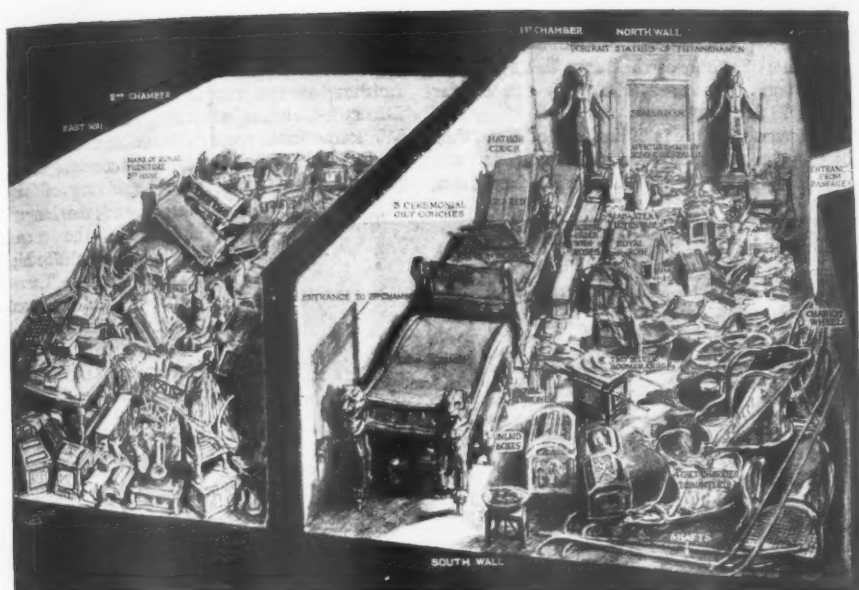
year, the whole of the land will be lost." There was no reply, nor were any soldiers sent. The second letter said: "The cities of Gezer, Ashkelon and Lachish are supplying the Hebrews with food. Caravans have been robbed. Pray send soldiers!" Evidently there was no reply to this letter. He sent a third letter in which he informed the king that Gezer had been captured by the Hebrews.

Thus is the pick and spade revealing to us some of the mysteries of ancient Egypt and in a wonderful way confirming the Bible story. Through the patience and perseverance of gallant bands of excavators we can to-day gaze upon the mummified remains of kings who talked and who had dealings with the old Bible heroes, and inspect buildings and monuments which must have been seen and known to the patriarchs of old. It is now generally agreed that the fresco at Beni-Hassan, which lies some 150 miles south of Cairo, represents the reception of Abraham at the court of the

then reigning Pharaoh. The pyramids of Egypt, her sphinxes, her temples, her tombs, the relics of her numberless gods and idols; her unique and fertilizing river the Nile, so frequently alluded to by Ezekiel, its mysterious overflow or "flood" which is mentioned by Amos, the necropolis and sepulchres of Memphis, referred to by the prophet Hosea, are all to-day conspiring to yield homage to the truth of the sacred Scriptures.

It is in the neighbourhood of Luxor, a thriving little township on the banks of the Nile, some five hundred miles above Cairo, where the tomb of Tutankhamen was found. A strange and fascinating place is Luxor, for it is in the midst of some of the grandest ruins in the world. Here stood ancient Thebes, a mighty and prosperous city, referred to in the Scriptures under the name of "No." It is the home of the earliest and grandest temples

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A Diagram of the Two Treasure-filled Chambers at the entrance to the sepulchre of
Tutankhamen

in the world, temples whose forms and whose columns were the origin of early Greek architecture and therefore of all the architecture of the classic world.

Behind these wonderful ruins, across a cultivated patch of land, lie a range of hills, and it is in the ravines here where the Pharaohs of Egypt were buried. King Tutankhamen's tomb is not far from Queen Hatshepsut's temple, and when we remember that she is now regarded as the Pharaoh's daughter who rescued Moses, some reference to this remarkable woman is appropriate. Until quite recently most scholars have associated Rameses the Great, or Rameses II, as the Pharaoh of the oppression. He was certainly a mighty conqueror and the greatest builder Egypt has known. Colossal statues of this monarch, carved out of single blocks of stones and weighing three to five hundred tons apiece in weight, are to be seen at Thebes and also at Memphis, not far from Cairo. The discoveries now make it more reasonable to suppose that Thutmose III was the Pharaoh of the oppression.

It was probably he who set task-masters over the Israelites. A picture was recently discovered, dating from his time, showing a number of men of Semitic type making

bricks under the supervision of a taskmaster. He caused to be erected the obelisk at Heliopolis, now known as Cleopatra's Needle, and which can be seen to-day on the Thames Embankment. It was to Heliopolis, referred to in Genesis as On, that Joseph and Mary fled with the infant Saviour, and as a child Christ may have played around the feet of this very monument.

If Thothmes III was the Pharaoh of the oppression, as is now generally accepted, Thothmes I must have been the Pharaoh at the time of Moses' birth, because when he appeared before the oppressor he was eighty years old. Now Thothmes I had a daughter who was a most remarkable woman and was associated with her father in the government. This daughter—Hatasu—shared the throne with Thothmes II, and during the minority of Thothmes III she ruled alone under the name of Queen Hatasu, or Hatshepsut.

Architecturally her temple is unlike any other. It consists of a succession of terraces and flights of steps rising one above the other and ending in a maze of colonnades and courtyards lifted high against the mountain-side. The Sanctuary, or Holy of Holies, to which all the rest was but as an

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avenue, is excavated in the face of the cliff some five hundred feet above the level of the Nile. In one of the large halls a stone altar was discovered, the only one so far found in Egypt.

She was the Queen Elizabeth of Egyptian history, a masterful woman and an explorer, who brought back with her from

is known as the Valley of the Kings. So far, some sixty tombs have been located, and some twenty of them are open to view to holders of the magic tickets sold by the Director-General of Antiquities in Egypt. We know from records found that it was the custom for each king to commence the erection of his tomb at the beginning of his

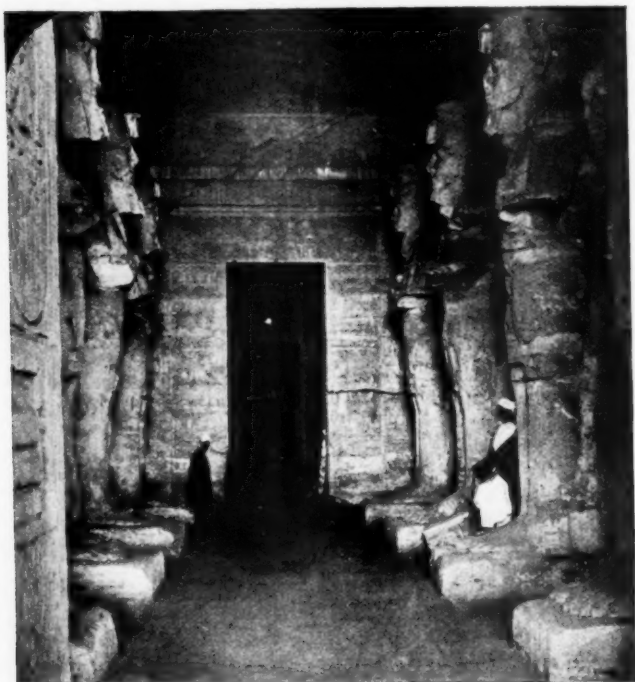
reign, and the longer he ruled the more elaborate would be his resting-place. There is much in common in their construction. Starting from an entrance almost hidden from the eye, the excavation would be carried on for a hundred or three hundred feet, this way, that way, up and down, with little chambers on this side and that, and hidden exits through the floor, until at last they reached the place where a king might lie. Let us imagine we have entered one of these tombs.

We pass the figure of the king standing before a god, surrounded with writings in praise of the sun. We move down a stairway with scores of figures of the sun-god on the walls and kneeling figures at the bottom. Through a

corridor painted with the journey of the boat of the sun we come to a chamber in which the king is pictured among his gods.

Through this is a hall with a roof supported by four columns, and on the walls are pictured the journey of the sun through the Underworld. A stairway hidden in the floor leads us to another corridor, with statues of kings painted on its walls, and to another room, in which the king is worshipping the gods. Beyond this is the burial hall.

It is hard to know, as we walk amazed through these incredible tombs, what it is that impresses us most. We think of the faith behind it all, centuries before the birth

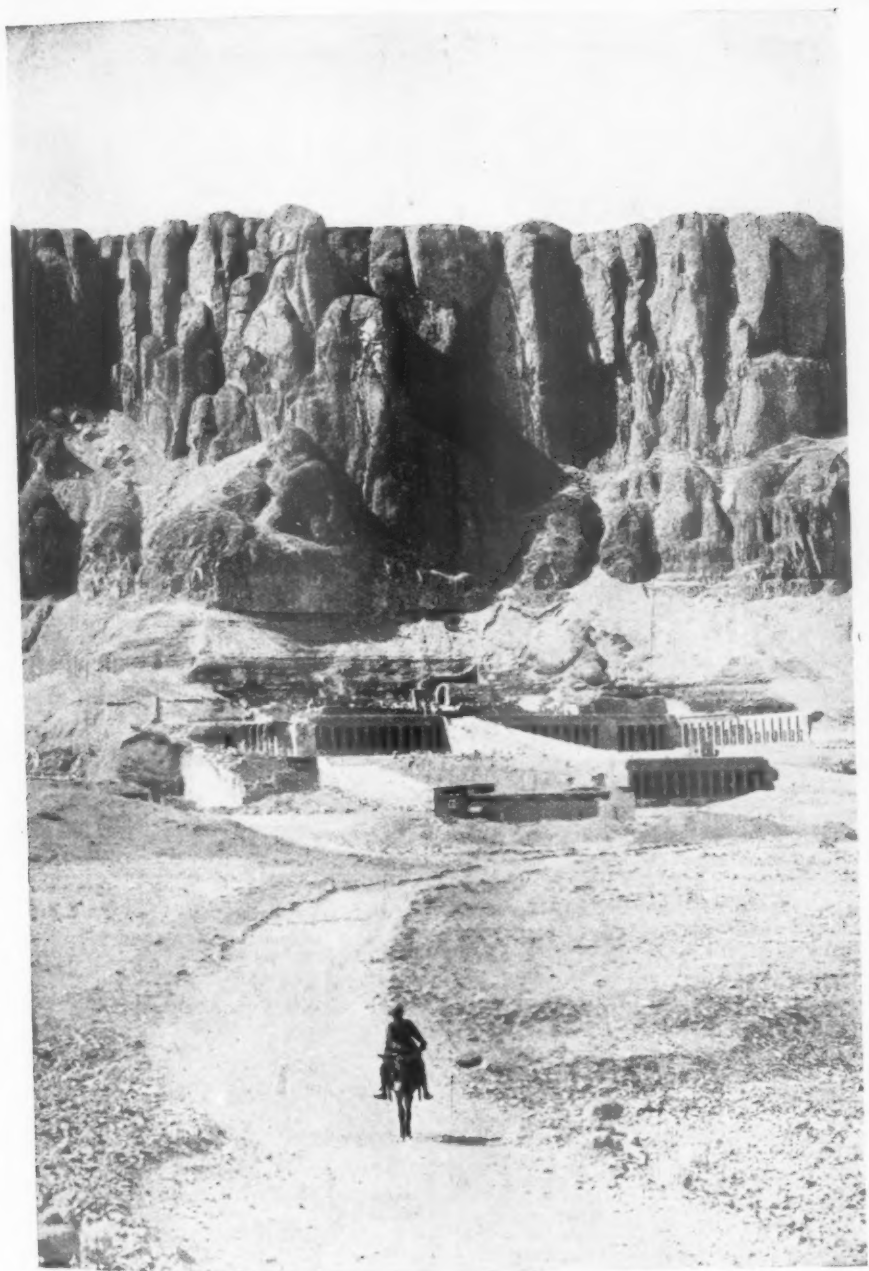


Effigies of Rameses at an entrance to a typical Egyptian tomb

Photo: Underwood

Nubia new plants, new inventions, new customs, new treasures, as she has herself told us in the wonderful reliefs in her great temple. She had a man's mind, and, to remind posterity of this, she left all her portraits with a man's beard, a deserved dignity—if it did add dignity—in those days, and her using it at all is evidence that it did. Her jealous brother, who succeeded her, erased, as far as he could, this badge of strong character, and we see his attempts at obliteration time after time in this city of indelible portraits in stone.

In the ravines at the foot of the limestone cliffs here some of Egypt's greatest rulers, those that reigned from 1580 B.C., to 1090 B.C., were laid to rest, and the spot to-day

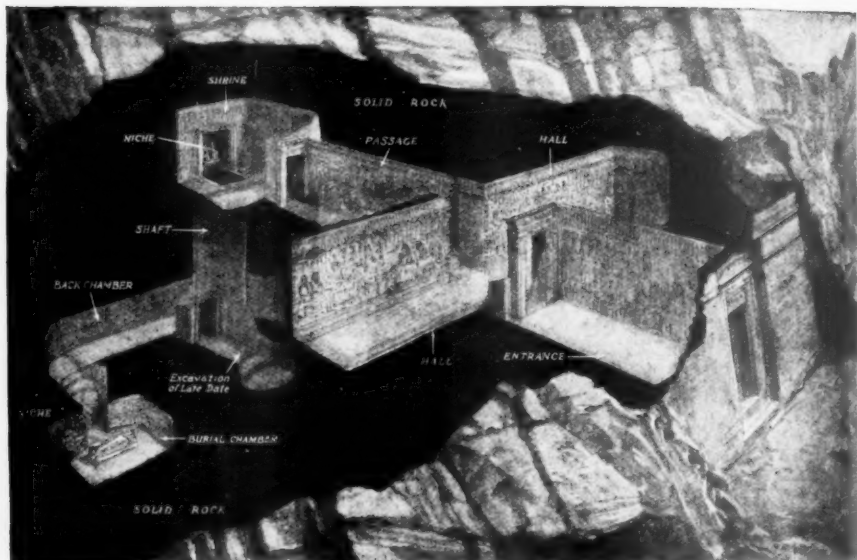


**Queen Hatshepsut's
Temple, Thebes**

*Photo :
Boyer*

Queen Hatshepsut is regarded as the Pharaoh's daughter who rescued Moses. The newly discovered tomb of Tutankhamen is near this spot.

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A typical example of an Egyptian tomb of the best Theban period—the tomb of Amenemhet, shown in section

of Christ. We think of the work of these artists, centuries before the days of Greece, and of the stupendous physical labour these immense tombs involved.

The builders and diggers were slaves, and behind them was a whip lest the tomb should not be ready for the king. How they got light as they penetrated deeper and deeper into the heart of the mountain nobody knows. It is thought they may have reflected sunlight with mirrors, and perhaps they used oil-lamps.

Some great brain, we may be sure, presided at the board of works; we see its ingenuity everywhere. We see it in the obscure entrance to these hidden palaces; nobody would guess that there was anything worth looking for there. We see it in the deep well which carried off water at the entrance and misled robbers who might come that way. They would not be likely to guess that the far side of the well opened into a passage.

The tombs mostly visited are those of Seti and Amenhetep II. Seti was the father of Rameses the Great, and he built the great palace at Karnak. His magnificent sarcophagus is one of the choicest treasures of the Soane Museum, in Lincoln's Inn Fields. It is nine feet in length and carved out of a single block of Oriental alabaster. It was

purchased by Sir John Soane for £2,000. The mummified remains of Seti can be seen to-day in the museum at Cairo as well as those of many other Pharaohs.

The Egyptians embalmed their dead because of their religious beliefs. They believed it necessary to preserve the body so that the soul could return to the human form after it had completed its cycle of existence, which varied from as low as three to as high as ten thousand years. In the case of an Egyptian of the fairly well-to-do class the method of treatment was as follows: An opening was made in the side of the body with a sharp stone, through which the softer parts were removed; the whole of the brain was then taken out without injuring the outer surface of the skull, and the body was soaked in mineral pitch. It was then wrapped in countless linen bandages and was sometimes again soaked in pitch. The pitch was boiling hot, as we infer from the linen and the bones being sometimes charred. The whole operation occupied seventy days. The body was then placed in a light coffin, which in turn was inserted into a heavier one of wood and perhaps a third made of stone. The coffins bore the name of the deceased and a sort of biography of his good deeds. The cost for such a burial would be about £240. It was in

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this way that the bodies of Jacob and Joseph were treated, and, as mummies, their bones were carried up out of Egypt and buried at Hebbon in the Promised Land.

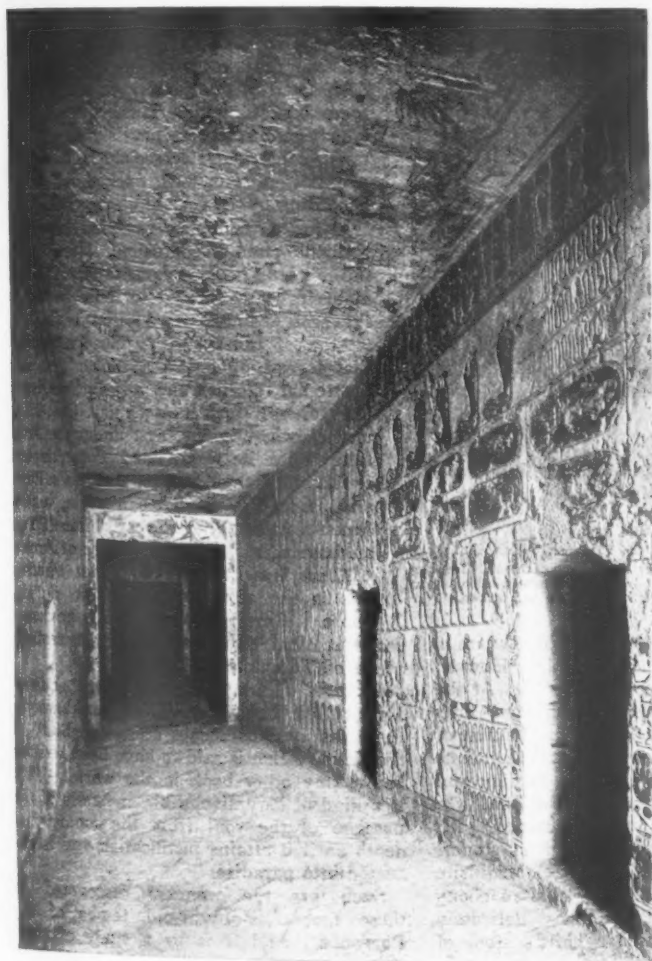
Seti's last resting-place, like all the others now open to inspection, is lit by electric light, and as you wander through the passages and chambers you are amazed at the beautiful colouring of the pictures that adorn the corridors and walls. Although done over three thousand years ago, they are as fresh as if executed yesterday. The pictures portray the dead king's virtues, his acts of beneficent rule, his great works.

They show his soul and his good and bad deeds being finally weighed in the balance and the result declared in his favour. The gold, the red, the blue, in adornment, in costume, the solemn figures whose prevailing tone is black, the proportions, the symmetry of the groupings, bespeak the work of true artists. And these pictures were done while our own ancestors were painted with woad and using stone implements!

In the tomb of Amenhetep II we find not only his coffin, but his mummified remains, the features of his face being illuminated by a bulb of electric light from behind.

When discovered, in 1898, the very flowers and wreaths placed on the coffin were there, preserved by the wonderful air in the tomb. Not only so, but the footmarks of those who had last left the tomb were plainly visible. Three bodies were also found in one of the passages, with their throats cut, preserved, like the flowers, by the air. They appear to have been left there as warnings to possible robbers of the consequences of desecration of the tombs. If so they may have been robbers themselves, or with the Egyptian prodigality of life where the great were concerned, they may have been slaves killed for this purpose. At all events they lie still in the antechamber and are described by the dragomen as servants of the king.

When a new



A typical underground passage
Entrance to the tomb of *Rameses IX*.

Photo :
Boyer

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tomb is found there is no guarantee that the mummified remains of the deceased, or even the treasures buried with him, will be brought to light. We know that during the incursions of the Syrians and in the days of Alexander the Great, the priests secretly removed the remains of many of the Pharaohs and hid them in rougher tombs beyond reach or suspicion, and there some of them have been found.



Bringing out the treasure

Photo: Topical

An ebony box covered with gilt and inlaid with bronze and ivory being removed from King Tutankhamen's tomb. The box contains what appeared to be either walking-sticks belonging to the King, his staffs of office, or bows and arrows.

The entrance to the tomb of King Tutankhamen was discovered by Mr. Howard Carter close to that of Rameses VI. At the time of writing the excavators have only penetrated into two chambers, in the first of which they found three magnificent state couches, all gilt, with exquisite carving and heads of Typhon, Hathor and the lion. On these rested beds, beautifully carved, gilt, inlaid with ivory and semi-precious stones, and also innumerable boxes of exquisite workmanship. There was a stool of ebony inlaid with ivory with the most delicately carved duck's feet; also a child's stool of fine workmanship.

Beneath one of the couches was the State Throne of King Tutankhamen, probably

one of the most beautiful objects of art ever discovered. There was also a heavily gilt chair, with portraits of the king and queen, the whole encrusted with turquoise, cornelian, lapis, and other semi-precious stones. Two life-sized bituminized statues of the king, with gold work holding a golden stick and mace, faced each other, the handsome features, the feet and the hands delicately carved, with eyes of glass and head-dress richly studded with gems. There were also four chariots, the sides of which were encrusted with semi-precious stones and rich gold decoration. These were dismantled, with a charioteer's apron of leopard's skin hanging over the seat.

There were also some exquisite alabaster vases with very intricate and unknown design, all of one piece, and some handsome blue Egyptian faience, and enormous quantities of provisions for the dead, comprising trussed duck, haunches of venison, etc., all packed in boxes according to the custom of the time.

A further chamber revealed an indescribable state of confusion. Here furniture, gold beds, exquisite boxes and alabaster vases similar to those found in the first chamber were piled high, one on top of the other, so closely packed that it was difficult at first to get into the room. Scenes and inscriptions upon his funeral furniture depict the king under both religions, first under the Aten faith, when he was named Tutankhaten, or Living Image of Aten or Sun's Disc, and, secondly, in Theban style, under Amen worship, where he calls himself Tutankhamen, or the Living Image of Amen.

There is a third chamber, but whether this is the actual sepulchre we do not know. Inscriptions found, however, make it clear that this is the last resting-place of Tutankhamen.

Pictures of many of the ancient gods of Egypt have been found in Tutankhamen's tomb, as well as scenes from the Book of the Dead, which is said to have been written before any other book in the world. This is a kind of Egyptian Bible and tells of the passage of the soul from the moment of death until it attains justification and is admitted into paradise.

Such are the wonders discovered in these thousands-of-year-old tombs of the Pharaohs. And it is by a study of their strange contents that we are enabled to read the past history of this wonderful land.

Things that Matter

No. 5.—*The Meaning of Providence*
By the
Rev. Arthur Pringle

UNLESS the hairs of your head are all numbered there is no God." This is George MacDonald's verdict; and, if we hold the Christian faith, there is no escape from it. The minutest as well as the greatest concerns of our life are, somehow, under divine care and control. To those who "love God"—who put Christian ideals before them and do their best to reach them—"all things work together for good." So we believe, or so, at least, we should like to believe; for the difficulty with very many to-day is to square such a belief with life as they know it.

What the War did

Six years ago, when things were almost at their darkest, Mr. Page, then American Ambassador in London, wrote to a friend: "The hills about Verdun are not blown to pieces worse than the whole social structure and intellectual and spiritual life of Europe." And at the time it did seem, and even now it still seems, to many people that the bottom has been knocked out of the great truths of our religion. Especially do they think that this applies to the belief in a providential ordering of the world. If they are right it must prove disastrous to any intelligent, helpful faith in God; for providence is very emphatically one of the "things that matter."

The whole problem needs examining afresh, but any who candidly bring their brains and heart to it will find that there is no need for panic. In this, as in all questions of religion, our mistake is in tying ourselves down to the ways in which other ages have looked at them, instead of thinking them out again in the light of present-day knowledge. Certain ideas of providence will have to be put aside and others will have to be readjusted; but I believe that, as a result, we shall find ourselves with a view that fits the facts of experience and lends a finer meaning to our own lives.

Suppose we begin by recalling how the idea of providence is presented in the Bible. The most casual reader can see that it is not the same all through. Under the guidance

of God the writers are evidently feeling their way to the light, and the truth only dawns on them gradually, until at last it is fully revealed in the words and life of Christ.

The Development of the Idea

It is extremely interesting to watch this development. First, as you would expect, comes the assumption that the righteous are bound to prosper and the wicked to suffer. And to this was added the conviction that God's own people, His "chosen" ones, were the special object of His care. Whoever else suffered, He would protect *them*. The ninety-first Psalm is a case in point. "A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee." It is said that, in the Great War, numbers of our soldiers went into battle with this same Psalm on them as a talisman, believing that it would give them immunity from all danger. This was their naive idea of providence; but the facts were against it, and multitudes of them, with their friends at home, suffered disillusionment. As one of the men, in rough-and-ready perplexity, remarked: "Bill prayed to God, but, all the same, his head was blown off." Or, as a mother wrote to me after having, within a few days, heard that one of her boys was missing and the other killed: "Pure in heart and upright in life, they, like me, implicitly believed in God's loving care and protection."

What the Bible Really Teaches

In these cases, and there are, of course, thousands like them, the shock to faith is largely due to a partial and erroneous view of what the Bible really teaches about providence. If only this had been candidly put to people long ago by the authorized teachers of religion, what misery would have been saved!

For the men of Bible days soon began to realize that, so far from being immune from trouble and misfortune, the righteous often suffer more than others. Their calculated selfishness and lack of scruple constantly shield the wicked from suffering which more

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sensitive and honourable people are unable to avoid. Thus in the Old Testament the confident assertion of the earthly happiness of the righteous has to give way to the plain fact that disaster often comes to them, while prosperity as often comes to the unrighteous. It is round this problem that the great poem of *Job* centres; and, indeed, whenever men think honestly on the meaning of life it is bound to come up. Goodness again and again brings suffering precisely because it means unselfishness and sacrifice.

Where is the Explanation ?

Where is the explanation of such a fact, which seems to go clean against what is right and fair? We make matters worse if we talk fluently to innocent sufferers about "the will of God," and suggest to them that "it is all sent for their good." We are inclined to put down many things to the will of God that are really the result of men doing what they know must be contrary to His will. This is not to deny that suffering often has a disciplinary and beneficial outcome; but it is far from being always the case, and we must look for a broader and more convincing solution.

Nor, if we study the Bible carefully, need we look far. Following suggestive hints in the Old Testament we come in the New Testament on a notable declaration of Paul's. Smarting under the humiliation of suffering that he knew he had done nothing to deserve, and, with all his sensitiveness to pain, hating it as much as you and I do, he at last found the key. Instead of shrinking from his sufferings he came to rejoice in them, because, through them, he helped to "fill up that which was lacking in the afflictions of Christ." Which is another way of stating the wonderful truth that all who suffer undeservedly, or sacrifice themselves for the right, are actually helping Christ to save the world. And, in our better moods, when we are able to take the true view of life, would we not say that providence could give us nothing greater than thus to share in the spirit and work of Christ?

Perhaps you do not feel sure enough of yourself to answer such a question right away. It may be a beautiful ideal, but, you say, it is too exalted to be fitted into "the trivial round, the common task." Let the question wait, then, while we have a closer look at how this whole problem of providence appears in the light of Christ's words and experience.

He teaches a radiant trust in God's care

for all His creatures—men, birds, and flowers—and He bids us live as though to-day and to-morrow and all the concerns of life were in the Father's hands. But with this He insists that nature knows no favouritism. The dangers of falling towers and other calamities threaten the righteous no less than the unrighteous, and the sun shines on good and evil alike. Also, Christ is constantly suggesting that God's providential care can never be a substitute for our own alertness and initiative. We have His warrant for a worthy and inspiring acceptance of the saying that "God helps those who help themselves." We have no right to be slack in business, dilatory or careless in discharging any of our responsibilities, relying on providence to make up for our neglect.

A Flabby Theory

Indeed, when you come to think of it, what flabby individuals we should become, and how all our powers would run to seed, if God's care for us meant that we need no longer take care of ourselves. We are in this world to grow into manhood and develop our finest possibilities, and this we could never do unless the demands of life were constantly stimulating us to watchfulness and effort. When Christ was tempted to cast Himself down from the temple, relying on divine protection, He replied: "*Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.*" Our way of saying the same thing would be: "It is wrong and foolish to tempt providence." Before we have any right to expect God to do His best for us we must do the best we can for ourselves.

But it is Christ's *experience* of providence, as well as His teaching about it, that seems to me to throw so much light on the question. We recall His words about the hairs of our head being numbered, about taking no thought for the morrow, and the rest of His teaching; but, as I have already suggested, the rub comes when we try to square them with the realities of everyday life. And it will help us here if we remember that in Christ's own experience precisely the same problem presented itself. God's providential care of Him did not prevent the agony in Gethsemane, the darkness of the cross, or the apparent failure of His life. *To all human seeming* the Master's experience was the greatest denial of providence the world has ever known.

Yet what is the real truth? In the light

THINGS THAT MATTER

of His influence on succeeding ages the darkness and agony and seeming failure are seen to be the things that most give Him His hold on men. With the sequel of the resurrection-glory they stand as an enduring witness of how what seems most unjust and disastrous may be the very thing that gives life its true worth and meaning.

Discipline all to the Good

This comes home, sooner or later, to all of us. We can see now, for example, from our "grown-up" point of view, that the greatest calamity that could have happened to us in our school days would have been for us to have been spared all discipline and allowed to shirk uncongenial and apparently useless tasks. And the same applies now that we are many stages further on in the school of life. When everything is summed up and seen in its true light, we may find that our lives have owed what is best in them to those very experiences that seemed most to contradict God's love.

Without pretending that the suggestions I have thrown out entirely solve this big problem, I hope they have done something to clear away misconceptions and to provide a view that will "work." The wrong and the right ways of talking of providence are well illustrated by two passages from the life of Robert Louis Stevenson: "On one occasion a pious crony of his grandmother's had fallen from an outside stair, and she recognized a special providence in the circumstance that a baker had been passing underneath with his bread upon his head. The grandfather's remark was that he would like to know what the baker thought of it." Exactly; when people talk glibly about this or that event being "providential"—meaning that they themselves have come off all right—they are apt to forget how it strikes others concerned who have not been so fortunate.

The "Unknown Steersman"

The truer way of putting it may be given in Stevenson's record of his own experience: "I was never conscious of a struggle, nor registered a vow, nor seemingly had anything personal to do with the matter. I came about like a well-handled ship. There stood at the wheel that unknown steersman whom we call God." That rings true to life as we know it. All the way through there seem to be a double set of forces at work—those that depend on our own thought and effort and those that are

beyond our control. Looking back on crises of our life, when we had to make momentous decisions, how often everything has been determined by some apparently haphazard circumstance or some inexplicable "impulse." It all brings us back to the fact that, while our own "rough hewing" can never be dispensed with, there is "a divinity that shapes our lives."

Providence works through Human Means

This implies further that providence continually works through human means: men and women—*ourselves*—are the channels through which God's love and care come to those who specially need them. In *Daddy Long Legs*, the dining-room of the orphanage has for inscription: "*The Lord will provide*": presumably an ironical suggestion that if the Lord *did* provide there would be no need of orphanages. Would it not be more sensible to put it the other way, and point to all institutions and people that stand for human kindness and help as instruments of divine providence?

There, anyway, is the finest key to our own lives—to regard them not as a terminus but as a channel. What most matters is not so much what happens to us as what happens *through* us.

The Quotation

Every human weakness, every social disorganization, every hindrance to our perfecting, lies before us, not as evidence of heaven's indifference, but as heaven's challenge to our own effort. We are to work out our own salvation, the only salvation that can be of any value to us. . . . Man must put out to sea, even with the chance of wreckage, for he will never become a sailor by remaining in port. And our faith goes so far as to believe that in this human voyage even his wreckage will not ruin him. For man's worst has its limitations, and contains in itself some subtle seed of recovery.

J. BRIERLEY.

THE PRAYER

O GOD, who hast commanded that no man should be idle, give us grace to employ all our talents and faculties in the service appointed for us. Cheerfully may we go on in the road which Thou hast marked out, not desiring too earnestly that it should be more smooth or more wide; but, daily seeking our way by Thy light, may we trust ourselves, and the issue of our journey, to Thee.

JAMES MARTINEAU.



BACK THREE THOUSAND YEARS

Marvellous Discoveries

IT is really good now and again to get away from the sordid and petty details of present-day life and lose oneself in, say, the fascinating story of the ancient Egyptians, a story which is once more recalled by the marvellous discoveries of Lord Carnarvon. The question of what the children shall wear next week, of how an irritating business problem shall be surmounted—these things of the moment too often rear their petty forms in front of our eyes, preventing our seeing life, big, vast, eternal. But here is a brief glimpse into another existence—far away from ours, thousands of years separated from our little trials and vexations. Here is a door opened, and we are onlookers at a moving pageant of life—life absorbing, complex, real as our own but enacted hundreds—thousands of years before first the Saxons set foot on our shores, or even the immortal legions of Rome went forth to conquer and to die. I say that it is well worth while forgetting our trials and troubles of the moment and putting ourselves in the place of some of the unnumbered multitudes who felt and thought and suffered in the land of the sun and rivers.

A Fascinating Story

In another part of this issue Mr. Harold Shepstone describes these interesting discoveries. To most of us the names of Tutankhamen and of Akhenaten are as unknown as those of their gods Amen-Ra and Aten. What is one false god more than another?

But a little study reveals a fascinating story, a story of what was, and what might have been. In our mind's eye we picture

the Pharaohs—cruel, despotic, the oppressors of the Old Testament, ruling harshly over their subjects, compelling their slaves to make bricks without straw and huge pyramids without cranes. But the Pharaohs were as dissimilar as were the Kings of England, and this new discovery calls to light a fascinating incident in the roll of the Egyptian autocrats. For Amenophis IV was a new kind of Pharaoh, young, a dreamer of dreams and one who meditated on things perhaps a little deeper than did his fellows. He, no doubt, was learned in all the ancient knowledge of the Egyptians, was taught their magic incantations and the intricacies of their mythology. But, quite early in his reign, he abandoned the ancient cult of his fathers and started the worship of the One and Only God. Thebes—ancient, prosperous Thebes—was abandoned, and the young Pharaoh (who changed his name to Akhenaten) built a new capital and instituted the new religion throughout the state. The new religion—"the Teaching," as it was called—breathed the purest and most exalted monotheistic spirit. The ancient Theban god Amen-Ra was cast down, and the One True God exalted. Where the idea came from one cannot tell, though there is a theory to which I shall refer later. Still the idea was there and the great Pharaoh adopted it.

The Might-have-been

One is intrigued with the might-have-been of the story. Like the much-married Henry VIII of our history, this Pharaoh's deflection might have been the turning point of history and religion. If he had had an Edward and an Elizabeth to succeed him the idea might have grown. The

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One True God of Egypt might have taken His place by the Jehovah of the Israelites: out of Egypt might have come knowledge and true worship. The Bible might have been written in hieroglyphics.

A Fleeting Vision

Alas! it was but a fleeting vision.

Akhenaten was but a visionary, an impracticable dreamer. Whilst he was causing his poems to extol the One True God, his machinery of government was neglected, his provinces unprotected, his army unsupported. Foreign enemies broke in from the south, his lands were plundered, his empire diminished, his greatness brought low. And soon another Pharaoh reigned in his stead. Reaction set in, Thebes was again made the royal city, and the worship of Amen-Ra re-established.

And the new King Tutankhamen was a heathen—but practical, energetic, a ruler and conqueror. He built up the greatness of Egypt once more, he supported the priesthood, worshipped the ancient gods, fought and conquered the ancient enemies. The "heresy" of Akhenaten was forgotten, it subsided like the ripple in the pond. His name was scratched out of the monuments, his religion cast forth.

The Pharaoh of the Oppression ?

So far is agreed. But now comes an interesting conjecture. Mr. Arthur Weigall, late Inspector-General of Antiquities under the Egyptian Government, claims that so far from the Israelites having already departed to the Promised Land, the Exodus dates back to this very period of Tutankhamen or his immediate successor. The chronology of the period is vague, but Mr. Weigall has come across evidences of a great "cleansing" of the alien Semitic element in Egypt, which had been in favour at the time of Akhenaten. Akhenaten may well, indeed, have been in touch with Moses, and have influenced the monotheistic movement which revealed God for the first time in human history as the loving Father of all mankind. Mr. Weigall, in his "Life and Times of Akhenaten," shows clearly that Akhenaten's hymn to Aten, and the Biblical hymn to Jehovah, now known as the 104th Psalm, are one and the same composition. Mr. Weigall therefore contends that "the Pharaoh of the Oppression, who knew not Joseph," was thus this very Tutankhamen, whose tomb, after a lapse of more than 3,000 years, has been found; and

Ay or Horemheb was the Pharaoh whose host was drowned in the Red Sea. (He himself was not drowned, as the hymn of Moses given in Exodus xv. plainly tells.)"

Perhaps we shall know more when the tomb is opened, as it may be by the time these lines appear.

Anyhow, a brilliant, clever king was Tutankhamen. He reigned in triumph and lived gloriously. And in due time he was laid to rest with all the pomp and ceremony that only the ancient Egyptians could achieve. He was laid in his last resting-place, with his gorgeous throne, his walking sticks of gold and precious stones, his fine linen, his food and raiment. And for three thousand years and more his body has dwelt in that lonely tomb until the hand of the excavator knocked the other day at the entrance and the light of day penetrated the darkness.

An Act of Faith

The Egyptians were a wonderful race: no other people have or could have erected those marvellous "houses of eternity" which last even to our time. Of course the climate of Egypt has helped, but it was the idea at the back of their practice which has preserved the bodies so incredulously, the faith that has achieved the seemingly miraculous.

Why did the Egyptians preserve the bodies of their kings so that they should last practically for ever?

Undoubtedly it was faith in the immortality of the soul that dictated the mummification of the body. Those ancient people simply could not conceive of annihilation; it seemed incredible to them that with the coming of death man should cease to be. The soul must pass on somewhere. In the body, or out of the body, it must have a place. Therefore in the western desert, near the place where every night they saw the sun sink to rest, they erected their houses of rest for the great dead. They did not know, but they imagined that in the vast mysterious region of the dead the departed ones would still need some of the things of the body to minister to their needs and comforts. Food—the body would need this first of all, so food was placed in vessels near the body. Raiment would be required, servants to minister to the comfort of the great one—and even, by a curious thought, "doubles" of the dead—little, life-like statues—to perform menial operations that

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might be required of the dead but which, of course, would be distasteful to their greatness. They did not know, only believed, those ancient people; therefore they preserved the bodies of the departed against that great day when once more body and spirit should be reunited. So we have the great Pyramids—the greatest tombs of all the ages, erected to preserve the bodies of their mighty ones against the ravages of all time.

Selfish, if not Cruel

If the religion of Egypt reveals faith it must be admitted that in its operation it meant incredible selfishness and not a little cruelty. For these everlasting tombs were not erected in pious grateful memory of the dead; they were put up by the living, to make sure of their own individual immortality. The Pharaohs of old attempted to save their souls at the expense of their slaves. No other people could have erected the Pyramids; men in other ages have spent millions of money and years of service in the erection of temples and palaces; no other kings have laid out their wealth and the labour of their people in the erection of their own tombs. One recalls, of course, the Taj Mahal, of wondrous beauty. But that was erected by a broken-hearted husband to the memory of his adored wife, not as a gigantic fortress to guard his own bones. What incredible labours, what suffering and tears the hot sun of Egypt must have looked down upon during the hundreds of years that the Pyramids were a-building! There was no finality in the business; as soon as a Pharaoh ascended the throne he set his slaves to work to build his tomb, and the work was never finished until his death, for the longer the reign the bigger the Pyramid.

One must not unduly blame the Pharaohs; they acted according to their lights, and there was much that was beautiful about their religion. Of course the enlightened ones of their day did not actually worship the sacred animals and emblems extant; these were only symbols of the invisible God not far from the hearts of all mankind. But for all that religion did not mean helping one's neighbour, kindness, honourable dealing. For that matter religion does not necessarily, with many

faiths, even to-day; the gods of ancient India cheat and lie and are guilty of unmentionable follies. No; whilst ancient Egypt employed slaves to ensure their Pharaohs' immortality, whilst ancient India erected golden idols, it was left to an obscure tribe holding precarious sway over a narrow strip of land on the margin of the Great Sea to discover that religion meant righteousness, justice, straight dealing; it was left to a humbler Son of that despised race to proclaim that it meant more than that—love and generous thought and service for others.



The Connecting Link

When you attack once more the petty problems of the day, you do not think what lies behind the almost unconscious acts of daily life. You order goods from the grocer and do not trouble to check the quantities; you would be astonished and hurt if he should play you false, but his honourable dealing—on which, after all, you rely in nine cases out of ten—is the result of ages of experiment, thinking, belief, religion. Honesty is a product of the ages, faith between man and man a dearly bought heritage of mankind. Not to all it is given, but it is a sacred trust that you and I dishonour at our peril. We carry our wreaths and lay them on the tombs of our fallen ones; the act is simple and spontaneous; yet it is the result of thousands of years of belief and practice. The life of ancient Egypt, with its hieroglyphics and its mighty tombs, seems far distant from our own, its times and people unrelated to our very real and pressing day. Yet, could we trace things back, doubtless the very portal of the kitchen door owes something to the architects of ancient Egypt, the words we use have been influenced by their literature, our ideas of God and the future life are, to some unknown extent, rooted and grounded on theirs. The whole world is one and we are the inheritors of the ages. Therefore take some trouble now and again to look on your possessions. The world is wide; open your mind to embrace a little more of it.

The Editor



The New Science of Food

By
Dr. C. W. Saleeby,
F.R.S.E.

INDEED we might suppose that in the year 1923 mankind would "know all about" so perpetual and everyday a matter as food. On the contrary, deplorable though the admission be, we are only now beginning to write the opening chapters of any real knowledge of this subject, which concerns us all so closely from the cradle to the grave. We thought we knew. Indeed, a quarter of a century ago, all those who taught medical students (such as I was then) were very dogmatic and final in their statements. They told us that every day, according to the amount of physical work done, a man requires such and such quantities of three kinds of food-stuff, called proteins, carbohydrates and fats, the first represented by white of egg and lean meat, the second by starches and sugars, and the third by a wide range of foods from butter and cod-liver oil down (a very long way down) to margarine. Also it was known that we must have salts, beginning with common or table salt; and with all this we need a never failing supply of water.

An Important Difference

That was where the science of nutrition and dietetics stood. It recognized the truth that our bodies are ever-burning furnaces which must be kept warm and must be supplied with power; for even when asleep in bed we must breathe and our hearts must beat. And so the old students worked out the questions of the amount of heat—measured as what we call "calories"—that given foods will produce, and estimated the quantities of this, that and the other food-stuffs which are needed by a man of such and such a weight, according as whether he is resting in bed or engaged in sedentary work or marching or digging trenches. All this was thoroughly sound and useful inquiry, and I hope I am not such a fool as ever to decry it; but it was infinitely far from being the real science of food. It dealt only with the question of supplying the human motor-car with petrol in proportion to the number of miles it had to run;

whereas the real science of food requires us to learn how a baby's food and a child's serve the commonplace miracle of their growth into a man or a woman; how our food enables us to recover from fatigue, how to reconstruct our ever-wasting because ever-burning bodies, and how to resist the attacks of the microbes which are ever seeking to devour us.

A Great Discovery

The new word, as everyone knows, is *vitamins*, the name for mysterious somethings in our food, the existence of which was unsuspected a few years ago, yet without which, we now know, none of us could live, nor could any child nor kitten nor seedling grow. The discovery of vitamins is really and truly epoch-making in the full sense of that much abused word, and will make a profound difference to the inhabitants of all cities throughout the world when it is applied to the food of their daily lives. This great discovery, like so many before it, was made in England; and, like so many before it, is now being most thoroughly appreciated and beneficently employed in other countries than England. The more's the pity, for we need to know about vitamins more than any other nation on earth, being at present less adequately supplied with them than the citizens under any other skies than our own.

It has long been known, by the fatal end of many brave sailors "whose limbs were made in England," that something is lacking in stale food and present in fresh fruits, such as lime: something the lack of which causes scurvy and the supply of which promptly cures that dread disease which guarded the North and South Poles from the foot of man through so many generations.

Some fifteen years ago or so a pioneer Englishman, Professor Gowland Hopkins, began to make some new observations. He found that animals do not grow and thrive, as they might well have been expected to do, when they are fed abundantly on absolutely pure "proteins," "carbohydrates,"

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"fats" and "salts," specially and scrupulously prepared in chemical laboratories for the purpose. But all began to go well from the moment when to these purified products small quantities of *fresh* and of *natural* foods were added: a few drops of fresh milk, for instance. Some precious property resides in *fresh* and *natural* foods, it would appear, that is absent from other food-stuffs, however pure and however abundantly supplied. Therefore Dr. Hopkins declared that besides the proteins, etc., which we have so long been discussing in our textbooks and lectures, there are other something, of unknown nature, minute in bulk, but absolutely priceless in value: something which to-day we call vitamins.

Thus sailors died of scurvy because their food contained none of the vitamin-C, as we now call it, which abounds in lemon juice and lime juice and orange juice. That disease is what to-day we call a "deficiency disease," and it begins to be cured from the moment that we meet the deficiency by the supply of vitamin-C in anything, such as lemon juice, that contains it.

The Value of Fruit

The reputation of fruit in general, which has always been steadily praised by good students of diet everywhere, now is raised and vindicated. We learn that an orange, for instance, is not merely an accessory or luxury or extra in our diet; but that a baby which would otherwise surely die will, on the contrary, live and thrive solely because a teaspoonful of orange juice (containing vitamin-C) is added to the diet (of boiled milk or some patent and unnatural food, for instance) on which it has been fed. A daily teaspoonful of orange juice for all babies, even those who are fortunate enough to be fed in the only natural way, is now recognized to be desirable and a certain safeguard against grave dangers. No one who knows the A B C—and especially the C—of the new dietetics can now look upon an orange without a degree of respect and gratitude which would have seemed absurd to the best-informed student ten years ago.

In the East and on board ship in past years there have broken out what seemed to be epidemics of a deadly disease called *beri-beri*. Commerce and navigation were "held up" by it, and ships quarantined lest these "epidemics" should spread. But now we know that "*beri-beri*" is a disease invented and contracted by ourselves and

our misplaced cleverness. It never existed until, in the West, we contrived machinery that peeled and polished rice grains, removing the coat of the grain and leaving something that looked very bright and nice. But everybody who gets nothing to eat but such polished rice gets *beri-beri*, and is cured by whole rice or any other food that contains the precious something that is now known to be in the coat of the rice grain and that is removed by our clever-foolish milling machinery. To-day we call this precious something vitamin-B, and we know that *beri-beri* is not infectious, and that ships with the disease on board need not be quarantined, and that all we need to cure it, or to prevent it, is just a little of any of a hundred or a thousand *fresh* and *natural* food-stuffs which contain the precious vitamin.

Ten years have passed since these remarkable discoveries about vitamin-B were made. When last the International Medical Congress met—in London in 1913—we passed a resolution asking the Governments of the world to abolish quarantine for *beri-beri*; and now, of course, there is no excuse for the occurrence of that disease ever again. But the work done since 1913 has shown that, far short of causing *beri-beri*, a mere shortage of supply of vitamin-B may be responsible for various kinds of illness and disability, and notably the very "popular" and "fashionable" malady called neuritis. And also we now know that no young creature can grow properly without a sufficient supply of vitamin-B.

A Common Cause of Rickets

Later still, we have learnt that there is another vitamin, of primary importance, essential for growth, essential for health, powerfully helping us to resist disease; and this we now call vitamin-A. The lack of it has something to do in many instances with the exceedingly common disease called rickets; and the extraordinary value of cod-liver oil in many cases of disease must certainly be due to the unique richness of that very unpleasant material in the priceless vitamin-A.

These new discoveries have made a profound impression throughout the civilized world. In the United States especially vast sums of money and the labours of large numbers of skilled students are being devoted to nothing else but this subject, and rightly so. During each of my visits in the

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four past years I have observed the increasing expert and popular attention paid to this matter, and the steady improvement in a national dietary which has long been unequalled in variety and quality, but which is now better than ever, thanks to the wider understanding of what true quality is. Our food in this country, on the other hand, is in large measure to be condemned in the light of the new science of food. For twenty years by the calendar I have been steadily and persistently protesting against the abandonment of porridge and milk and the substitution of white bread and jam in the dietary of the children of Scotland—that part of the British Isles which, when rightly fed in the countryside in time past, produced the largest, strongest and hardiest people anywhere to be found. The new science of food abundantly ratifies and amplifies such protests. In a diet consisting of white bread, jam, margarine and tea, for instance, there is no trace of any of the three vitamins, A, B and C. Such a diet is artificial, unnatural, “devitalized,” next door to worthless.

Foods that are *Fresh and Natural*

We must get back to foods that are *fresh and natural* (two good words which I intentionally reiterate), unspoilt, rich in the precious constituents which perish when we practise our seeming-clever folly upon the kindly fruits of the earth. Real bread, made from the whole meal, or nearly the whole meal, of the wheat grain, is the staff of life; white bread, made merely from the starch of the grain, minus all the vitamins, is a broken reed. Fresh fruit is invaluable, jam is third- or tenth-rate. Margarine, if made from oils or fats that have been “hardened” or otherwise spoilt, contains no vitamin-A, whereas butter is rich in it. We are “too clever by half” when we try to improve upon Nature without first making sure that we fully understand and appreciate what she has to offer us apart from any of our proposed “improvements.”

Green leaves and grapes, rich in vitamins, *fresh and natural* foods, having precious constituents necessary for our lives, go up in the scale; whereas beer and champagne, for instance, which are typical products of the unnatural and artificial processes which we apply to many of Heaven's best gifts, go lower down in the scale than ever; for not only do they contain the poison alcohol, but they are destitute of vitamins.

Milk, we now learn, is the food of foods,

as I shall show in my next article; and its products are to be valued accordingly. It and they contain everything good, whether old or new in our knowledge. The “beef and beer” theory of British greatness is blown sky-high, whilst green salads and fresh fruit and real bread take their places in the front rank along with milk itself.

The Study of the Human Body

The discovery of microbes as the causes of disease, and of mosquitoes, tsetse-flies, lice and other insects as microbe carriers, had caused us somewhat to forget the proper study of mankind and of medicine, which is man. But to-day nutrition, beginning with the study of food, has come into its own again. The vast resources of the laboratories of North America are being increasingly devoted to the study of the human body as influenced by minute and once-thought-to-be-trivial factors of diet, and by the relation of diet to the functions and activities of the ductless glands, such as those “islands” in the pancreas, which have now been made, thanks to the Physiological Department of the University of Toronto, to yield a remedy for diabetes. In turning our almost hypnotized gaze from the problems of infection to those of nutrition, we are beginning to learn more about infection than we could ever have learnt whilst we gazed exclusively at “smears” and “cultures” through the microscope. We are learning that some of the most important and deadly infections, including nothing less than tuberculosis, require certain kinds of malnutrition before they are possible, and vanish when, as by the use of sunlight and right diet, healthy nutrition is restored. Bio-chemistry is coming into its true fundamental and directive relation to practical medicine and hygiene. The profound observation that in its physical aspect “life is a series of fermentations” becomes a guiding principle in the advance of treatment based upon the new science of nutrition. The physicians of the past, before bacteriology, were right, we see, in groping, as they did, amongst the “humours” and the “temperaments” and the “diatheses” and the “dyscrasias” for the causes, the profoundly primary causes, of disease; and the future application of our newer knowledge to the problems of growth promises constructive if not creative possibilities for mankind to come that wellnigh stagger the imagination.

The Problem of the Modern Girl

No. 4.—Her Politics
By
R. A. Pennethorne

ONE of the greatest problems in the consideration of the modern girl is that, for the most part, she has no "politics." In all matters relating to public service the cry goes up: "Where are the girls?" This is the more remarkable as citizenship is now very widely taught in all types of schools, and nominally the opportunities of voluntary public service for women are greater than ever before. Our Government in its awful wisdom may have been safeguarding the interests of the nation when it gave no woman under thirty a vote, but it thereby stopped the education of the woman citizen. We have connoted with the word politics the thought of "knavish tricks" of organization of the caucus, of funds and the "party ticket," and much more, all equally repugnant to the young and ardent mind.

What we need is a renewal of the high call of service to the State, of the management of individuals, and of minorities not for the good of majorities, but "for the safety, honour, and welfare" of the commonwealth. *That* is a thought in which even little children can share when they just learn to walk on the right side of the road and not to push or jostle their fellow-wayfarers.

A Valuable Training

Women in middle life and the generation who are now owing to thirty were, for the most part, politically educated in two strenuous schools. Firstly, they took some part in the great suffrage movement. Now that—whether we were militant or non-militant—supplied a most valuable training. Women learnt the conduct of public business—the respective duties and functions of chairmen, secretaries, sub-committees, etc. They learnt to work with other women, they learnt to face the disillusioning experience of sitting for hours on a committee and not getting very much done. Countless women have the suffrage movement to thank for the fact that they learnt to speak in public under difficult and trying circumstances, often to hostile audiences, they learnt to

keep their tempers, to answer reasonable and reasoned opposition, and to face local and social disfavour when they were obliged to be true to their convictions. They learnt, too, a very valuable lesson, and one much needed, that women's interests are not inimical to man's—that the State, like the family, is built up of men, and women, and children. Many of that generation began by talking of "man" as the enemy, and found in practice that their worst foes were the reactionary, uninterested women in the drawing-rooms.

Woman's True Province

"Mothering" is woman's true province, and whether it be the sad and pitiful in the aggregate we call the State, or the individual instance personally known to us, "mothering" will always be the true outcome of women's political instincts. There was a great deal of "mothering" in those days when we older workers trained and encouraged and sent forth to battle the young and enthusiastic workers who thronged to our banners.

Now I write as a non-militant and one who always rather deprecated the extreme and unreasoning type of personal loyalty which seemed to the outsider to be deliberately fostered in the militant camp, but no one who remembers those days can forget the wonderful response that there was from the young girls who had leisure, a life to give, brains to use, courage and enthusiasm, and the fire of youth to devote.

Then came the second great school of experience—the war—and the girls of England responded nobly to the call for its womanhood. Public service in some form, however humble, was the lot of us all, irrespective of age or so-called "class."

Again women learnt a great deal—not all of it good. On the economic results, where paid work was concerned, a whole book might be written; but on the political side, where merely service of the State is to be considered, women learnt to work *with* men, they learnt the necessity and value of a great deal they had been airily wont to dis-

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miss as "red tape"—and they learnt that most valuable of all lessons, that there can be no such thing as a "woman's party."

Necessary Safeguards for Women

That is not to say that there is no need or scope for great organizations of women—the National and International Unions of Women, the Women's Citizens Associations, the Women's Institute Movement, and the Girl Guides are all, in their respective spheres, great and necessary safeguards for women's interests as women and citizens. There is, too, a real necessity for such bodies as the "Six Point Group," who work for the removal of the anomalies and grievances which still remain in connexion with women's civic rights, but these groups work with and through any political party which will help them. They are not "committed" to any caucus or organization, and so remain the more free and powerful.

But the attraction for the young girl full of burning enthusiasm and who "wants to do something" is not there. The Girl Guide movement does attract girls of all classes. All honour to the grand work which it does in practical training in practical citizenship, *but* politically all that training is wasted between the twenties and the thirties.

How many girls between twenty and thirty even read a newspaper, let alone two or three, to see what different types of opinion there are in England on any one given question. Show me a girl who reads the *Morning Post*, the *Daily Graphic*, the *Daily Mail*, and the *Daily News* because she wants to know how England is *feeling* on some given question. If a girl reads a paper at all I fear it is one of the picture papers or the journal habitually "taken in" by her family!

A Scandal of the Present Day

It is one of the scandals of our day that political use is made of very ignorant women at election times for canvassing, though there are definite "party" organizations for women (the membership of which is very small in comparison) without the mass of women having any *real* political information. They repeat rather than learn and persuade rather than reason, and neither the cause they advocate nor the political position of women is really served thereby.

The Women's Citizens Associations are doing grand work in educating women, but

their members are generally the voter over thirty, the married woman and the worker—not the girl, and especially not the leisured girl.

The G.D.A. in some dioceses does really try to utilize the public spirit of girlhood, but generally on lines closely connected with the work of the church, and often its energies are restricted too much to the girls of one definite social type. We want something as broad and as wide as the Girl Guide movement which will call forth the zeal of youth—a "Fascisti" for girls, not necessarily with their outlook, but with their devotion.

Why not start, oh ye girls, an order for public service—call yourselves by some term of reproach that you may show that you stand for "Righteousness," whatever it costs. "The Noble Army of Prigs"—people who won't do what youth at its best feels is wrong—have courts of honour like the guides' "High Priggeries," to bring into ordinary social and political life a definite code, not "What will give me a good time?" but "How best can I work for 'a good time coming' for my country?"

Wanted—a Common Aim

The National Council of Women has recently started a junior branch, and here and there I know it flourishes. "The Guild of the Citizens of To-morrow" works bravely towards the same ends, *but* it recruits from people with certain definite views, more or less theosophical, which all would not share. Numerous old pupils' associations, such as the Parents' Union Schools Association and the "Old Girls" of our great schools bind together smaller bodies of young people, *but* they want a common ideal, a common aim, a common enthusiasm. "Politics" we many of us have felt in our hearts as rather dirty and unsavoury—political honour in England has been from many causes at a low ebb. Women who have faced the rough-and-tumble of civic life, as guardians, as town councillors, as magistrates and jurors, have not always been careful to point out to the girls who must some day follow them, that whatever the drawbacks the good of the country makes it worth while, and that women's presence does do something to bring to light and make impossible for the future some old offences.

The Spirit of Service

Life is not as simple as it was in the dear

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old days of the Gilbert and Sullivan opera when they sang:

"That every little boy or girl that's born to-day
alive
Is either a little Liberal or a little Con-
servative!"

Nowadays one feels the actor ought to gag
in a few extra lines:

"But by the time it's old enough to cuddled
be and, kissed,
It may be a little Die-hard or a little
Bolshevist."

Still, "opinion" on political matters is largely taken for granted, and no one wants to spread dissension and unhappiness in family life by divisions and "party" spirit. But the spirit of *service* will always unite, even though our help is given in very different directions, and *information* is the right of every future citizen.

"Citizenship" as a School Subject

When "Citizenship" appears on the school curriculum thoughtful people will try to find out what *is* taught. Nobody wants it to be mere "opinion." We have had one or two cases arising out of the last election where teachers were supposed to have taught "opinion." Girls have a truly wonderful facility for blindly accepting "opinion" taught by one they love, and, with equally blind and bland prejudice, silently rejecting anything taught by a person they dislike. Citizenship should *never* be allowed to be a matter for personal teaching. Girls should learn it from the books of those who speak with authority on its practice and theory—not *one* book, but *books* with different outlooks and different theories, but always a solid substratum of *facts*.

Moreover, they need to know the great types of citizens, men and women who have given of their best to make the small lands and cities the great renown of the world. There is no teacher like old Plutarch for giving us the heroic idea and the absolutely fair presentation of how personal character and personal service make up the life of the State.

Girls, do you want to serve your country? Read Plutarch and learn how the great men of old did so, and almost inevitably you will read that it was a great mother who enabled them to do so.

Two women only represent us, our mothers in Israel and our practical politicians, but girls would do well to study the records of the band of women who offered themselves for the political service of their country. Municipal experience, real first-hand knowledge of some of the definite problems of to-day, a life of service and professional capacity—without these it would, indeed, be folly to court the suffrages of other men and women.

An Appeal to the "Drawing-room Girl"

The working girl and the professional woman learn women's problems at first hand, but what we need in England is an appeal to the "drawing-room girl"—the leisured, laughing, beautiful, healthy creature who has not *got* to earn a living, who may as likely as not marry into circumstances where domestic duties will not take up all her time.

Young men in more or less "favoured circumstances" with ambition and wits often entered Parliament as a career in days gone by—have we not once had a Prime Minister of twenty-five? Has there ever yet been a girl of twenty-five who *could* have worthily filled the position if fate had given it to her?

Build up a new tradition. Let "social life" be life for society, let "politics" become not merely the strife of parties, but the emulation of our service, and if the girls of England proved once more by what they were *doing*, that their voices had a right to be heard in the land, those ten years between twenty and thirty might be no longer wasted, and the day might be hastened when the girl as well as the boy took upon herself the true status of a citizen, and when she claimed her legal "rights" she would assume also her "political" duties.



"The Quiver" Parliament

"The Modern Girl" Opinions from Our Readers

IN my December number I invited readers to send in their opinions on the article, "The Modern Girl—Her Choice of a Career," and offered a Guinea prize for the best letter received. From the numerous replies sent in it was evident that the article has evoked a large amount of interest on the part of our readers, and I have pleasure in awarding the prize to Miss Haslam, of Alton, Hants, the writer of the following:

DEAR SIR,—Miss Pennethorne, in her interesting article, touches on a point which is particularly vital when she discusses the standpoint from which to regard the choice of a profession.

Although we all know how understaffed are the hospitals, and how great is the dearth of a really efficient mother's help, I think it is necessary to realize that unless a girl's heart is really in work of this description she will never be happy, neither can she therefore give of her best.

Typewriting, etc., can be done more or less mechanically, and done well, but for one who is to nurse the sick or care for children, the love of her work is absolutely essential. No matter how much the world needs her, I do not think she is justified in undertaking either of these professions without it.

The Value of Personality

Personality is everything, and it is that which should make work something better than the commonplace drudgery it so often is. Of course, we all know that at times all work, however much liked, grows stale and tiresome, but nevertheless there is a "gleam" shining through the whole which just makes the difference to one's life. No doubt many girls, like their brothers, have no special bent, and then, if nothing better arises, let them become clerks and typists, but do not urge them to be nurses or teachers.

One must regretfully agree as to the hopelessness of art as a career in itself, but still, it is the greatest happiness to many to forget the classroom or office in music or painting. I know a girl student who, although deeply interested in her training, nevertheless feels that she must at times get away into another atmosphere, and she told me that singing was one of her greatest pleasures and relaxations.

The outdoor girl of to-day has splendid chances. Scientific dairy work, combined with the care of poultry, leads to many openings, and also the training of a "games mistress." For those who like the life nothing could be better—equipment for the latter profession includes a thorough knowledge of massage and remedial exercises, so that a girl, when past her first youth, can always fall back on these as a

livelihood. This career will also give her a footing in the colonies, and to those who are one of several sisters and can make a long flight from the home nest, it is a fine opportunity.

Our country is sadly overcrowded, and those who can take up life in one of the Dominions are doing well for themselves and for the Empire.

In these days, when marriage is impossible for a great number, it is especially necessary for a girl to choose her career to coincide with her tastes as far as possible, as it will be her life. For everyone naturally wants to feel that interest and *joie de vivre* which is rarely for those who watch the years pass by in congenial surroundings and tasks.

I am not now thinking of those who for family reasons take upon themselves, willingly and unselfishly, some naturally distasteful career, but just of the ordinary modern girl, with the many paths lying open before her and an untrammelled freedom of choice.

E. M. HASLAM.

Consolation prizes have been awarded to the writers of the two following letters:

DEAR SIR,—I have read with great interest the articles in THE QUIVER on "The Modern Girl," especially in relation to her career.

Much has been written about the advancement of women and its detrimental effect on their womanliness. The war has opened wide fields for the careers of girls, they have had a great deal of commercial experience, and this has caused a desire for knowledge of the world in all directions. This knowledge can only be acquired by actual experience, and in obtaining this they have greatly shocked the section of the community who trade on the views of their forefathers. They should not be, for after having become conversant with the world's ideas, thinking people have to decide their own views and act accordingly. In this connexion the majority of women find that on reasoning out the ways of the world, their desire is to be homemakers. Having had worldly experience, they are more able to guide their children through paths they themselves have traversed.

Finding Employment for Girls and Women

I myself am employed in finding employment for girls and women. This occupation becomes a study of personality, and that study leads to a broadminded idea of the world and its teachings. In view of the fact that girls are the mothers of the next generation, it is necessary that they should become domesticated. The girls who must begin to earn their living at an early age are best fitted for womanhood by becoming domestic servants. Those with ability

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and ambition will not long remain general domestics. The need for maids in large households is greater than for the modern villa resident who only keeps one maid. It is difficult for a girl to obtain such employment without experience, and for the person of twenty to twenty-five years of age there is great difficulty in acquiring the necessary knowledge.

Nursing is a great profession, but there is so much drudgery attached to the probationary period, especially during the first year, and the remuneration is so small, that girls have little incentive given to adopt this career. In my opinion many of the duties now performed by nurses could be effected by domestics. Less nurses would then be required and remuneration increased, and they would be more easily recruited from girls of education. This profession is one in which human nature can be seen at close quarters, and the study of one's fellow creatures considerably enlightens one's mind and outlook.

Psychological studies are greatly enhanced in the teaching profession. There are few certified teachers now required, the market having been flooded owing to the munificent State grants given to students under contract to teach for five years. This step was taken by the then Board of Education prior to and during the war at the time when a great dearth of this class of labour was experienced. The increased revenue of the middle-class homes during the war allowed parents to spend more money on the upbringing of their children, especially with regard to girls, as boys were called into all manner of work at that time where little need of advanced education was necessary.

Birmingham University and Women Engineers

I am glad to note that the Birmingham University has opened up the field for women engineers. In view of the great unemployment at the present time, especially among men, women do not appear desirous of embracing a profession which is an inheritance of their brothers. The same remark applies to all the higher professions. Women who had qualified for such professions have not as a general rule been well received by the public, especially by men in similar careers. They appear afraid of competition in these days of money shortage.

Art is an elusive subject for the purpose of a career. The novels and biographies written around the lives of struggling artists, poets, musicians and the like are too numerous to mention. In a great majority of these we find that they were often harassed by financial worries. A girl with any artistic gift should cultivate it to the best of her ability, but should she need to be self-supporting, she must consider ways and means at the same time. If there is any commercial opening in which genius can be adapted, it is well followed.

My advice to girls choosing a career is, firstly, not to disregard one's personality; secondly, to remember that women are home-makers. The study of one's fellow creatures leads to sympathy and understanding and will do more to grease the wheels of our Empire than the advice of thousands of experts.

E. M. HOPKINSON.

DEAR SIR.—This article contains sound advice for the girl who is trying to decide on a career, but it ignores the fact that the majority of modern girls *must* take up that work which provides them with a decent living wage.

The call comes to a great many, but few can afford to respond to it. The girl who is a typist or waitress may have felt the call to nursing, but she could not live on a nurse's pay.

Private teaching is not a popular work because it has no prospects and no pension scheme. Therefore the University woman takes a post in a school. Nursing is debarred from many because of the scanty pay.

The question whether a career should be founded on the needs of the world or individual talents is a difficult one. The writer of this article thinks that the former should decide a life's work.

So it should in an ideal world where we were all superhuman. We have not yet reached the heights where all personal ambition is lost in the universal, therefore it is best that we should do the work for which our personal talents are most suited.

As the writer herself says, a born teacher is a very rare person. There is a striking difference between the teacher who teaches because she realizes her obligations to humanity, and the one who works from real personal love of her profession.

Voluntary work is a luxury very few girls can afford. The best advice is that given before the end of the article. To work half the day for money and the other half for your ideals is far more practical advice than that given in the closing sentence.—Yours truly,

KATHLEEN M. HARVEY.

Voting Competition

There was tremendous enthusiasm shown in the December Voting Competition, in which readers were asked to give in order of merit the three stories and the three articles which they liked best in that number.

Two readers were successful in giving the exact six which, according to the verdict of the majority, were the favourites, but in neither case did they have more than four in the correct order, so I have decided to divide the prize of £5 between these two readers, viz., Mrs. J. Douglas of Lochwinnoch, Scotland, and Miss Doris E. Black, of Bolton, Lancashire.

There were also twenty Consolation Prizes, awarded for those readers whose lists most nearly coincided with those of the prizewinners. Their names are as follows:

Miss F. Stout, Mrs. T. R. Cross, Mrs. Green, Miss S. D. Burrows, Miss F. M. Coombs, Mrs. M. A. Pawley, Miss Annie Craig, Mrs. J. E. MacLaren, Mrs. H. A. Sanders, Mrs. Jean M. Macfarlane, Mrs. M. Jefferies, Miss W. Dolcie, Mrs. Ernest Knight, Mrs. McFarlane, Miss A. Hall, Mrs. R. Goodsell, Miss Mott, Miss Doris Curryer, Miss L. Clark, Mrs. Laura Lloyd.



Men leaving the Elswick Works, Newcastle-on-Tyne

Unfortunately, the menace of unemployment has cast a gloom over these great works

What Life Means to Me

By
One of the
Unemployed

This revealing document reached me from a Newcastle unemployed man who read the previous articles in this series in the Public Library. He felt impelled to tell his own story, and I give it just as he wrote it.

I AM sure that were the rich as fond of reading about poverty as the poor are of riches Robbie Burns would not have been able to bewail man's inhumanity to man. But to expect one who is surrounded by luxury to steep his mind in squalor is, to my mind, like asking for the moon, so in trying to give you an idea of how I, and the poor in general, live I will not be unduly sordid, but will try to stimulate your interest. If I succeed in interesting you perhaps you won't growl so much when Poor Law relief causes your rates to rise.

Misery in the North

Although I'm not half-way through my twenties I have seen more misery on this side of our city than my brothers on the other will see in ten lifetimes. Still, I'm not expecting the rich to come down here in their hundreds for the benefit of the miserable. But if any of them feel that there's no thrill in life let them take a room in a garret for a fortnight. It would be an interesting experiment.

I live in the centre of Newcastle, about one hundred yards from the coaly Tyne. Armstrong-Whitworth's great factories occupy a large portion of the river-side. The grime and noise which drift our way from the factories and the ships are by no means inconsiderable. Nobody seems to mind the noise, but the dust is the despair of the tidy housewife, and if the house is not cleaned up when her man comes from work there's generally trouble on. When I tell you that half the people are living on doles and parish relief you will easily understand that domestic life around here is none too sweet. Of course, it has its humorous side—for the onlooker. The woman upstairs has a row with her husband every day because he won't get out and let her tidy up.

When the Landlord Comes

But you should be here when the landlord comes. There's often a general scatter down the back stairs as soon as it's known that he is in the front street. Canvassers

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Up on the Desolate Moors

A meeting of the unemployed to discuss what can be done

for tea firms, insurance companies and the like have to be careful how they knock at doors, because all unfamiliar rat-tats are treated with suspicion and often ignored. A landlord's or a parish man's knock might leave them standing in the cold.

Before I tell you about myself I will go on describing my neighbours and their ways.

Everyone in this street lives in two-roomed flats, but still there are wide social divisions. There is no difference in cash incomes, but this side of the street thinks itself superior to the other. I have seen mothers chastising their children for playing with the children opposite. I have known women "raise the house" over their husbands because they had been seen in the "pubs" with men from the opposite side.

But on both sides of our street you can find a queer variety of people.

Queer People

There is a widow, with a terribly degraded appearance, whose husband was said to have been the legitimate son of an army colonel. It is a fact that they had much money sent to them, which they frittered away on drink. The husband eventually died in the asylum.

There is another widow whose husband was something big in Carl Rosa's Opera Company.

We did have a family of stage people, but they disappeared rather suddenly. The daughter of the house was a lovable creature, and she was courted by most of the youth around here. She once kissed me and said I was an intelligent boy. I haven't got over it yet.

When in funds the woman upstairs gets drunk. She lets everyone know it by singing and dancing. If you could see our kitchen ceiling you could count at least six patches.

Drink, the Public-house—and the Church

Speaking generally, it is the custom around here to get drunk on Saturdays, finances permitting. Street fights are not so common now as they were before and during the war, but we do get one or two.

The side windows of the public-house at the bottom of our street are well guarded with wire-netting. Some people had the costly habit of falling through them.

Of course, most of the people who drink belong to the "other" side of the street.

I think you could count the regular church-goers of this street on one hand. There is a mission-hall in the next street but one, but it is none too well patronized. I am sorry for the minister, who seems to be quite a nice young man. The clergymen who come around here are too fond of praying. I am not being sarcastic when I say that most of the poor are too much concerned about their earthly homes to care about possible heavenly ones; and, in any case, praying only embarrasses them.

Unemployment has hit this locality very hard; the standard of living is much lower than the pre-war level, and there is general discontent, especially among the women.

Most of the men I meet suspect that the standard of living of the working classes

WHAT LIFE MEANS TO ME

is being deliberately forced down for political reasons. They say that there is abundance of food in the world for all, and that there is no need for differences in international politics because the world's workers are united—in spirit. At trades union and other meetings I have listened to many rubbishy debates by the “hot-head” variety. There are many sound, intelligent men to be found among the workers, but if they don't get angry and show froth and call employers rapacious maniacs they will be given a poor hearing.

I may say here that, speaking generally, if a man wishes to be popular with his fellow-workers he must not show evidence of a superior education.

What the Women Think

How do the womenfolk view the times? Well, if you ask them they will tell you that “it doesn't pay to think too much.” Their husbands say that the employers are enemies; the newspapers say the workers are being fooled by Communists; so what have the women to believe?

Some of the women I know are having an awful time just now, but their children look as happy as ever they did. The unemployed men are, apparently, apathetic, indifferent. If you could disturb their apathy you would see hate for the employers, a jest for the women, and indifference to everything else. At the foot of our

street you can see men of all ages playing marbles.

Here I would like to invite those writers who tell the poor how *not* to live to come here and view the circumstances, then go home and try to write something *positive*. I would like them to show me how to make a pair of new boots from old discarded ones. I have tried for weeks without success.

Before the war welfare workers frequently came around and told us how to live, but they were not popular. They are needed now, and if they can give practical help let them come.

Eighteen Months Unemployed

Now I will tell you of my own circumstances. I am a mechanic, eighteen months unemployed, and am living with my parents and one sister. Although he is greying, my father still has a job in the factory, but he is working irregularly, and for months at a time we have been dependent upon parish relief.

The search for work is monotonous and depressing, six-mile tramps to the shipyards for nothing being a regular occurrence.

Where there is work the competition is so keen that the employers can offer any wage they like, providing it is more than the dole.

There are people who write about the “demoralizing dole,” and who say that



“To London!”

A procession of Northern unemployed setting out to march to London to demand work

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many men don't want work. I'd like some of them to accompany me on my weary tramps.

Art as a Hobby!

Nowadays theatres are out of the question, so I must create my own amusements. So I have taken up art; yes, you can find art even in our dirty little street. I have taken great pains to acquire some skill with water-colours, but I am under no illusions about my little efforts; my frequent visits to the art gallery prevent that.

One day I showed a sepia drawing of horses to an old cab-driver, and he said, "Yon hoss is a bit scant in the flesh, high in the hip, and them front legs are far too straight, lad, far too straight; them hosses falls over too easy; still it's very canny." I wonder what he would think of the horses in the art gallery!

By the way, the more I get interested in art the more hideous does our wall-paper seem.

I once went to the guild meeting of the largest Wesleyan Chapel in this city, but the atmosphere was so frigid that I was pleased to get outside.

Now I confine myself to Sunday evening service; but I must confess that the organ is the chief attraction to me; it is, indeed, the only music I hear.

Strange "Quiver" Readers!

I do a lot of reading, my favourite authors being Darwin, Shakespeare, Captain Marryat, and H. G. Wells. Most of my literature is borrowed from the free libraries, and when I go there my mother always tells me to try and get *THE QUIVER*. At

one time I would always tell her that it "was out," because I used to think it a stuffy Sunday afternoon magazine, but now *THE QUIVER* is my favourite, though not so much for its stories as its articles. There is a drunken loafer a few doors away who reads no other magazine but *THE QUIVER*! When I was a boy I used to go to the library for him, and I was generally rewarded with a copper when I managed to get his favourite. But I cannot say that *THE QUIVER* has uplifted him, because he is one of the most notorious rogues around the neighbourhood, "and that's sayin' summat!"

The Future

My concluding remarks concern the future. Most of the unemployed men regard the future with apathetic indifference and their womenfolk with fear.

My own view is pessimistic. I believe that unless there are sweeping changes in the world's politics the majority of our working classes are in for a longer spell of poverty than they have ever known. It is maddening to hungry men to realize that the shops are packed with food that the shopkeepers can't sell. Can you wonder that they believe that the ruling classes are deliberately grinding them?

It is the "de-noralizing dole" that has prevented serious rioting.

If men could follow the teaching of the Church, what a change there would be!

Faith between men is being destroyed and suspicion is taking its place. Without that faith we cannot have a sound social structure and that brotherhood which *THE QUIVER* so earnestly pleads for.

The next in this remarkable series will tell the true story of a shop-girl "living-in." As this series has created extraordinary interest I may repeat that the genuineness of each one is vouched for.



ANTHONY JOHN

By

JEROME K. JEROME

THE serial story now running in these pages is being published in book form by Messrs. Cassell and Co., Ltd. Copies will be ready shortly, price 7s. 6d. net



Scientific Spring-Cleaning

By Judith Ann Silburn

SPRING-CLEANING is an old-established rite. It has got to be, even in the best-regulated homes. The ravages of winter—smoke, fog, dust and grime—need to be cleared away to make place for the freshness of spring. To mere man it is woman's annual madness; to the housewife it is her chance to show her domestic capabilities, for good spring-cleaning requires method, judgment and not a little planning.

Planning the Work Ahead

The spring-cleaner who knows her business begins to think out her plans long before the actual event. The first great question to be dealt with is, "What is the landlord prepared to do this year? Will he paper the bedroom or only paint the outside of the house?" etc. As a rule, it is a wise plan to sound him after the winter quarter's rent is paid. First come, first served, and he may book up his men so that they will not be able to do any work until after the spring is over, and it is always annoying to a housewife to have workpeople in the house when the fine weather comes.

Having arranged for all the interior and exterior decorations, new fittings and structural repairs, the housewife can then turn her thoughts to more intimate matters, such as new linen, curtains, cushions and general upholstery. The linen cupboard should be first overhauled. This can be done at odd times. Many articles will need replenishing, others mending, and new linen will have to be marked. This should be done carefully, ticking the articles off in an inventory book as they are put away. Linen is best marked in "sets," and numbers should be marked on each article. This is a check against loss

and theft. Inventories of other cupboards and drawers should be reviewed to see what has been broken or lost during the year, and what has worn out and so requires replacing.

As each cupboard is overhauled, it should be washed out with disinfectant and new lists pasted up on the cupboard doors or on the sides of the drawers. By the way, the household inventory book should be kept in duplicate, in case of accidents. Some housewives make a point of going through an inventory book with each new servant, and this is generally a very satisfactory plan for both sides. In any case, the inventory book system is excellent and especially useful at "stock-taking" times.

Get Rid of "Rubbish"

In every household there is bound to be an accumulation of "rubbish." Now is the time to get rid of the bags, bottles, cardboard-boxes and other litter, which only takes up space and fosters dust. Rag-and-bone men can always be found to take scrap away.

Method is everything in house-cleaning. It is no use starting to do the bottom floor of the house before the top has been cleaned, otherwise the labour is worse than useless, as dust is merely swept downstairs again into the clean area. Also, leave any stairs until the very last thing. Another point: to spring-clean a room thoroughly, strip it as bare as possible. If there be a nailed-down carpet, this should be removed and sent to the cleaners unless it can be vacuum-cleaned at home. Remember to do both sides. For those who have electricity a vacuum-cleaner is undoubtedly the ideal "char" at spring-

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cleaning time. A machine can always be hired by the day from an electrician, and it is not expensive. The electric "char" is also able to do walls, upholstery and books, as each machine is fully equipped with different attachments. To return, however, to the carpets. Small mats can be successfully cleaned on the kitchen table with a small nail-brush and some good carpet soap. Be sure to use plenty of clean rinsing water, and do not sop the water on to the material. Wring out the cloths tightly each time they are applied.

Adopt a Proper System

The adequate removal of dust and dirt is not so much a matter of skill as a matter of system. Remove the surface dust first, then clean. Unless a vacuum is used, the walls are best cleaned with a flour and water dough, doing a small piece at a time. Thoroughly scrub the floor-boards with car-bolic soap, as this prevents moth in the carpet. The cleaning of skirting, window-frames and any other paintwork in the room is the next step. Use warm water with dissolved soap, not soap powder, for the paint, as any soap that has a strong alkali in it wears off the paint. Always work with scrupulously clean flannels and dry with soft cloths. In cleaning paintwork, wash from the top downwards, and do not work in circles. The strokes should be either vertical or horizontal. When doing the skirtings, keep a sharp look out for any holes between the floor-boards and the woodwork, as these should be stopped up with either putty or plaster of Paris.

If there are surrounds to be re-stained, do not make the mistake of varnishing over the old stain. The best method is to remove as much as possible with hot soda water and then sandpaper over the surface until it is quite smooth; afterwards start afresh, and use water-stain in preference to a varnish stain, as a water-stain soaks well into the board. Polish off with beeswax and turpentine, or if a high polish is required the stained wood can be coated over when quite dry with a transparent varnish.

When the room is perfectly clean, the carpet can be relaid, and here a word. If the carpet is not a reversible one which can be turned right over, it should be turned to opposite sides of the room. This helps to equalize the wear and tear caused by certain

heavy pieces of furniture. The life of a stair-carpet can be prolonged in the same way by shifting the tread either forwards or backwards about six inches.

The furniture may be cleaned in an empty room, or piece by piece as it is taken out of the room to which it belongs. In most small houses it is easier to clean it in the latter way before tackling the bare room.

Upholstered furniture should be beaten with a light carpet-beater and then brushed thoroughly with an upholstery brush and finished off with hot bran. Here again, however, the vacuum-cleaner is useful, as it does not raise any dust—the bugbear of the spring-cleaner!

Cane or wicker furniture is best treated with cold salt and water, using a hard brush.

Varnished wood furniture needs special care. Very highly polished surfaces generally yield better results if treated with methylated spirit and plain water. Stains on wood can often be removed with spirits of camphor or a little weak oxalic acid.

Leather should be rubbed over with furniture polish, and giltwork, to restore its brightness, requires water in which onions have been boiled.

Any marble surface should be painted over with a paste of powdered pumicestone and whiting, and this should be left on for a few hours. Stains on marble will usually come off if rubbed with a little lemon juice.

Not an Arduous Task, after all

It will readily be seen that with proper planning beforehand the actual work of spring-cleaning need not be a very heavy task, and should not disarrange the house any more than the ordinary weekly cleaning and turning out of rooms does if method is applied.

Last, but by no means least, wear a business-like costume. A spring-cleaning "kit" is absolutely necessary. It is a curious psychological fact that somehow the donning of uniform has a very material effect on the work of the wearer. The ideal "rig-out" for spring-cleaning is an overall to the knees, with close-fitting cap and two pairs of serviceable gloves—a pair of housemaid's chamois working gloves and a pair of good rubber ones. This costume gives complete freedom, and it is charmingly becoming. After all, why not be smart even if working?



Where
MONKEY BRAND
comes in



BROOKE'S SOAP
MONKEY BRAND
ALWAYS READ THE DIRECTIONS

FISH.

EGGS AND BACON.

*Monkey Brand makes the
frying-pan forget what
it has fried before.*

IT may be pleasing for the flavour of a delicious meal to linger on the palate, but it's decidedly unpleasant when the pan retains the flavour of an earlier fry.

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THE QUIVER

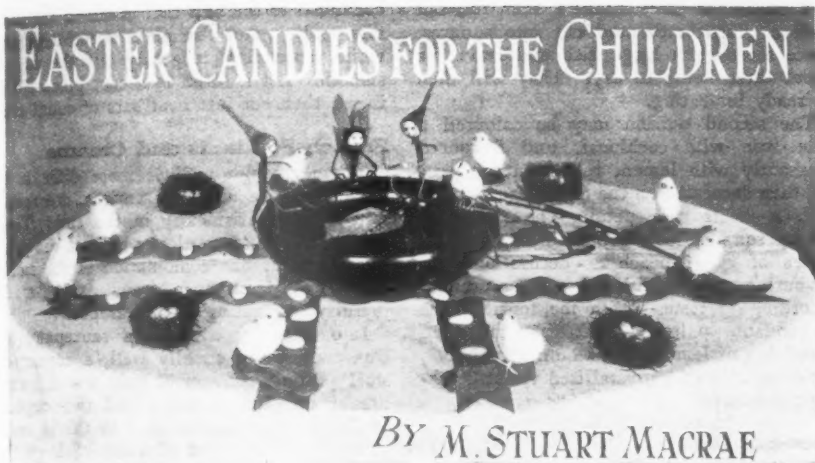
SHE OWES HER CHARM



to

BEECHAM'S PILLS

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX



How to Make them at Home with Much Pleasure and Little Expense

THERE are two seasons of the year when mothers, aunts, and grandmothers throw off the pretences of advancing years, rub their eyes free from cobwebs, and become young again. Christmas is one of these seasons, Easter the other.

Easter—the birthday of the baby Spring—is a glad time for all young things—ourselves among the rest—and it is quite in keeping with the spirit of the day that we should forsake serious cookery for once and set ourselves to candy-making, a real play-work, and, as experience often proves, a quite remunerative hobby to the home-loving girl who has spare time on her hands to devote to the art.

Almost the only real necessity in the way of equipment is a sugar thermometer, by which to tell, without fuss or anxiety, the precise moment when fondant, candy, or toffee is sufficiently cooked to mould or set successfully. Among the next most desirable items are a marble slab on which to roll out fondant, a wooden spatula for “working” the different mixtures, and a wire fork for handling sweets when one is coating them, or lifting them while hot from one place to another. A glass bottle serves quite well instead of the professional glass rolling-pin. Every article necessary for sweet-making can be bought from a furnishing ironmonger, while colourings and flavourings are on show in all good provi-

sion stores. Even the small paper cases for fondants and the special wax paper for wrapping imitation carrots, onions, and radishes can be got without trouble from the stationery department of any large store.

Simple Sweets made without Boiling

Before going to the trouble of buying a sugar thermometer a few trial fondants may be made from simple materials, such as are to be found in the ordinary store-cupboard. Uncooked fondants will not keep for so long a time as will cooked ones, and are, therefore, something more of an extravagance.

Ingredients for Fondants of Three Colours

Sifted icing sugar; the whites of two large fresh eggs, a few crystallized violets and rose petals, and a small piece of crystallized peach. Mauve, primrose and cochineal colourings; orange, lemon, and vanilla flavourings.

Put the whites of eggs into a bowl, add to them two tablespoonfuls of water, beat till lightly frothed, and sift into this mixture as much icing sugar as is required to make a firm paste. Divide into four, and put one-fourth part on a marble slab, or, failing that, on an ordinary pastry-board well dusted with sifted icing sugar. Sprinkle with a few drops of vanilla essence

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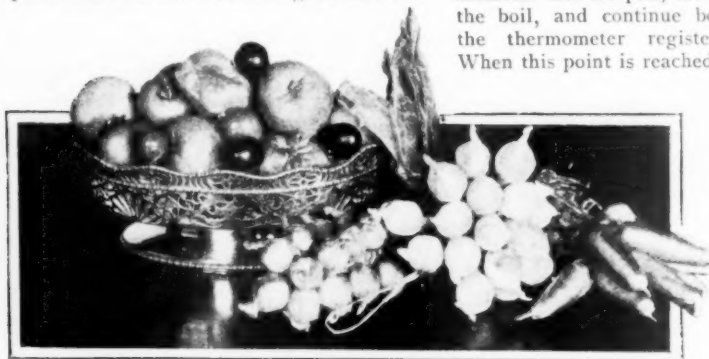
and knead for three minutes, then roll out with a glass bottle and cut into squares, place these on a large dish and leave for about three hours to dry. They will then be ready for eating.

The second portion may be coloured a pale rose with cochineal, and flavoured pleasantly with lemon, rolled out and cut up, then decorated on the top of each square with a small rose petal. The primrose-yellow squares look delightful with small pieces of glacé peach as-decoration; the flavouring may be either lemon or orange, according to taste. With the fourth piece of fondant, palest mauve colouring and flavouring of lemon-juice would be suitable, the decoration of a crystallized violet finishing the effect.

Coco-nut Ice

Another very familiar sweet, and one much appreciated by children, is coco-nut ice, and this, again, can be prepared without any of the special sweet-making equipment mentioned just now.

For ingredients take: 1 lb. fine white sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. freshly grated coco-nut (or quite fresh desiccated coco-nut), a small tea-



It is quite easy to turn out fruit and sweets in this professional way

spoonful of arrowroot, and three table-spoonfuls of new milk or thin cream.

Moisten the arrowroot with a little milk, rub smooth, pour with the rest of the milk into a bright aluminium saucepan, add the sugar, place over gentle heat, stir till the sugar has melted, and let it come slowly to boiling point. Add, then, the shredded coco-nut, and stir thoroughly. Have ready a small, straight-sided baking tin rubbed lightly over with a bit of clean linen dipped in sweet oil. Pour half the coco-nut mixture into the tin, then add a few drops of

cochineal to the half that is left in the pan, mix well, pour the pink sweet over the white, spreading it gently till the top is smooth. Let it stand in a cool place till it is set, then cut into neat bars of equal size.

French Fondants and Creams

These, though a little more difficult to make than the uncooked variety, are really much more satisfactory in the end. They form the base of an almost endless range of sweets, and, in combination with small crystallized fruits and flowers, can be made joyfully fascinating in appearance.

Into a heavy aluminium saucepan (or, what will serve equally well, a copper or steel pan of convenient size) put a small breakfastcupful of water and two cupfuls of finest castor-sugar. Add to this a level saltspoonful of cream of tartar. Stir gently over a small gas flame, and do not let the syrup come very near to boiling-point. Small crystals are sure to form round the edge of the pan as the syrup grows hot, and these must be carefully removed with a bit of clean linen rag dipped in cold water and squeezed fairly dry. Lower the thermometer into the pan, let the syrup come to the boil, and continue boiling gently till the thermometer registers 240 degrees. When this point is reached remove the ther-

mometer instantly, placing it in a basin of hot water, and pour the fondant (which has reached what is

technically known as the soft-ball stage) over the middle part of the marble slab, which should previously have

been lightly coated with sweet oil. If no slab is available a very large porcelain dish can be made to serve the purpose. Let the mixture cool for three or four minutes, and if a crust seems to be forming prevent it by moving the surface most gently with the tin scraper, which must be held ready to keep the fondant from trickling over the edge of the slab. As soon as the mixture can be dented with the finger begin to work it with the wooden spatula, made for the purpose, and continue stirring it till it is a thick, creamy paste cool enough to be worked with the

EASTER CANDIES FOR THE CHILDREN

hands. The paste should be velvet-smooth and free from grains. If by any mischance it should turn grainy the trouble will probably have come through the fondant not having been poured from the saucepan the instant it had reached the soft-ball stage. Under these annoying circumstances there is nothing to do but to turn all the fondant back again into the saucepan, add to it a tablespoonful of water, and reboil it. This will, happily, bring everything right in the end.

The remaining part of the work is purely artistic, and, although all kinds of tiny moulds for the modelling of fondant and marzipan are to be purchased, equally good results can be obtained by using the hands, supplemented by the simplest tools of the kitchen—forks

and pointed teaspoons for grooving and denting, and a sharp old knife with a pointed end for shaping leaves and petals of flowers.

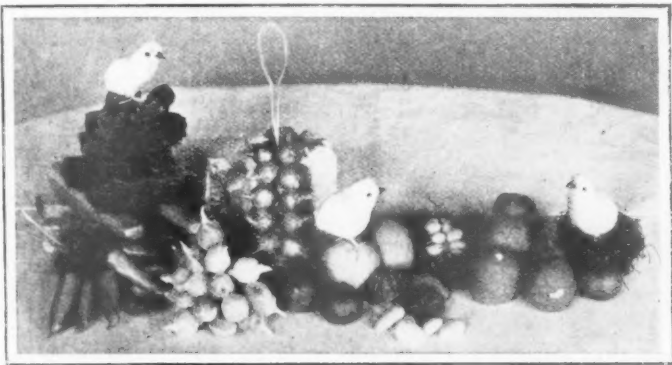
Delicious peppermint creams can be made from this cooked fondant, proceeding exactly as directed above to the point where the fondant reaches the soft-ball stage, then adding a small teaspoonful of essence of peppermint to the mixture before taking it from the saucepan. The creams should be dropped gently on to an oiled slab; it is best not to make them large, three "drops" let fall in exactly the same spot will be found sufficient. A pretty effect is obtained by colouring half the fondant pale green before dropping it on the slab.

Too Much of a Good Thing

Marzipan has been somewhat overdone in sweet-making during recent seasons, and one's eye has become almost wearied of imitation cauliflowers, huge oranges, and other large-sized confections consisting of marzipan built around a sponge-cake foundation.

It is not advisable to fashion large fruits, such as giant strawberries, full-sized apples, pears, and peaches from this rich mixture—far better to keep to cherries,

gooseberries, small strawberries, and tiny shapes of flowers and leaves. In this way the taste is not palled, and children who have not an abnormally sweet tooth are saved from asking whether or no they may "leave half for another time." The greatest pleasure which can come to a child when eating any kind of sweet is to have the desire for another just like it, and to be given it without demur.



Sweets of the 'spring vegetable' order are always a favourite

To Make Marzipan

Some people prefer unboiled marzipan to the cooked variety. Here are the formulæ for both kinds.

Uncooked.—½ lb. icing sugar, ½ lb. ground almonds, a sparing dessertspoonful of lemon-juice, a small fresh egg.

Rub the sugar through a sieve, add to it the almonds and lemon-juice, mix well, then beat the egg till light and stir sufficient of it into the sugar to form a stiff paste, soft to the touch, easily to be rolled and moulded, and so, of course, not sticky. At this stage the marzipan can be tinted and shaped as desired, or can be finished with liquid fondant or with a chocolate coating, a recipe for which shall follow that for cooked marzipan.

Cooked Marzipan

1 lb. loaf sugar, half teacupful of water, 1 lb. ground almonds, as much cream of tartar as will lie on a threepenny-piece, a dessertspoonful of lemon-juice.

Dissolve the sugar in the water, add the cream of tartar, stir well, add the lemon-juice, bring near to boiling-point, lower the thermometer into the syrup, and boil till it registers 238 degrees. Take out the thermometer and plunge it in a bowl of hot

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water, add, then, the ground almonds to the boiled syrup, and work thoroughly with the spatula. Take the pan from the gas-ring or fire, add a fair-sized new-laid egg well beaten, stir well, return the mixture to the fire and let it just reach boiling-point. Finally, turn it out on to an oiled slab and work it till it is nearly cold. Let it stand for about half an hour, then model as desired.

Liquid Fondant

This is made only of sugar and water, enlivened with a little flavouring of lemon-juice or vanilla. When making it we are catering, as well, for many other fascinating sweets, such, for instance, as various "spring vegetables," young carrots, red and white radishes, and cheery little onions, all of which go to make festival at Easter.

Put 1 lb. of loaf sugar and a breakfast-cupful of water in an aluminium pan and bring very gradually to boiling-point, removing with a damp rag any crystals that form round the edge of the pan. Boil

top of each carrot, trim round with finely shaved green paper, tie with garden string into small bunches of six or nine carrots.

Radishes.—Leave half the candy white and colour the other half a bright red with cochineal. Mould to the shape of radishes, cover with white wax paper, arrange fairly wide strips of green wax paper to stand up as leaves, tie with raffia or string, allowing twelve radishes to the bunch.

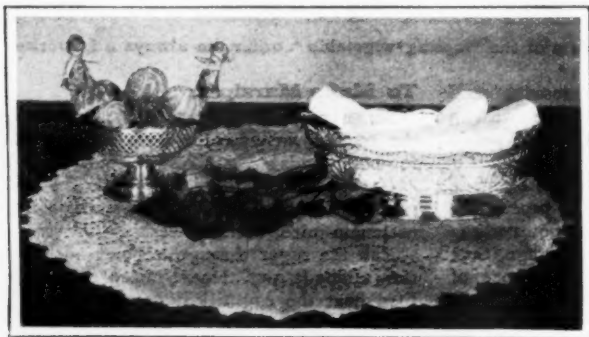
Onions are the most easily arranged of all. They are made scarcely larger than radishes, and consist of balls of white candy pleasantly flavoured, wrapped each in a small square of orange- or flame-coloured wax paper twisted into a small screw at the root-end and with a much longer screw to serve for a stalk. About eighteen onions go to the bundle, and a very realistic "string" is made by laying the stalks of the onions in symmetrical fashion around a centre-piece composed of a few yellow straws. The whole is bound into shape with raffia.

Just one more sweet, more delectable, if less imposing in appearance, than any we have talked about deserves mention before we break away from a subject which differs so much from our usual cookery talks.

Pralines

Bake half a pound of Jordan almonds in a very moderate oven till they are of a pale brown right through. When they are nearly done prepare a caramel by boiling 6 oz. of lump sugar with a half teacupful of water till the thermometer registers 310 to 315, when a little of it thrown into cold water will

snap like glass. At this stage coat the almonds by dipping them, two or three at a time, into the hot caramel, then lifting them out and placing them on an oiled tin to dry. Another way of making pralines is to put the almonds on a small tin, cover them thickly with sifted icing sugar and bake them slowly, taking them out and stirring very frequently and adding more sugar each time. The heat of the oven turns the sugar to caramel, but one cannot be quite sure that pralines made this way will not "go sticky" within a few hours of being removed from the oven. In either case the almonds need not be blanched.



Coco-nut ice and moulded fondants are old-fashioned favourites, easy to make and very wholesome

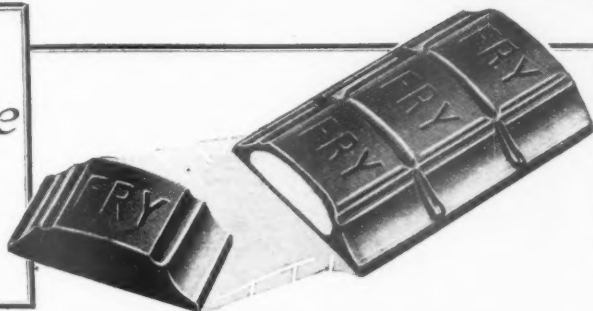
fairly quickly till steam rises thickly, then put in the thermometer and boil till 245 degrees are registered. This is what is known as the hard-ball stage. Flavour to taste, and use as desired.

For coating cooked or uncooked fondants or marzipan.—Lift the moulded sweet on a fork, dip into some of the fondant, then place on an oiled tin to set.

For Carrots.—Colour the candy to a very pale saffron, roll on a marble slab to the right shape, wrap in transparent, flame-colour wax paper, giving a neat little twist of the paper to form the root-end of the carrot. Leave plenty of spare paper at the

THE QUIVER

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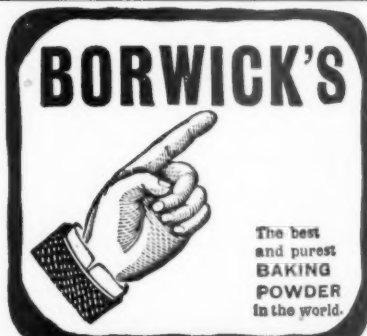
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Problem Pages

The Shadow of Fear

ONE of the first letters which I opened early in the New Year came from a woman who writes pitifully of her morbid fears.

"I feel ashamed to tell you of my worries when there is so much actual trouble in the world and when I know that I ought to be cheering the depressed and the lonely and the 'wusser-offs,' as an old servant of mine puts it. But I do get vague premonitions of disaster, shadowy fears of the future, of disease, of trouble of some kind. And as I don't know how to fight these fears I thought I'd write and ask for your help."

That is the substance of the letter. I sympathize. And I know how seldom such miseries get sympathy. Very few of us have patience with the woman of "imaginary" troubles. Yet all troubles are real. The fear of trouble is generally worse than the trouble itself. "Rising to the occasion" is a homely little phrase which holds a large amount of truth. People whom one does not suspect to be courageous often show marvellous courage when put to the test. And I think this means that in the divine order of things it is not intended that we should get in advance the strength or the grace needed for any particular occasion. The courage which may be needed some day is reserved for that day, and I don't think the most sensitive woman should be sorrowful or perplexed because she feels that were she called upon to face any special tragedy she would be unable to go through it bravely.

Vague fears, however, are often due to ill-health or to mental strain, either of which is a reason for getting medical or psychological help. There are doctors to-day who know enough about the mind to be able to chase away these fears.

I know that it is difficult so to discipline the mind that one can control one's thoughts. But it is possible to make the mind dwell deliberately on happy things. Thinking happiness, thinking health, thinking trust, thinking kindness is discipline. The mind so trained to obey one's reason comes in time to think instinctively of

Some Modern Questions Frankly Faced By Barbara Dane

happy things. Don't, when the bad unhappy thoughts come, tire yourself by making a big effort to banish them, but attack them with an opposing thought of happiness. In the end the better thought will win.

"Shall I Leave Home?"

This is the cry of a young girl who, I imagine, represents hundreds. She says:

"I am earning forty-five shillings a week as a typist, with the prospect of a rise in a few months' time. I am at present living at home with my people, and every day we have a violent discussion about my future. I want to leave home and live in rooms with a pal in my office. I make a contribution at home towards my keep, of course, but it isn't necessary to the well-being of the household that I should stay. My father and mother have my elder brother at home and two other sisters. I am fond of my family, but their ways are not mine. They like meals to be served to the minute, they don't like me to have a fire in the drawing-room so that I may entertain my friends, and they always expect me to do just what they do on Sundays. To put it quite frankly, I find it a strain being at home, and I am quite sure that I should get on much better with my people if I did not live with them altogether.

"My friend and I know of two rooms which we can share, but as I don't want to cause a terrible upheaval at home and do anything outrageous I decided to write to you and ask for your candid opinion, for I believe that all your sympathy won't be given to the older generation."

I like the candour of this letter, and I don't hesitate in giving a reply. Any girl who isn't happy at home, who isn't needed at home and who can support herself outside her home, is surely entitled to leave it. It needs enormous sympathy and understanding between every member of a family to make communal life happy and interesting. If modern life gave us large houses and family flats at a reasonable rental I should make a plea for an attractive bed-sitting-room for every girl. I should like her to have her own individual room with a gas fire and gas ring where she could make coffee for her guest on the occasion when she did not wish to bring her into the general family life. I wish that every

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mother and every father knew how to make home life so attractive that none of the children would ever wish to leave the old home except to found a new home with husband or wife. That is what family life is when people understand how to make it beautiful.

But I am not going to criticize parents. It is extraordinarily difficult to make family life attractive when it is hard to find efficient domestic service, to discover roomy houses, to understand the ways of the young people of 1923.

I think if I were presented with the problem raised by the girl who wants to leave home I should agree to let her go as graciously and as cheerfully as possible. I think I should ask to be invited to tea sometimes in the funny, restricted "digs"; I think I should remember that Margery liked home-made jam and those famous rock buns; I think I should ask her—and her friend—to dinner some night and give the dinner one would give to an honoured guest. I don't think my diplomacy would win my child back to the parental home, but it would make the relationship between us the sweeter. And I know my child would love the home the more for having left it.

So, always supposing that proper discretion is exercised in the choice of rooms and in the choice of a room-mate, my answer to this candid correspondent is: "Go and make your new little home, be as happy as you can, and make the adventure as gracefully as possible so that it shall not hurt your home folks' pride—and write and tell me all about it in six months' time."

Engaged Couples on Holiday

"B. B." writes:

"I am thinking of taking an early summer holiday. My *fancé* expects to get his holiday about the same time. We are anxious to spend it together. Do you see any objection to our staying at the same hotel or boarding house? Some of my friends think it would be rather questionable to do so. I am not rigidly conventional, but I don't want to do anything in doubtful taste."

I think perhaps it is a pity to anticipate those long happy days together which belong to the golden time of the honeymoon. Unless the marriage is likely to be very long delayed I should advise postponement of a joint holiday. If members of both families see no objection to the holiday suggested you can afford to ignore possible criticism and go away and enjoy yourselves. But I should do this only if there is no immediate prospect of marriage, and

then only if your people approve. Conventions have relaxed a good deal in the last few years, and people more readily understand that two young folk who intend to marry want to share the joys of holiday-making. Even so, a great many parents would countenance such a holiday only with proper chaperonage.

Should She Pay?

I am asked by a self-supporting woman if she ought to pay her share of an evening's enjoyment spent with a man escort. There is surely only one answer to such a question—"Yes." It is sometimes a gracious act to accept such hospitality without thought of sharing the cost. If you meet a friend whom you have not seen for years who wants to take you out to dinner, you accept the invitation and rightly do not consider it necessary to discuss the bill. But no woman ought to expect a man to make a habit of paying for her enjoyment; she should always pay her own share. Women who would not allow men to make presents to them are sometimes extremely careless about taxis and so on. The modern spirit of comradeship is utterly against the principle that when a man and a maid are out together it should be the man who pays.

Getting into Debt

I have a letter here from a woman who complains that her husband objects to her running an account at a large London store, though he is quite willing to give her an adequate dress allowance. I am inclined to agree with the husband. To have an account at a London shop is to many women an invitation to spend more than they can afford, though to others it is simply a useful convenience. I do not think there is much amusement in paying for clothes long after they are worn out, which frequently happens when an account is kept. I think that the better plan is to have a dress allowance payable each quarter so that at the varying seasons of the year a woman can get what she needs without the danger of running up debts which may be difficult for the husband to meet. Nothing so destroys the happiness of marriage as sordid discussions about money, and when a husband is able to offer a dress allowance I think the wise wife should take it and leave accounts alone.

Children's "Stories"

Do you find that your small boy or girl

PROBLEM PAGES

ever "tell stories"? I have a letter from a mother who is evidently greatly troubled because her small boy tells her tales which are highly inaccurate. She writes:

"I have punished him, but with no result. I wish I knew what to do. I want my son to grow up the soul of honour, and although he is only eight that is not too young to learn that untruthfulness is hateful. Only I don't seem able to make any impression on him."

Isn't it clear that my correspondent is confusing imagination with story-telling? I know many small children who are absolutely truthful in intention, but whose imaginations are so vivid that they actually believe they have seen what they describe. There are some "stories" which ought never to receive punishment. A little boy I know informed his mother one day that he had been out for the afternoon with all his brother scouts. The child was not a scout, but the scout idea had seized him so strongly that he really thought that for a glorious hour he had been one of that happy fellowship. Such a tale as this ought not to be punished. As a child grows older he will instinctively realize the borderland between imagination and reality.

A Difference of Religion

This is a very delicate matter for a stranger to decide. I don't like the idea of a marriage in which the wife holds religious views differing widely from those of her husband. It is possible, by the restraint which never criticizes but always respects the other's belief, to live happily in such a position. But what about children? The question must necessarily arise some time or other. Are the children to be brought up in the belief of the mother or of the father? The man who is tolerant of his wife's religion before children come is often less tolerant afterwards. It is the experience of all priests and ministers of religion that "mixed marriages" are rarely successful. Where there are children it means a sacrifice of conscience on one side or the other, and such sacrifices do not make for the happiness of married life. If the difference in religious creed is slight the danger of unhappiness is slight; where the difference is big the unhappiness is likely to be proportionately greater.

A Secret Marriage?

I have written privately to the writer of a very pathetic letter which I have received. I was asked to give advice on the question

of a secret marriage, and although I think that such a case as that presented by my correspondent is very rare indeed, I think it is perhaps worth while to say that I do not consider that a secret marriage is ever justified. Candour is always the best policy in this as in other matters. Secrecy about such a relationship as marriage must give rise to endless difficulties, and although there are many cases in which it might appear easier to hide the truth, present peace of mind can be gained only at the cost of future embarrassment and unhappiness.

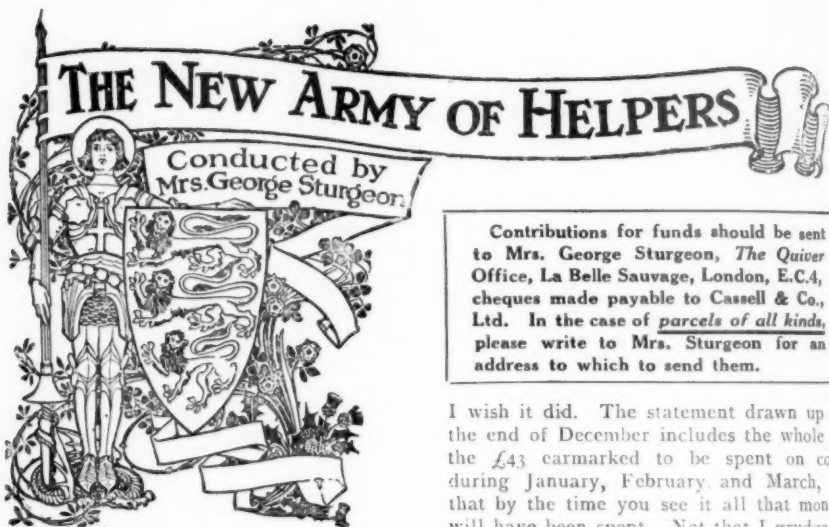
The Profession of Journalism

"Margery" thinks that she can write; she is a teacher by profession but she wants to supplement her living by writing, and she asks for some friendly help. I think I owe it to all the men and women who are earning their living by writing to say that journalism is as much a profession or a trade as medicine or engineering. It is not a spare-time job. It would not be fair of me to encourage any woman to attempt to make pocket-money by writing at a time when many trained and experienced journalists find it difficult to make ends meet.

It is true, of course, that people who are not professional writers are sometimes able to sell their literary efforts. But teachers would object to journalists who wanted to make money by inexperienced spare-time teaching, and journalists love their profession too dearly to wish to see an addition to the numbers of those who think that writing is simply a means of earning a few shillings in one's spare time.

Margery, if you want to make writing your career, give your whole time to it. If you want to become attached to a daily newspaper staff, go into the provinces and learn how to be a journalist. If you want to make your living by fiction or by writing articles, study literature, study English, study style, increase your experience of life, learn how to express yourself, write and write and write—but not as spare-time occupation.

Journalism is a wonderful profession, but no one who is a good journalist or even a successful journalist ever learned her trade in a day. It has taken years for some of us to get where we are now. Don't expect, Margery, to begin at the top. If you care about it you won't mind beginning where every good writer began—at the very lowest step of the ladder.



Contributions for funds should be sent to Mrs. George Sturgeon, *The Quiver Office, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4*, cheques made payable to Cassell & Co., Ltd. In the case of parcels of all kinds, please write to Mrs. Sturgeon for an address to which to send them.

A Record Month

MY DEAR READERS,—My first job this month is to thank collectively—in every case where an address was given I have already thanked them individually—all those who responded so splendidly to my appeal for the S.O.S. Fund in the Christmas number. I asked for £34 for the special purpose of providing poor homes with coal; I received £43 and over £30 besides to be allocated as I thought best. Altogether during December I received for the S.O.S. Fund nearly £76. Before I go further I want to give a brief statement of accounts for the year 1922.

S.O.S. FUND, JANUARY-DECEMBER, 1922

INCOME

	£	s.	d.
Balance brought forward	48	3	1
Donations	228	0	1
Repayments of loans	6	17	6
	£283	0	8

EXPENDITURE

	£	s.	d.
Gifts	104	0	6
Loans	33	0	0
Cheques	1	4	0
Balance in hand	84	16	2
	£283	0	8

Two points call for a little comment. The first is the size of the balance in hand. You must not get into your heads that this portly sum represents our normal balance:

I wish it did. The statement drawn up at the end of December includes the whole of the £43 earmarked to be spent on coal during January, February, and March, so that by the time you see it all that money will have been spent. Not that I grudge it—it rejoices me to think of all the warmth and comfort it will have purchased. But when it has been spent and other grants made, the balance will be small unless contributions continue to come in. I cannot expect every month to be a December—during that one month you will see that nearly one-third of the whole year's donations were received—but I shall be deeply grateful for a steady flow of gifts, small or large, to fill the gaps. The other explanation I want to make refers to the repayments of loans. Under £7 may seem to you a very small proportion of £33, and as a matter of fact under normal conditions considerably more would have been repaid during 1922. But in three cases illness and other causes have meant unavoidable delays. In one instance our loan enabled the mother of a family, who is also the breadwinner, to move nearer her work and have her children with her. In the course of a letter I had from her the other day she said:

“Had I not obtained the rooms I fear I should have had to lose my work, as the doctor absolutely forbade me to continue the twelve-mile journey each day, and that would have meant the end of everything. If it hadn't been for you I shouldn't have been here at all, and every night, when I tuck the children in, I send you such loving thoughts.”

In another instance an urgent operation on the eyes and a consequent suspension of work made an extension of time a necessity. I am confident that in many cases a loan is of the greatest value and would meet with

THE QUIVER

DOCTORS AND ANALYSTS
RECOMMEND
DELICIOUS

MAZAWATTEE TEA

MANY DYSPEPTICS WHO ARE OBLIGED
TO AVOID ORDINARY TEA FIND THEY
CAN DRINK THIS WITH GREAT RELISH

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Looking forward to your kind promise in the near future.

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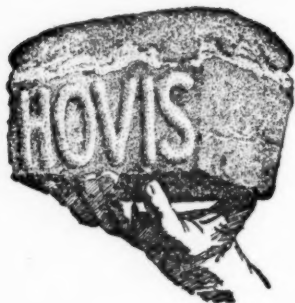
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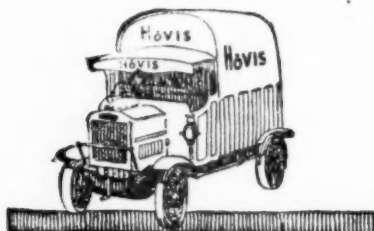
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Write for Booklet of Styles and Name of nearest Agent, post free.
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THE NEW ARMY OF HELPERS

the full approval of subscribers to the S.O.S. Fund.

There are not only the gifts that pass through my hands for which I have to thank helpers—there are the many, many gifts that pass all through the year, but in still greater numbers at Christmas time, direct from my helpers to those with whom I have put them in touch. Here is a representative letter from one of the kindest of friends:

"I have not been able to send to the S.O.S. Fund this year, having sent my small gifts to THE QUIVER friends privately, but I hope you have had a good response. They are so appreciative of letters that one is more than repaid for the trouble of writing."

From those who have received gifts the number of letters would more than fill my pages. I wish you could see them all, because they show such genuine thankfulness. Although it saddens one to realize how hard the pinch must be when ten or fifteen shillings can mean so much, it is a pleasure to feel that we have lit a fire or provided a good meal. The vicar of the Black Country parish where we have a number of old friends in terribly poor circumstances told me of some new heartbreaking cases of illness and unemployment. A little later he wrote:

"I hardly know how to thank you for your most generous gifts for Christmas. . . . The money your readers so very kindly sent made some happy homes in any parish this year. Thank you and them for it. When you come to see us again you will have some more happy and grateful people to welcome you."

What Five Pounds Effected

The particular five pounds of which I am thinking made happier and more comfortable eight homes. Two—the poorest—received £1 each, the rest 10s. Any other five-pound note can do equally fine work. But it need not be five pounds! A particular five shillings of which I am thinking paid for coal for a week and left something over, and a particular half-crown bought bread and margarine for one who had bronchitis and hardly any food in the house. Please remember that where incomes are infinitesimal no sum is too large or too small to be useful.

The Blind Babies and Others

The S.O.S. Fund got the bulk of the Christmas largesse, but some of the other funds were remembered as well, and several very welcome gifts were received for Sunshine House. I want to remind readers that

we are now responsible for a QUIVER cot in the Blind Babies' Home, and we are in honour bound to support it. If some of that fine army of over a hundred who "adopted" the children of foreign lands would now volunteer to contribute regularly to the maintenance of the blind baby in our cot, I should be extremely grateful. The plight of the hungry child abroad is terrible and tears at our heartstrings; but nothing could be worse than the plight of the poor blind baby in our midst. His fate is hard enough in the best circumstances; it is appalling to think of him in squalid surroundings, ill fed and scantily clothed. I beg all those who can contribute towards THE QUIVER Cot to do so as generously as possible.

The Save the Children Fund also received some welcome contributions, also St. Dunstan's, Dr. Barnardo's and the British Home for Incurables.

Appeal of the Month

Miss M. T. sends me a long letter in the course of which she says:

"My sister, who is forty-nine years of age and feeble in health, looks after the house, and I have to support her and myself by sewing, painting and embroidery. I have been for some years helping people as housekeeper, companion, etc., but after a series of illnesses I now have to live quietly at home. We have had to mortgage our little house owing to doctors' bills, and we have no money beyond £60 a year between us from two clerical charities, and we pay £30 interest on the mortgage. Some friends have given me and some have lent me money to buy materials for making blouses, frocks, cushions, cosies, blotters, wastepaper baskets, &c., and I so need to sell them. Could I possibly obtain orders through your wonderful column?"

The answer to that question rests with my readers, and I sincerely hope it will be in the affirmative. I shall most gladly supply name and address. Miss M. T. has a very large repertoire and would send her price list with pleasure. Several readers were very kind in placing orders for their Christmas presents with QUIVER workers, but it is a real kindness to keep them busy *throughout the year*, for rent and food and clothing have to be paid for every week.

Some Wants

Unfortunately, however grateful I may be for kindnesses received, I have to ask for more, because every month widens the scope of our work and reveals new needs.

Once again I quote our friend the vicar of the Midland parish, and I very much

THE QUIVER

hope his appeal may meet with a good response:

"It would be one of the greatest helps to me in this parish if I could get the children from some preparatory schools to send me their cast-off clothing. If you could only see the ragged, shoeless little children, many of whom are scholars in our Sunday school, you would realize what a tremendous help a regular supply of boots and shoes and clothing for children would be."

Mothers of children who have outgrown their clothes, please note! It is a consolation for having to buy new ones to know that the discarded garments are keeping other little ones cosy and warm.

Other things for which I am asked are blankets, stockings, boots of all sizes, night-dresses and knickers, and work for a widow living in Peckham. She would do cleaning of any kind and is most anxious for more employment.

It is extraordinary how often I receive a request for a thing and the offer of it by the same post. The other day a poor lady was ordered a most necessary surgical instrument by her doctor and had not a penny to spare for it. By the same post a reader sent a guinea to be used for an invalid—the very sum that was needed. The instrument was supplied, and very great benefit has been derived from it. In another case I was asked for a warm coat by an invalid who has to go out on errands whenever she is well enough; in the same mail-bag was the offer of the very garment. There is a home for everything useful that can be spared; but *please ask for an address first.*

Anonymous Gifts

I have had a large number of anonymous gifts and send my heartiest thanks for each one:

S.O.S. Fund.—Douglas, Scotland, £3; Anon., 2s. 6d.; M. A. G., £1; Anon., Yeovil, £1; Mrs. and Miss P., £2; One who has taken THE QUIVER for over 30 years, 10s.; Father Christmas, Blackpool, £1; M. M., 10s.; S. H., 2s. 6d.; F. B., 10s.; "In memory of K. B.," £1 1s.; A Friend of THE QUIVER, 2s. 6d.; Inasmuch, 5s.; "P.," £1 10s.; "M.," 15s.; "Tip," 7s. 6d.; A Welsh Reader, 5s.; H. and S. J., Blackpool, 10s. 6d.; A Well-Wisher, £1; E. A., 10s.; A QUIVER Reader, 2s. 6d.; A constant reader of THE QUIVER, 10s.; "Wales," 5s. Many of these gifts were earmarked for fires or for special cases and were used accordingly.

Sunshine House.—N. E. L., 10s.

Save the Children Fund.—"M.," £1; A. C., Glasgow, 5s.; E. E., Poole, 2s.; Anon., 2s. 6d.

British Home for Incurables.—"P.," 10s.; A Brighton Woman, 2s. 6d.

Dr. Barnardo's Homes.—E. A., 10s.; A

Brighton Woman, 2s. 6d.; L. M. G., Andover, 10s.

Some "odds and ends of wool," accompanied by 9d. for postage, were also received from an anonymous reader and sent on to someone who was very pleased with them. Many thanks to Mrs. Flight for 2s. 6d. for the Fire Fund.

And now many thanks to all in the long list below for letters, gifts and contributions:

Miss Jessie B. Leslie, the Misses Bates and Male, Mrs. Renton, Mrs. Smail, Miss Elizabeth Shirley, Mrs. Butler, Mrs. Lowe, Mrs. Lester, Mrs. Nicholson, Mrs. Ballard, Miss Lydia Brown, Mrs. Williams, Miss Beale, Mrs. Day, Miss Howes, Miss May Wilson, Miss M. E. Hamilton, Mrs. Glover, Mrs. Nichols, Miss L. E. Caley, Mrs. Jewel-Pearce, Miss Annie Preson, Mrs. Parry, Miss Hebditch, Mrs. Hitchcock, Miss W. E. Stokes, Miss Helyar, Miss Swannell, Miss A. O. Stott, the Rev. F. A. Smith, F. Harvey, Mrs. Baird, Mrs. Miles, M. Robinson, Miss Isa M. Watson, Miss A. M. Moody, Mr. J. Watchous, Mr. Joseph Nutt, Miss E. Roe, W. A. Hanchet, Miss Husbands, Mrs. Harrison, Miss Holdsworth, Mrs. Fletcher, Mrs. Wood, Miss Edith Brett, Mrs. B., Miss Marion Smith, Miss A. M. Swinger, Mrs. Johnson, Miss G. M. Philipps, Miss J. Farnworth, Mrs. French, Miss L. A. Robinson, Mrs. Biggs, Miss Sarah Gillespie, the Misses Mills, Mrs. Haworth, Mrs. Cox, Mrs. Robert Dimsdale, Miss Edith Smallwood, Miss Kathleen Fawkes, Miss H. H. Harper, Miss Jessie Welch, Mrs. Fish, Mrs. Bennett, Miss A. Thompson, Miss Mary Bromley, Mrs. Miller, Miss H. Clegg, Mrs. Beaton, J. C. Stewart, Miss Helen Voss, Miss A. Peters, Miss Heaton, Miss B. Lord, Miss Stanford, Mrs. Saunders, Miss Dolly Robinson, Miss Mary Goody, Miss Lois Davies, Mrs. Chandler, Miss Nancy Cull, Miss Dobson, Miss M. Williams, Mr. J. H. Parish, Miss M. Offord, Miss Greenwood, Miss Noelle Andrews, Miss Lizzie Kissingbury, Mrs. Wallace, Miss F. Vennall, Mrs. Pryer, Miss C. Forshaw, Miss M. F. Blackley, Mrs. Fenner, Miss S. Edith Grey, Miss Spridgeon, Miss E. Travis, Mrs. Henry, Miss J. M. H. Whyte, Miss Hilda M. Coley, Miss S. E. Stride, Miss Annie Jack, Mrs. Mileham, Mrs. K. E. Jones, Miss Winifred Williams, Rev. Samuel Jones, Miss Ethel Sampson, Mrs. Crofts, Mrs. Burnell, Mrs. Betts, Miss Mary Thomas, Miss Irene Grice, Mrs. Margaret Jones, Mrs. and Miss Jobson, Miss Edith Harvey, Mrs. Wyndham, Miss J. Hill, Miss Kate E. Taylor, Miss Adelaide Matheson, Miss Georgina Crouch, Mrs. Gowing, Mrs. Fanning Horton, Miss Mabel Griffin, Miss Grace Holskamp, Miss Arnold, Mrs. Tansley, Miss Ethel Wharton, Miss Rouse, Miss Parkes, Mrs. Sherwood and others.

Will correspondents kindly sign their names very distinctly, and put Mr., Mrs. or Miss, or any other title, in order to assist us in sending an accurate acknowledgment?

Yours sincerely,

FLORA STURGEON.

THE QUIVER

OF All Hair-Dressers, Chemists, etc.

ASK FOR IT!

and not a grey hair to be seen

"There you are then."

Colorate
THE SAFE DYE

DID IT. Ladies are speaking highly in favour of **COLORATE**—the (one liquid) Safe Hair Dye. It is easily applied, and after a little use will last for a considerable time. It produces a rich and captivating wealth of lovely lustrous tresses in either **BLONDE, BROWN, DARK BROWN or NATURAL BLACK.** It will do all and more than articles costing three times the money. May be relied upon for **SAFETY.** Is absolutely non-poisonous and non-injurious. In use for thirty years without one complaint.

2/-; large size, 3/6. Sample Bottle 1/-

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all different, **£5 12s.**; 150, **52/6**; 100, **24/6**; 100 diff. Dutch Colonials, **17/6**; 6000 diff. Worldover, **£14**; 5000, **£9**; 3000, **70/-**; 2000, **30/-**; 1500 diff. Portug. Colonials, **£12 10s.**; 1000, **£5 5s.**; 800, **70/-**; 500, **31/6**; 1000 diff. War Stamps, **70/-**; 750, **35/-**; All perfect. Post free, registered. List free.

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"KLEENOFF" Cooker Cleaning Jelly

For Removing Grease from Gas Ovens, &c.

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IT is a wise policy to use a perfectly pure soap for baby's bath and toilet. Baby's sensitive skin is easily irritated, and a soap of inferior quality may injure the healthy texture and velvety smoothness that is baby's birthright. Boots Baby Skin Soap is a fine quality nursery soap that best answers the test for baby's every need. It is specially made for baby, and is soothing, cleansing and thoroughly antiseptic. Boots Baby Skin Soap is perfectly pure, and is unequalled for keeping baby's skin cool, soft and comfortable.

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5½^d Per Tablet

1'3½^d Box of 3 Tablets

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BOOTS PURE DRUG CO. LTD.

The Business Side of Church Affairs *Two Years of Progress* By the *Rev. C. F. Twitchett,* *Clerical Secretary of the Life and Liberty Movement*

THE article which appeared under this title in the January issue of *THE QUIVER* made interesting reading. But the writer seems to be unaware of the revolution which has taken place in Church affairs during the last two years. And the facts deliberately confute the statement that "Recent Acts of Parliament, rushed through during war time, under which the Church affairs of a parish are placed in the hands of a local council, are proving to be wholly ineffective."

The New Church Government

On December 23rd, 1919, the Enabling Bill received the Royal Assent. Under its provisions the Church of England gained a large measure of freedom to manage its own affairs and thus enable the Church to do its work better. By the Easter following in nearly every parish there was enrolled a body of electors who claimed to be baptized members of the Church, and these electors proceeded to form a Parochial Church Council, upon which later certain definite powers were to be conferred. Candidates were also elected to Ruridecanal and Diocesan Conferences, and the members of this latter body elected the persons to sit in the National Assembly of the Church of England, upon which was conferred power of initiating any legislature on matters concerning the Church of England. This Assembly consists of three Houses: the House of Bishops, the House of Clergy, and the House of Laity. No measure can be passed on to Parliament unless a majority assent has been received from each of the three Houses. The Assembly normally meets three times a year under the presidency of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and although only two years have elapsed since its establishment, a great deal of useful and important work has been accomplished.

The Powers of the Councils

On July 1st, 1921, the Parochial Church Councils (Powers) Measure became law.

Under the measure the general functions of the Council are laid down as follows: "It shall be the primary duty of the Council in every parish to co-operate with the Incumbent in the initiation, conduct and development of church work both within the parish and outside." Here is a new Magna Charta for the laity of the Church. "Church work" is a term which embraces every conceivable activity for good, and the laity have a clear right and duty to play their part. The councils are made bodies corporate and have perpetual succession. To them are transferred practically all the powers, duties and liabilities of the Vestry, and the powers, duties and liabilities of the churchwardens relating to the financial affairs of the Church; the care, maintenance, preservation and insurance of the fabric of the church and the goods and ornaments; and the care and maintenance of the churchyard. They also have the right to acquire property and to frame an annual budget for parochial and other needs, making provision for obtaining the necessary money required.

It was proposed in the draft measure that the parishioners should have some veto on the appointment of their incumbent, but this was withdrawn after considerable debate. When the Assembly comes to consider the whole question of patronage there is no doubt that radical changes will be made in the present method of appointment.

Many of the criticisms made by the writer of the article referred to are already being considered by very influential committees of the Assembly.

The Finances of the Church

There is a central fund of the Church of England now administered by the Assembly which controls the general funds. The budget for the year 1923 amounts to £158,353, the two most important items being £94,579 for the training of men who during the war years offered themselves for ordination to the ministry and whose education and training is being provided by the

THE QUIVER

Church; and £40,200 for religious education. In order that this amount should be provided, each diocese is assessed at a fixed amount, and the Diocesan Conference of each diocese passes on the assessment to each individual parish. It is the business of the Parochial Church Councils to decide how this charge on their funds may be met, and there is a large increase every year in the number of parishes which adopt the regular weekly method of giving, called the free-will offerings.

The Parson's House

The problem of dilapidations has vexed the minds of the clergy for nearly half a century, but no action has been taken, mainly through lack of agreement and lack of opportunity for grappling with it. Now, owing to the existence of the "Church's Parliament," a measure is being considered and in due course will be presented to Parliament for approval.

Appointment to Livings

But the present method of appointment to office in the Church cries aloud for drastic reform. Now that the laity are being asked to give more financial support to the general needs of the Church, and also to provide endowments for the formation of new dioceses, they are rightly demanding some say in the manner of the appointment to parish and diocese. A committee of the Assembly has been appointed to inquire into the existing method of patronage and to make proposals for reform. It is hoped that at the next session the first part of the report of this committee will be presented and that the sale of livings will be abolished once and for all. It has been a scandalous thing that the right to sell a "cure of souls" has been permitted so long, and all Churchmen should support the removal of such a grievous abuse. Then will come, it is hoped, proposals to deal with patronage and tenure.

Retirement

For tenure of office goes side by side with appointment to office. All bishops and other clergy should retire on a pension: at seventy unless a competent authority decides that tenure should be extended for a further limited period. Appointments to parishes should also be for a fixed number of years, say ten, and provision should be made for exchange, unless both clergyman and parishioners desired otherwise.

The Establishment

The great majority of Church people would prefer the association of Church and State to continue, and any proposals for reform must take cognizance of this fact. It is not at all likely that the State would relinquish its rights to appoint to the higher offices in the Church while the Church remained established. It is therefore necessary, if any improvement is to be gained, that proposals should be made which, while recognizing the rights of the State, obtain for the Church such a method of appointing its own officers as shall assure real spiritual leadership and power in parish and diocese.

The Appointment of Bishops

The Crown, through the Prime Minister of the day, appoints the bishops of the Church of England. It has been recommended that a method which would meet with fairly general approval would be for the Crown to select one of three names submitted by a Church Advisory Board. This would give the initiative to the Church, but the State would still retain the right of appointment. The Advisory Board would consist of members of each of the three Houses composing the National Assembly, members of the Houses of Clergy and Laity of the Diocesan Conference of the diocese concerned, and one member of the Cathedral Chapter.

The Appointment of Incumbents

With regard to the appointment to livings one has to take into account the variety of patronage which exists. Patronage is exercised by private patrons, by the Crown, Lord Chancellor, Duchy of Lancaster, Cathedral Chapter, Incumbents (by virtue of their office), Universities and Colleges, Bishops, Ecclesiastical trusts, etc. Variety is all to the good, as no one wants a uniform type of parson throughout the Church. If this variety is to continue, then the laity in the parish must be assured that their wishes shall be given due consideration.

All these reforms are now within the possibility of being undertaken. And why? Because the Church of England has set about reconstruction, and through its Church Councils and its National Assembly is able to initiate its own legislation and get things done. Without these bodies the Church would have been in the position of the boy "crying for the moon" and have been just as likely to obtain it.



Meets a growing need.

'Tis true it's not the first he's had,
But then he is a growing lad,
And Sharp's makes grown, and growing, glad.

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HOME MADE, COFFEE,
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